

# Shannon Wright, You Hurry Wonder

This frost you stand in  
It draws on wobbled legs  
This sway is stabled  
I gnaw through your gate  
You sort what I bend  
You jar me for relief  
This canter is guided  
This room I pace  
You hurry wonder  
And fasten it in  
You idle my forfeit  
My dire you mend  
The uproar is cautious  
The error absent  
This order is frantic  
For the marvel you'll send