

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