

## Martin Jensen / POEM

Hung from windows, wires, walls,  
(a tall man in his own way)  
loved the ladies, loved the men,  
(had sixteen horses  
he ran like the sun)

Cornered in an alley once  
backed up to the black brick  
with foot & fist  
they brought him down

yet he ran like rain,  
a drunkard's urine, spilth  
in the underground  
coursing toward what resurrection he found

(Some say it was fungi,  
some sap, some stones,  
some, the soft  
footing of dried brown  
needles sifted from  
fur, cedar and pine

Not one trail of the woods you knew  
but he had been there before you,  
had cut a foot somehow and left  
a regular blood-print in going

Mountain, when he sings  
it is the ice going out of him in  
stinging streams, he bends his knee  
to set his fires free

The virgin mothers his splendor  
The snake guards his heel