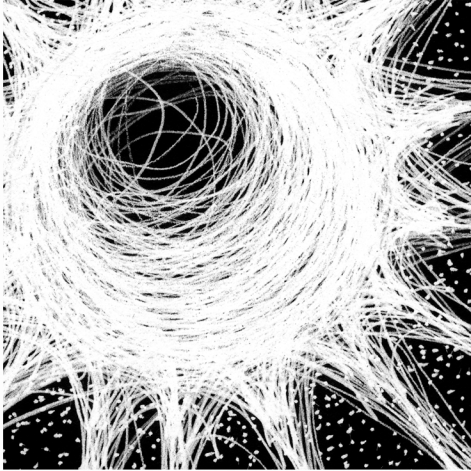


Connor Dinnison / crdinnison@msn.com / 509.868.2509

submission for "a contest of words"



"pure autonomy"

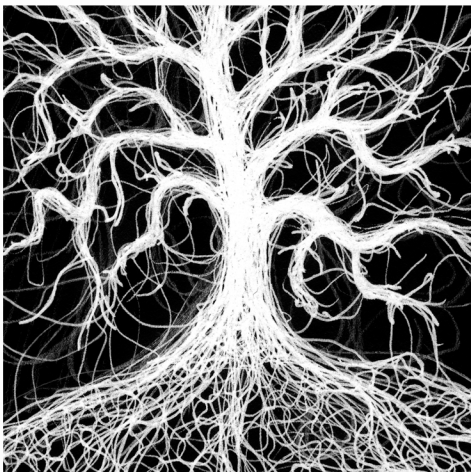
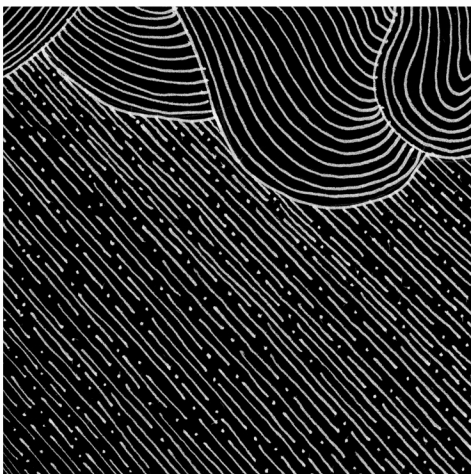
jointed, full of grace
machine of pulp and little dreams
fed apples, rain, and good words
master of geometry, or
associate director of all cosmic systems

the leaves whisper how
the nest describes how
the river mandates how
there is no man, no flag, no law
coerced by fife and drum
to surmount self-discipline
of the body
private, steel link
in wind chain, in sun chain
in flesh chain

instant as eternity.

silver river, morning vision giver
cool and submitting, long journey,
mouthways, pipeways, sky and dirt
no sarcasm, a path, just instant cooperation
with tongue
milk of eye and sun
glass to spoil, spit, or chew
oil of every blink and shiver

you give dimension to mounds of bones
present us the infinite
as a mirror
so that there may be kissing
tangled ropes of laughter
and God.
amen.



CDi
/