

Cherry-Pick

Brooke Waggoner

Can you hear it?
The soft sound of aging
The watchtower growing watch-less
The cautious losing conscience
In 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 cartwheeling
Do 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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