

Poam (it rhymes)*Ross Strong*

Never write for no one and for nothing again
Set time for the stew and production to end
Think about evil and death and the truth
And force them to wait like all of us do

If today you did say in a very usual way
That tomorrow a tree would not be green but gray
Would the phloem stop phloin'
And the adhesion adhere
To your fickle flowered petals on paper and smeared
In a notebook from those awkward years
Between the box springs and mattress all covered in tears
You fought with the devil his son and his God
To give you a gift not easily won

With a pen in your mouth and your hands clenched tight
You decided to see things in a loftier light
But words are just words and are licensed to none
Not poets or prophets or those gone and done
But for me and for you and the ones that they suit
Let's be cautious and gentle with the ones that we choose