Nearer, my work, to thee

Words were once worth my care and adulation,

until I learned that no one was really reading.

At my whimsy, I can insert quirks into the odd

work memo, which has its perks to be sure. But

the price is words that merely flirt with that work

I’ve long been digging—that single dirge I’ve birthed

and berthed in limbo and in love, first in a lie I once told

her, but then in a truth I pried and pulled up from the dirt.