

You are Not an Seed

Pond

you're a show, that comes on when I sleep, when I close my eyes
I'm just helping good things grow
once a dog strayed inside my yard, left in the wet dirt the impression of your paw
at least that's what I thought it was a dog

you were sown, watered when you were dry, you were just a seed
I was helping good things grow

now your gone, I know what you were, not dream or seed or animal
you turned out to be a girl, at least that's what I think you were a girl

I don't have room for this big hole
it moves from wall to wall letting in cold
what more can something need to grow
provided food and shelter and got back sorrow