

Drownings

Beekeeper

dig in the ground, not looking for blue sky
but for the silver dollar that lays buried there
my hands older by ten or so years
then when i planted it its a token, a rusty metaphor
to put in your hands so i can show you
but this gardens only rich with seeds and roots
so coin poor what do you want? i ask
cos i can take everything, everything
and give it to you
what can i say? i ask
ill take all the words
and all the notes, all the notes
theyre all for you these perfect props are not what im looking for
cause nothing is harmless anymore
cause every adjective comes with opposites
i kept it so i could be kept

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