

Neglected Fields "Feral Garden"

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Behold, let's vision take your heart!
Garden,
Where iron like father reminds brothers
Of their consanguinity, averting bloodshed.
Where beasts, tired of roaring, rise and
Gaze at the sky, and are there so many
Of them 'cause they have a different
Vision of God?

Where low bird brings the gold of
Sunset and all the might of it's
Conflagration; lions dream, having their
Faces on pads.
Garden, garden where wolves lick cold
Iron and the glance of a beast
Means more than wisdom itself.

Garden, we haunt with ease-
Feral in the masses
Garden, man-made cosmos.

Where eagle falls downwards like idol
From temple roof,
And sometimes he seats with a wings so
Strangely spread.
Does it seem for him he's
flying high over the mountains?
Or does he pray?
Or is he hot?

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