

You and I are one  
In fear of loneliness  
And danger of neglect.

We're apt to wither in distress.  
Cold rush of water fills  
This rusted tin of corn  
And all to risk a prick  
From your neighbor Rose's thorn.

Come on, Marigold, where's that geekish grace?  
The moon is mute and cold.  
Let your sweet breath fill the space.

Soon you will bloom into  
A woman, pure and royal.  
You'll be released for good  
From the black prison of this soil.  
I'll show you to the streams.  
We'll run through woods and moors  
'Til you can smell the sea.  
Watch the tides embroider shores.

Come on, Marigold, when will the sun replace  
Your leaves with arms to hold,  
And your petals with a face?

They placed you on the sun-drenched side  
And whispered while the earth around you dried.  
Your throat quenched only 'cause you cried.  
While everything you'd grown up with had died.  
All you had had died.

Come on, Marigold, where's that geekish grace?  
The gods are growing old!  
Tell me when can we embrace?