

Rainer Maria, Rise

sometimes,
offer more than talking.
say, i like you very much.
say, what when cut grows over
pink and white?
carnations,
skinny daisies.

for each inch cut,
the roots grow ten
where we can't see them.
devise

a way of saving your words.
say nothing
if it's forced.

for each inch cut,
the roots grow ten
where we can't see them.

i'm laying in the soil,
is it time for me to rise?
i've pulled up my stakes again.
is there someone who can take me in?