

No Control:

April 2009

Don't feel like you have no control
We may not be wielding much now
plant loves tokens- grow a garden
plant love's bones may lie

Screaming sorrow clashing fate
The world tare rip apart if you die
-To let the dead bury you?
Uproot yourself and everything I know
afloat a ghost ship, amidst a battle with the un-dead
poised against those myth and angels: the ones unborn

I beg you not to send me out into the darkness
for if I do not find you I will lay them in pieces
the world will be in ruins
I will rebuild it, to revision philosophy
I will drive out the madness
So as to raise you from the ground