

Introduction

Beneath my friendly laugh,
down where you can't see--
worms.

Quiet, warm worms
from a soiled past.
No needs have they,
secure in my all.

They meditate behind
my generosity,
ride calm and innocent
in my essence,
come with me everywhere
through anger,
comfort,
love.

I must apologize.
Not even a fish would want them.

Anyway--here, meet my worms.
They have no names.

Do yours?