

Lover's Greed

Jump, Little Children

What is it in nature which lends its hand
To the tongues of young wondering lovers in flight
That by the silent boot of a dying word
A scythe was taught to moan and to write
What is it that is left for the blushing cheek
To blink the lips of a blooming rose
When lovers' eyes as black as summer crows
Picked the blackened rose that they seeked
What has not been taken by lover's greed
What then from all the vine and seed
On the fragrant air of spring they feed
They come in swarms of two like me and you
Fattened by the love that they need
What has not been taken by a lover's greed
On and on they come
Forever saying I would die without you
In the chasm of these eyes
Nothing satisfies
Staring into the starry-eyed infinite
Can't get enough
Why is it then my pen should stall?
When by your wondrous eyes I shake
When we, this world is ours to take
What has not been taken by a lover's greed