

# Shannon Wright, Within The Quilt Of Demand

What could hinder this haste  
Calm strewn the isle of this tattered grain  
In all this muzzled distaste  
I brush the vial hoping to misplace  
Cover me with soil and tread  
Drape me with flames this frock of disdain  
Stop this sunken ravine pull out the slate  
From under me  
This kingdom in the quilt of demand  
Forces the conquer of the plan