

If Lord you say be still and know

I am Lord you are but

I am not so sure I am

here as yet housed though rest-

less unless I build

back and forth more re- refresh my nest old

fidgets have me

mixing up my *ifs* with *whens*

I hush enough a hum-

mingbird will hover just above the sill and no

he cannot get his fill either stop

seeing red is nectar too

merely being

is a feat he beats

his wings so fast he blurs a fever-flight

how to divine a frenzy from

a float I am

and do not know

how to go on if or when

the options both look like torpor I am not

after still Lord kick in

send spider-silk of my crypt

off with some sweet wind