

The skeleton of a yellow, ribbed bridge  
out over a silent,  
horizon.

Pieces of the earth pulled up,  
the mind, bulldozed over.

Don't force evil underground it

thrives on the blindfolded  
the narrowing of spirit and heart

counts on you not believing in it

not speaking up: whispering *It must be a rumor*  
an atrophy of vision and courage

arrogance drips from its lips

saying: *We are too smart for this*  
as we poison our own waters, marvel at our reflection

it comes dressed as a guest

never knocking  
slips in through the back door

say: *Of course I prefer the light*

pretending it's all there is  
our backs turned to the edges

but darkness

it stands at the foot of your psyche  
silent waiting

what there still is

of spirit of poetry of coherence  
did not come from us No.

return, then, to the beginnings

    Navigating through—  
a bouquet of dandelions,  
    held above the head,  
        to make us taller,  
        to keep us safe.