Seeds

My thoughts—seeds
Remained a handful,
Some small and lovely grey—
Like an infant spring
Tarrying in the shadows of
A fruitful summer’s day.

Others spoiled in devil’s decay—
Black and molded,
I planted them anyway.

Soon grew wretched trees
Bruised below a tainted sun,
Whose branches choked the
Blooming flowers, whose
Beauty had not yet begun.

Obedient Words

Upon lightly printed lines my words wallow
Here I unleash them — from iron cages — for a walk
I feed them the richest food,
Choices of love, wit and loss
They run loose to wander and meet each other —
They play and make new friends
Obedient and devout — they always return to me
To quench my desires with dances and tricks,
Remedy my heartache with fiery barks
And reveal my soul with the lick of their paws

Wall

Where are my subjects today?
Always all eyes are drawn to me
Light purple paint upon my vest
Lest they have crowned another king.