

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