

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