

Ida, My

Annuals

Chords, and coins, and restless poems end up slander
When my baby is born there will surely be a lasting shore

Listless birds perch in soft, green herds, tickling the wind
With fall they will sleep with parched, swollen throats, and I've done nothing

But, with spring I will propagate their thirst to blinding eyes
Blinding eyes

Planting seeds can't be the only way, the only way
Planting seeds can't be the only way out

Planting seeds can't be the only way to find a simple day, a simpler way

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