# Words all over the place

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I dropped a poem and it cracked

never to repair

but is it not a good thing?

weeds always want to grow better weeds

my mom wants me to do better

my spirit, competitive

admits of no peer

this is stupid, but I’m stupid, so there

I swept up the words

put them in the recycling bin

they were too fractured to put back together

I went to the word store to find a fresh word

I’m broke now, possess the best word ever heard

but it must be used sparingly, to hoard and to keep

to uplift the heart, to reserve to the deep

I’m sorry, it’s mine, I’m afraid I can’t share

go get your own word, and see if I care