

Annuals, Ida, My

Chords, and coins, and restless poems end up slander.
When my baby is born there will surely be a lasting shore.

Listless birds perch in soft, green herds, tickling the wind.
With fall they will sleep with parched, swollen throats, and I've done nothing.

But, with spring I will propagate their thirst to blinding eyes.
Blinding eyes.

Planting seeds can't be the only way, the only way.
Planting seeds can't be the only way out.

Planting seeds can't be the only way to find a simple day, a simpler way