

Windowsill

Tilt

If I'd fit in the windowsill I'd plant myself in your direction, I would =
use the sun's energy to make this place destination. How dare I hate =
this space I occupy, I'm left to my devices, turning to light I'm =
waiting for the cue, to beckon to the shoot, and break the crust upon =
the soil. Lack of light the iris expands, my eyes absorb a power coming =
from behind my dim room, in my den amber and damp, as if lit by faith =
alone, I've been more faithful than you know.

Submitted by: Mel

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