

Free: The Creation State

*¹¹ "As a stone in love" with falling, I am thrown
Many times to skip across the water whet.

Poets, like Freedom stand accused of Creation
The first born of a Thought Lost, is Nothing Gained,

The depth and deftness of falling is such a rush;
An art manifesting shall it mix marriage any justice—

A justice, full disclosure transparent
As Freedom posing in the nude lot music

Means pleasing to satisfy the Court reasonable
Doubt nonconvicts, Poets' actual innocence rushing

Forth skipping upon the waters of the mind
Whet as eyes witness erect themselves

In behalf of the defendant's greater good
As stone in love jubilates with being

Thrown for justice reaching the shores of Free.
Children become Men, falsely imprisoned—

Like many willing themselves to return.

For pleasure, and for purpose— petitions post—

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*we have e-tablets to correspond)