

Yellow Second, Month In Passing

my friend
the flower taking flight
on end of any open field alight
tell me the shadows standing still
miss me just say that you will
a month in passing never noticed you
a month of passing time in solitude
while at the base of yet another day, it's ok
another month is standing in the way
my friend
like a needle stick your stem
the skin of mother earth to prick
it bleeds the blood of second thought
indeed, regret slows the clot
a silver start, a solitary dime
could take apart, disarm this
with a minute of your time, my friend