

Trailing

Barefoot on the barbs of an outstretched cat's tongue,
like a bed of nails--
One must be gentle yet intentional.

Walking beyond fading voices like nonsense.
Passing the corner where Grandma feeds stray cats,
passing the bamboo forest,
the Boo Radley house,
the bleeding soles of my feet
as I reach a shore.

Barefoot on a pier of hypodermic sea urchins,
I chase a myth
in the green haze of waters.

One should be understanding of
a Siren on a rock
a Troll underneath a bridge.

Its position.
Its motives.

One must be gentle yet intentional.