

DAVID HUEBERT
WILD IN ME

How to recall this wild in me?
My toes have forgotten how to grasp:
Now pallid feet push pedals, deaf
To strut of songs from time before.

My toes have forgotten how to grasp,
This mouthy mind won't let me hear
The strut of songs from time before,
When handsteps whispered, soft as rain.

This mouthy mind won't let me hear
The time before this motorroar,
When handsteps whispered soft as rain
(Each murmur hummed and purred in me).

The time before this motorroar:
Each blade of grass a lilting tongue,
Each murmur hummed and purred in me:
Each colour pealed, and death was young.

Each blade of grass a lilting tongue,
Teeth wandering from bite to song:
Each colour pealed, and death was young,
And life was heaving, mending, gone.

Now pallid feet push petals, deaf
And charging through explosive truth:
There's no such time as time before,
But I recalled this wild, this me.