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## Walnuts

I look at these people  
shining and full of dull speech,  
trying to narrow it down  
as each drink slides down.  
I form opinions,  
my indecision--  
survival or not.  
I'm a leper in my own hole.  
Vespers spout holiness.  
Of decision I know not.  
People are like walnuts.  
I feel like a squirrel.  
I want to eat.

I know I only want to be a mystery  
in their bright eyes.  
When they talk like me  
they talk deep and I can't talk.  
I dream of talking fences around them.  
I am still hungry.  
I have the advantage of timing my dreams  
that come to me in the middle of the day.  
Daylight draws me in and teases me,  
before leaving or folding it judges me.  
It's only in this light that I recognize  
we're all children out on the swings  
with our feet kicking closer to the heavens.