

Yellow Second "Month In Passing"

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my friend
the flower taking flight
on end of any open field alight
tell me the shadows standing still
miss me just say that you will
a month in passing never noticed you
a month of passing time in solitude
while at the base of yet another day, it's ok
another month is standing in the way
my friend
like a needle stick your stem
the skin of mother earth to prick
it bleeds the blood of second thought
indeed, regret slows the clot
a silver start, a solitary dime
could take apart, disarm this
with a minute of your time, my friend

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