

What We Called Fruit #4

The intention was flawed.
The execution was flawed.
Uselessness is a scattered
snow on a two-lane highway.
The deer are watching us
wreck things for no reason.
Thank goodness there are deer.
Without deer, we'd dissolve.

What We Called Fruit #5

The air stirs
& we evolve
past honesty
& held poses
into cold truth.
Reality is hope.
Hope is downed,
but fighting.

What We Called Fruit #6

Give me six notes
of a melody
to sing too loudly
& let me be
untempted by other
ears to harbor
my terrible voice.
When I sing, I sing!