

imagine eating a fruit

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so sweet it revealed

your own skin to you.

why say we did wrong?

guilt's just a melody,

a comet, a dry tin bucket.

there's a pomegranate-sun

nestled neatly in the body,

but we forget this fact.

if i had visited the garden,

i wouldn't have shown up

as a snake, no no.

instead—a pink baby pig.

i'd have played the fiddle,

told the-woman & the-man,

*dance with me, drink milk,  
let's plug in this antique lamp,  
let's pour honey on our toes.*

why not believe in us—

why not believe

in the things we can do?