A Thousand Year, Minute-long Intermission

Forgive Durden

Place your head on mine.
Untie your mind.
Let your bloated brain
Balloon and float away.
(Float away...)
Wet the end of the thread,
Thimble upon your index,
Feed the line through inside,
Draw it from the other side...

Pull the strand to satisfy
The need to compose
This entire naive glow.
(Set the needle...)
Set the needle on its path,
Bobbing up and down and past.
Tears and seams all turned to one.
Every stitch and each spool spun.

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