

I Was Crazy Once

By Brandon M. Dennis

With iron prodders and pokey things
They scrape and mar and break and bleed
While the younglings lay in dreams
Of Lucifer's fall and Adam's deed

Down the hatch where leaves fall
I saw the coin of the smartest side
Where no one knows how big or small
The cuckoo grins at his feathery ride

Forever they swept the furthest barrow
And within found what he foretold
About Thor's goats' marrow
The shimmering rays the sword-blade hold

I then went walking down the ravine
To examine every flying whim
Whose scales are now better seen
In feathery flinching fighting fin

Beneath my skin I saw it crawl
And make its trail and burrow deep
Forever to retain the call
of laughter for your ears to keep!

And you who sit on earthy-blood
Read the tree-flesh while you chew
on runes carved with inky mud.
You think I'm crazy, don't you?