




These grasses are wet
Scattered all over, harvest
Our feet are bare, I know, but
Don't slip.

These times are stones
Our faith is fire-branded, yet when tested with gold,
Alike is not the same
Don't flip.

If the gourd isn't of God
Don't sip
And when the nights nigh dawn
Don't sleep.

*for the sun comes,
for the son comes...*



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