

Winter Seeds

Freelance Whales

My family breeds
Wild winter seeds
Like me

We all seem to get tossed into the brush

I don't want to make my case alone
For this lost race no
Digging up the ribcage from the snow
Throw me in the tarpits all the same
In a cold black frame
Cradled in the Pterodactyl bones

Overground and frozen in my shell
I can hold my breath well
Over time I will heirloom into
Something gnarled for you