

# Lover's Greed

## Jump Little Children

What is it in nature which lends its hand  
To the tongues of young wondering lovers in flight  
    That by the silent boot of a dying word  
    A scythe was taught to moan and to write  
What is it that is left for the blushing cheek  
    To blink the lips of a blooming rose  
When lovers' eyes as black as summer crows  
    Picked the blackened rose that they seeked  
What has not been taken by lover's greed  
    What then from all the vine and seed  
    On the fragrant air of spring they feed  
They come in swarms of two like me and you  
    Fattened by the love that they need  
What has not been taken by a lover's greed  
    On and on they come  
    Forever saying I would die without you  
    In the chasm of these eyes  
    Nothing satisfies  
    Staring into the starry-eyed infinite  
        Can't get enough  
    Why is it then my pen should stall?  
    When by your wondrous eyes I shake  
        When we, this world is ours to take  
What has not been taken by a lover's greed

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