

## The Laugh

The jester creeps from corner to corner, giving a coy grin.  
What secrets have you seen in me to make me a host to your whims?  
Have I committed a crime from my lips? Rusty clamour, I say.  
Not to be given a thought, unfortunately to some dismay.  
Run willy nilly as the alarm tolls, for we cannot be for more.  
Oh you wretched thing. A toad, a toad you are!

## Only a Woman

I am a woman, yes. Yet I endeavor to be more?  
Who am I to ascend? My efforts are not in vain, but lacking.  
Lacking in the understanding of more.  
I'll grasp through flowing hair and hanging wisteria,  
willows and the like.  
Through fire and mud I'll rise, evoking all that I bear.  
Do I squander what I have broken through or is concern misplaced?  
What am I here? Have I fallen in snow?  
Should I bite into the fruit of truth, what choice do I have but this?  
For aren't I a woman?

## Budding

I feel the doors of the secret garden unlock;  
all the greenery softly glistening in the pallid sunlight,  
their songs of joy being sung by the sweet perfume that permeates the mind and body.  
I am rejuvenated.

## In the Garden

Dig your thorns deep in me, a black rose with no beauty.

Fill your craving for crimson. Smother me with your chlorophyll, show me your form.

You greedy thing. Cast your petals aside.

What have you stolen from me? A being of water and air?

You'll soon know the sun.

## The Origin

What does it mean when the answer is sadness? Who are you in that moment?

Who was wronged? Where is the pain? What lonely thing? Given what little thing?

You are given the Origin.

Dance to the god of death. Feel life at every angle.

They feel it too.