

the mockingbird is eating away at my dark and ripe mediterranean figs again... right in front of me
and does not even look away.

i am sure he knows they are mine.

the issue seems personal

and it becomes heated and then theological.

is he born with the nature of god to come into my garden

as a part of god within god

or has he come to show me how i am separated from myself and

must atone for the familial crimes

that hang like loose ghosts

begging for repatriation.

i hate it when things become a knife fight with spiritual cursing.

why did i ever want a garden.

why did i ever need a garden.

why did i ever till the soil.

they are mine.

wf.h.

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