

## Word Workers

Whether cats can fly or words are formed  
like hurdy-gurdy players  
we are lifted into our tomorrows  
by triumphant or burning arrows

Accidental or clawed for fitness they  
shift us, chilly in ice blues or patches  
of flowered friendship

We are bound to imagine, then conjure by gesture  
our dance exercises that shake  
old laundry in outside sun

Disturbed, we parlay shabby arrays of habits and beliefs  
we think less like porcupines  
shifting to good with everything

It's a secret pleasure to calibrate home from  
wrong to right flight, vowels to bowels  
transformed for expulsion

Our fingers cramped yet triumphant  
old owls grasping at branches  
with patience until we see  
the squirm of a fat rattlesnake

