

The Paper Ship

Inior

I won't be faster than you.
Brilliance and green weave my skin
their weight tickles my sail
which possessed by an impersonal energy
reveals "I'm the root through the attempts,
I'm the fall and the calm
birchen leaves nodding over the flood" Vibrating Dance,
please, dampen the way
and spread out your blanket:
among everything Just I Am.

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