

Renew America

America bend, lose your ways
create a new path
one that our young lovers feel.

Our globe is tiny as the oaks' galls I collect –
they open up in a benign manner
extending what doesn't fit the slipper of peace.

We paint a sound of warmth in mental tunnels
echoing support for those we lost
and those who came.

Those who travel the distance
in collapsing boundaries of language and geographies –
know what needs to be done.

The ridge is thin, the opening white light
secures a footing for the distant new one
who sheds tears of fear,
no more loneliness here.

A recorder turns off
like my car's engine the other day.
I am completely out of gas.