

Perfect Four

Pond

Chalked out visioned dreams drawn out by tiny prophet hands
Yet worn out by time gets to the problem that I am
Roadside clover patch, searching for the luck I lack
Catch my eye as I untwine, only to find three smiling back

Simply to be
Clear to see

The cement is spreading wide as the flowers push on through
Causing webs of cracks to spread; what can a mother do?
Residues of greens and blues smeared by the feet of day
A child's work, a friendly wash, down to dull, flat greys

Simply to be
Clear to see

I know I don't know much, but I stand without a crutch
Shiny shards of broken glass, laid out like a promise in the grass
Found the perfect four; it takes a while
You used to smile, you used to smile

Come on fortune fish define; come and curl up in my hand
As the tapestry that's weaved confers up all my plans
Reading out the years into the rings of grain
Now a stump, once a tree on which we carved our names