

Planting Time
Kenneth Lifshitz

Planting Time
Planted nee-deep in
the fault-erring glass,
The mirror's immune scorn
laughed at me.
A great chasm growled at my
Feet alas, too wide for
my big bicycle leap.

Devouring the gleam
the no-promises bit
the lip of your one eye.
I swallowed hard my own
bitter sap
and in my tired
cell-I remained
the eternal colonel
'Tis sad - heated blood's tale
and time twisting at her
in-listenng -
I am poverty
I am refusing
why you are revealing
and you are precious
How?!-how dare you listen
(so sweetly)
Go about your business!
(Truly, you are too beautiful)