

## Thistle

## Hundred Waters

When I ran to you  
Expecting open arms and warm tea  
I got sour rind and sop  
When I ambled toward you  
Bridging bramble toward the sea  
I stuck only in the stubble

The thistle by the barn  
Rallies its barbs like swords  
From arid land not wicked, but dry

When I wanted lift, I got stone  
When I wanted rest, I got din  
When I wanted cheer, I got cap  
When I wanted shade, I got cast  
When I wanted drink, I got dust  
When I wanted warmth, I got soot  
When I wanted food, I got swill  
When I wanted wool, I got thorns