

1973

"spring song"

Bryan Fellers

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Bryan Fellers

“spring song”

the sun spit on my window today
a rainbow ran down my leg
and i threw up
a thousand butterflies

dropping
into the pit of my stomach

spring has sprung.

“poem, no. 8”

clouds gather
impressing the stark
blue skys

below your palm
upthrusted towards the cloudburst
the desert in your eye

you smile
hoping to catch rain
in your sieve shaped hand

but as in luck
as in love

you'll probably
just catch cold.