Gobray, bunhan bunahan, khen

Let’s talk of pomegranates, and the way the light is shifting on this wall, of beer and singing dogs and dying languages
to fall into a well unknowingly
to be about to speak and not to speak
to hit one’s heart

Friend of disaster, friend of hilarity you’re leaving. But not today, not yet. This day we’re perched on

has decided to fill the courtyard with sun your lion-cat winking in the lavender a bee drifting around one flicking ear

well then, let’s talk of everything under the sun the gods of inconsequence, ants to The Absolute moving at a horse’s strolling pace

through fields of everything and anything. The grass is long, there’s no horizon to this midday. That this spring of words is finite, let me understand another day, when the white wall is dull with rain. Today, we’ll keep our tongue alive.