

Kaddisfly, Osmosis In C

I wrote the dry spell
I built the fences
I built the walls
Chopped the wood
and poured concrete
I made the fortress around my hand
With frozen ink that melts to rain

This rain, it waters the root of
Thoughts and swells
As vines of words begin to overtake my walls

My fence
My fortress
My hand
And with my watered pen...

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