

Of Milkweed

Royal Wood

If I catch your movement in check
It makes me the wreck that hides in your glory
Forming tales, please keep it up
A lapping-dog pup
Clipping your heels now

Dispense with this formality
I'm forced to bridle it with such disdain
Throttle back my creativity
So everything else is an almond and blossom in blur

I suppose that I should save
Now that I've made
A breath for this tea now
But it wants to open rush forth
This unruly force parting my lips loud

Oh toss our good intentions here
Even creatures fall from heaven now and then
With their dreams of Milkweed
Let's not have Buttercup
Tired of a Buttercup world

Well it's all we need
Yes it's all we need
These dreams of Milkweed
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