Cherry-Pick

Brooke Waggoner

Can you hear it?
The soft sound of aging
The watchtower growing watch-less
The cautious losing conscienceIn that summer's eve, in the dryness of the mountain,
Beams of sunshine whispered at my back -
became my captain
So I became a slave
To the one that uplifts and left me cartwheelingDo you know it?
Do you know the meek ways we have bathing?
The must for hibernating?
The need for book-casing?I feel i'm getting better,
I feel it in my bones
Inside my body and underneath my clothes
I'm holding out for something
I know nothing of what it is,
and i'm waist-deep in the middle of a mess -
Like a splinter that's been lodged inside
Burying all the cold from seasons past.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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