

all come undone

by jeff devens

pledge your troth to none but you
conceive of all that 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 ecstatic 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
remaining there and waiting always
for the jailer with the magic key
to come someday and set you free
but don't you know the lock is on the inside?

