Draft copy

(What For)

The center broke.
Things fell apart.
A bloody stain
in the sky with
which to reckon

And so I just keep
walking. And talking
in tongues to the 3rd
of March full moon
                worming
its way across the star
studded sky

And as the wormeaten
bark
  falls from the tree
lined fields and forests
    below

an old and dying
young man is twisting his
    tongue
and traversing the
whole *Nine* yards

in the absolute
opposite direction
to where and
    what
 they stand
        for

Joe L,
March 2026