[repost] 3.15 □□

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What do you mean that you think of me, reading about Spring

about Februray and March, months of Lent and Soldiers

the unberable lightheartedness and warmth of Earth as days are

lengthened, prolonged with longings

Even the Virgin Mary couldn't sit still amid her wedlock as the

carpentry is turning into a greenery

wantonly yet timely lust, I still bear my shell with the marching rhythm of Chrysanthemum, untimely but holy

My dog stands still, touched by such forlorn tenderness

I yet know a name of, calling out to me

at least we shall make love to the wilderness,

carrying more hays in our hair, water that prickly, tickly newborn grass with devil's hallelujahs and you shall come to me

my dog and I stand in the rain

drenched in quietness, howling to make peace with the Virgo Moon

tainted by your presence

your absence

green with pining, psychedelic pink.

I shall bear fruits like a fir tree, hedgehogs in love

if they know what I mean, the'd been foraging and howling too, unpluging their lethal identities, St. Sebatian, comtemplating over something so painfully divine

insouciant suffering of his own beauty

stain the season, seasoning the time, tiptoeing through the tulips

on razor blades,

effortlessly.

I pee on the acorns, becoming sacrificial for fun

superfluous with childish fantasies

an urchin in Eden, where I carry the skull of the beheaded king, full of

sweet lies n' candies.

I'd number the bell tolling

don't know how to count yet, or else would have exhausted millennia, for a messiah, tulip lips, gold finger tips, cheap things....

my year is getting old again and it rains through my veins, loose tempers, galloping, yearning, for a familiarly foreign pasture

reap not, weep not

ripened, rampant fruits of solitude, I feast on my own offerings, they

call on me, the acronyms of some primal feelings beckoning

call on me before I was born, again

I hold that moment, restless in my palm, weight of a dandelion and a butterfly's baby, mismatching genes, like a peanutbuttercup

in a Snikers' packaging.

And I give it to you, lost boy, take this Spring away from me

buy it, pay the full price

I'd stand there wobbly, with my hair untied

to send these unborn thoughts away, away with the mellow bellowing of the dying grass, heavenly perfume of patience,

servitude

I'd bow down, heart to the ground, to stop myself from ripenning,

testing against the rhythm, the breath and wrath of this Spring

guarded by perhaps untimely thoughts of you

I have yet invented the sound of.

3.15. 2023 3:10 a.m.#repost

Made with Montaigne and by anton