

WALT I WOULD SING THE SONG OF MYSELF, HOWEVER SELECTION OF POEMS

Author: William S. Nelson II

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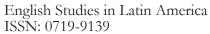
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WALT I WOULD SING THE SONG OF MYSELF, HOWEVER Selection of Poems

William S. Nelson II¹

¹ nelson.traduce@gmail.com

The force that pushes the daisies up from the seed through the stem to the petals into the seed again is defiant of the planet is the radiance of the sun as reflected in the planet is the planet itself is the force of the universe defiant of the universe is the radiance of the stars reflected in the planets sitting in a mushroom standing in a tree buzzing in an insect flying in a bird swimming in a fish running in an animal, the flinging inanimate universe is animate.

What shall become of my Oxygen? where will my hungry soul flow?

What shall become of my Carbon? Where will my four bones go?

And what will happen to my Hydrogen? Shall I be welcomed everywhere?

At least I can say that my Nitrogen will be life as earth and air.

All the bottles that have been made into homes into art into rafts into midden

that have been made into tools

into shivs

into vases

into drinking glasses

into lamps

into chandeliers

into salt shakers

into firebombs

into toys

into planters

into watering cans

into candelabra

into curtains

into tubes

All the bottles that have been hugged in desperation That have been broken in frustrationbeen hidden by the unhinged been stored by the epicureans been stockpiled by Bill's friends been let fall in the darkness been let go in the wind held in both hands held up to the light appreciated expertly opened inexpertly balanced on heads caught while falling bobbled spun poured out on the floor

They're out there.

Containing.
Protecting.
Retaining.
Partitioning.
Promising.

Millions of bottles are falling right now it's an incontrovertible fact a bottle is falling where after might follow that unmistakable 'crack' or a perfect popping splinter sound but probably just, "thum".

All the bottles
The Brown Green Blue bottles
Will go on long
After the eyes of humanity
Have closed.