

angel gives

10.7.92 1092

night fell so softly
to serve this twisted man's waking hour
tossed alone in the crowd's raging surge.

2,000,000 trampled, left lackadaisical
birthing scars across the withering flesh
of this nation's chest

what my angel ~~brings~~ gives

night slipped away to the pull of the
progression horns, rattle back instead
in my head

what can i do - this is my world, too - except for you
my friend, don't go away, stay, stay, stay

what my angel ~~brings~~ gives

night fell again so softly on its cue
i beg to pull the blue sky (~~away from~~) ~~the black~~ away from
~~the black~~

what my angel ~~brings~~ gives

bkups: hari allen

he and she number sixteen

8.12.92

they sat in the cool night's desert under a curving blanket of stars. ~~At~~ that evening, they were the only two people in the world. They were alive alone apart from culture's pull - fate's generosity snapped them out of politic's shackles - free to simply live, and interact wholistically with each other, each other's other and nobody else. The world was built for them.

They exchanged words rarely, and they had long been rendered unnecessary, like choosing soda over water. This seemed to be when he loved her - when they were alone - not alone in the house of his father which reeked of his subordination - ~~of the~~ not alone in the house of her mother that was never her home. but in the desert - miles and miles and miles away from any faint influence: they were alone. and they were loving.