## Introduction

Beneath my friendly laugh, down where you can't see-worms.

Quiet, warm worms from a soiled past. No needs have they, secure in my all.

They meditate behind my generosity, ride calm and innocent in my essence, come with me everywhere through anger, comfort, love.

I must apologize. Not even a fish would want them.

Anyway--here, meet my worms. They have no names.

Do yours?

Copyright © 1996 by Alan Harris. All rights reserved. From *An Everywhere Oasis* at www.alharris.com