

# Yearling

## Jump, Little Children

I can hear you sleeping  
Like a softly penned letter  
That you plan on keeping  
Sound asleep next to me  
Under the ink of a drying skyIf I were a wordsmith  
A creative license  
To puncture my journals with  
I would write of the site  
Under my green poetic eyeI'm a yearling  
A callow school boy  
In the eyes of love  
A pallid virginJust a newborn  
Barely breathing  
In the eyes of love  
I'm a yearlingAs I share this pathos  
The smothering poem  
Breathes in a breath of prose  
Breathe you in and again  
Dizzying features of love rush byCause I'm a yearling  
A callow school boy  
In the eyes of love  
A pallid virginJust a newborn  
Barely breathing  
In the eyes of love  
I'm a yearlingTook from a book of blank verse  
From, from these pages I've nursed  
Awakened by the sleeping rhymes of loveCause I'm a yearling  
A callow school boy  
In the eyes of love  
A pallid virginJust a newborn  
Barely breathing  
In the eyes of love  
I'm a yearlingJust a new born  
Barely breathing  
In the eyes of love  
I'm a yearling

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