

Passion not spent

What's my great fear?
I'll tell you; come near.
To lay down in death
With so much left.

Passion not spent -
Oh cowardly regret!
For fear of others?
The thousand deaths.

I'm afraid to die
With no twinkle in my eye
To pass meagerly by
Yet hidden inside.

To walk through life
Not truly alive
And to pass in the night
With an unfelt "goodbye".

To answer the trees

I had to leave -
[or was it "flee"??]

I felt entrapped by the drywall office halls
[unable to breathe]
The sanitized artwork hanging in the pale florescent haze
reminded me what art should not be -
[what life should not be]

I hate the straight lines in man-made buildings
that make everything feel so...concrete,
[so unbending]
But I love the trees with their curvy lines that say,
"reality can bend -
come bend with us."

So that's why I am here -
to answer the trees.