

What's there to tell this city's children

written by Adolf Alzuphar | March 26, 2020



There was never any water
It had turned into glass
In the age of porcupines and dragonflies
Before we drew complete circles to count the hours

I found myself work in laying down carpet
Identity measured by a man in a tie and a hat
Dead from his love of life
I was made to hold his manual from nine to 5:45

Until we met on a crumbling cliff
I said california you said well if this is it
You showed me where roots became film clips
I learned to wait on birds with a smile in mind

There was never any water
There was only rhythm and meter
A cup and even it lectured
That is until we swam Dolphin pass.