Restless

Jana Hunter

Restless, I walked to the shore
And picked a place of peace.
I found no relief in satin sheets
Or the breadcrumbs of police.

A sovereign god raised up an arm
And gave me clever hands.
With these I molded irate pleas
For an interurban band.

Call me stately, lately don't
I follow, not foresee.
Bled of all my backwards ropes.
Untangled from truancy.

Peas in a pod may laugh and trod
On morals mighty or weak.
Plastered in poems of holy unknowns
I'm whispered on slogan-filled streets.

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