

Great Literature

Dogwood

It's all in the way that I see things that you don't.
It's all in me having a point of view that you can't.
Touch or destruct, delay or confront, understand or construct.
If I gave you answers you'd shove them right back in my face.
What is real? Face up to the consequence of what will become.
Your thoughts become numb. I can't wish you there. Could I make
you care?