

Aga Zaryan, A Parable of the Poppy

On a poppy seed is a tiny house
Dogs bark at the poppy-seed moon
And never, never do those poppy-seed dogs
Imagine that somewhere there is a world much larger
The Earth is a seed - and really no more
While other seeds are planets and star
And even if there were a hundred thousand
Each might have a house and a garden
All in a poppy head, the poppy grows tall
The children run by and the poppy sways
And in the evening, under the rising moon
Dogs bark somewhere, now loudly, now softly