

A vine in the cracks of a life's work
Shifting and flowing up
To find purpose under the sun
A moment of reprieve for the art born from the dirt that'll tear it all down
You can't fault the natural order of things.
Someday these bones will be dust beneath a sprawling city of human achievement,
Flowing up for a place under the sun.
Do you see it now?
The gold on your back weighing you down?
Pride is a cancer born from the cracks and crawling skyward.
I have been you. The shell on the street corner with change hungry hands.
A sunset car ride with a bottle of meds, or is it the canopy and rooftops?
A burst of soft color and a haze on your limbs?
Do you see it now?
The vines will come for you.
They always do. They came for me too. Gravity may not be a law.
But all things will find ground.
And we all know it exists.
Laid out under the orange red.
Sun showers in your head on the palms soaked rooftops you'll never find.
Begging for death from the cancer of pride.
On that empty street corner I'll keep walking.
I will leave you behind.