

The Seeds of Poems

I have been crawling in the dust seeking water.
Dry, so dry. And so dark.
I harbor no hope and certainly no faith.
I have never had faith.
The only water here is what rolls from my eyes
and I can't drink that..

Suddenly, a hand on my shoulder -
Are you finished groveling yet?
I don't know.

She slips a seed into my mouth
and I know that though I may escape,
returning to the darkness is inevitable.
The sweet juice explodes into my mouth
and fire ignites behind my eyeballs.

Poems are born.