

Jump, Yearling

I can hear you sleeping
Like a softly penned letter
That you plan on keeping

Sound asleep next to me
Under the ink of a drying sky

If I were a wordsmith
A creative license
To puncture my journals with

I would write of the site
Under my green poetic eye

I'm a yearling
A callow school boy
In the eyes of love
A pallid virgin

Just a newborn
Barely breathing
In the eyes of love
I'm a yearling

As I share this pathos
The smothering poem
Breathes in a breath of prose

Breathe you in and again
Dizzying features of love rush by

Cause I'm a yearling
A callow school boy
In the eyes of love
A pallid virgin

Just a newborn
Barely breathing
In the eyes of love
I'm a yearling

Took from a book of blank verse
From, from these pages I've nursed
Awakened by the sleeping rhymes of love

Cause I'm a yearling
A callow school boy
In the eyes of love
A pallid virgin

Just a newborn
Barely breathing
In the eyes of love
I'm a yearling

Just a new born
Barely breathing
In the eyes of love
I'm a yearling