

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 sky
If I were a wordsmith
A creative license
To puncture my journals with
I would write of the site
Under my green poetic eye
I'm a yearling
A callow school boy
In the eyes of love
A pallid virgin
Just a newborn
Barely breathing
In the eyes of love
I'm a yearling
As I share this pathos
The smothering poem
Breathes in a breath of prose
Breathe you in and again
Dizzying features of love rush by
Cause I'm a yearling
A callow school boy
In the eyes of love
A pallid virgin
Just a newborn
Barely breathing
In the eyes of love
I'm a yearling
Took from a book of blank verse
From, from these pages I've nursed
Awakened by the sleeping rhymes of love
Cause I'm a yearling
A callow school boy
In the eyes of love
A pallid virgin
Just a newborn
Barely breathing
In the eyes of love
I'm a yearling
Just a new born
Barely breathing
In the eyes of love
I'm a yearling

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