

Rapture

Laura Veirs

With photographs
And magnetic tape
We capture
Pretty animals in cages
Pretty flowers in vases
Enraptured

And doesn't the tree
Write great poetry?
Doing itself so well

Do you blame monet?
His gardens in giverny
He captured
And lovely basho
His plunking ponds and toads
Enraptured

The fate of kurt cobain
Junk coursing through his veins
And young virginia woolf
Death came and hung her coat

Love of color, sound and words
Is it a blessing or a curse?
Enraptured