

# Rapture

[Laura Veirs](#)

With photographs  
And magnetic tape  
We capture Pretty animals in cages  
Pretty flowers in vases  
Enraptured And doesn't the tree  
Write great poetry?  
Do in' itself so well Do you blame Monet?  
His gardens in Giverny  
He captured And lovely Basho  
His plunking ponds and toads  
Enraptured The fate of Kurt Cobain  
Junk coursing through his veins  
And young Virginia Woolf  
Death came and hung her coat Love of color, sound and words  
Is it a blessing or a curse?  
Enraptured

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