

# Neglected Fields, Feral Garden

Behold, let's vision take your heart!  
Garden,  
Where iron like father reminds brothers  
Of their consanguinity, averting bloodshed.  
Where beasts, tired of roaring, rise and  
Gaze at the sky, and are there so many  
Of them 'cause they have a different  
Vision of God?

Where low bird brings the gold of  
Sunset and all the might of it's  
Conflagration; lions dream, having their  
Faces on pads.  
Garden, garden where wolves lick cold  
Iron and the glance of a beast  
Means more than wisdom itself.

Garden, we haunt with ease-  
Feral in the masses  
Garden, man-made cosmos.

Where eagle falls downwards like idol  
From temple roof,  
And sometimes he seats with a wings so  
Strangely spread.  
Does it seem for him he's  
flying high over the mountains?  
Or does he pray?  
Or is he hot?