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