

## Yondan Paper

I

Tanya wipes my brow with her mat,  
warmly opens my eyes.

Mary loves me all to pieces,  
sprinkles them in blessing.

Kristen's rollercoaster fuses  
space and time to now.

Khalil the Blade soothes my fevers,  
lays me down to rest.

Ruthie, twinkling, dances me  
beyond the end of love.

Michele lends me owl wings,  
turning in her glow.

I'm touched -- you know -- a foolish boy  
who rushes in  
to joy.

## II

Turning and bumping;  
stepping on a foot is a message sometimes.

Here, we just practice.

I move my foot as soon as I notice.

With regret, but here, we just practice.

Have we done ten thousand together?

We honor the practice.

## III

The baker kneads dough.

The baker needs dough.

The potter kneads clay.

The potter needs clay.

The mat kneads me.

The mat needs me.

The mat kneads us.

The mat needs us.

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