

Jeff Devens

all come undone

pledge your troth to none but you  
see exactly what you can do  
for no one else can live your dreams  
or imagine how you'll sew the seams  
across envisioned moonlit night  
of sky's orange eye, the pristine kite  
that flies at dawn before you wake  
and all that day is yours to take  
to bed with you on satin pillows  
of self-induced prismatic billows  
creating a phantasmic fright  
forcing you to rise in flight  
to another land, never old  
where trees stand tall and grass grows bold  
as the ambition that you once possessed  
and no one there will ever guess  
you've lost yourself in prison hallways