

The Man-Eating Tree

"King Of July"

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As if catching a wave,
Only to sink down
In hope of no
Floor on the way.
As if in one refined click
A fate would be sealed
Without a single hint of a warning.

As if soaring on wings wide
In the bluest of skies
And burnt so by the sun.
As if one whisper
Could brand me for good
Burn a mark for all eyes to see.

Door of a promise opened.
And closed again.

Believed it,
Wrote all the names down
Then leaned back and forgot.
Nothing left there to link
This stand-in to the real me.

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