

Sometimes Kukaburra

Her balance depends
on those rough
large boned feet
in high heels on streets
I see the athlete
trapped in those
motor neurons
present in that gait

Yet so soft her look,
a human caring machine
sometimes a scorio,
always a glow
a face sometimes plain
with lines of beauty
resisting standard interpretation
of a woman and her looks,
she defies
whe ill
so alive
suffering sometimes
with others
in their struggle,
loving in uncontrollable ways
in uncontrollable phase,
it's all contained within
the growth inevitable
with nuture
for others
the base

I have new love
overlapping old love
for this one
I have whole love
for this,
sometimes Kukaburra