

Diane Cluck, Mundane & It's Mystery

sucked into the mundane and its mystery
sixteen petals
flowered upholstery
where have i been
will i be here forever
bleeding into
patterns of flowers
where have you gone
some sensible somewhere
where have you gone
though i didnt hear it be
quietly the night came marching in to greet them
when those seams
of not going going
yellow white
of not going gooo
shades of honey bees
black and gold and yellow
sway like honey bees
black and gold and yellow
yellow yellow