

Weeds and Roses || Craig

In a garden, roses and weeds as neighbors will grow.
As soil serves a bond into which all roots must break,
Equally between them, her life the sun doth bestow.

As blossoms of weeds may yet be pleasing to show,
They may, in spite of themselves, cause a roses pride to quake.
In a garden, roses and weeds as neighbors will grow.

The weeds feel not inferior, for they will always know-
Though more than their share of admiration the roses take-
Equally between them her warmth the sun doth bestow.

Despite a dearth of adoring eyes, the weed is feed for the doe,
For his luscious leaves are more pleasing to taste.
In a garden, roses and weeds as neighbors do grow.

Despite her uninviting thorns, the bush is home to sparrows,
For a formidable fortress her bosom doth make.
Equally between them, though, her care the sun doth bestow.

The wind, without bias, blows their limbs to and fro,
For, truly, they all seem to inter-relate.
In a garden, roses and weeds as neighbors must grow,
For equally between them, herself the sun doth bestow.

Untitled || Craig

Rubber pulls, grappling
Resistant pavement
Unwinding with the
Restrictive movement
Of twisting backbones.
Soft pupils pierce flesh
And turn to face home,
Too stiff for whiplash.
One swift moment to
Hold conversation
Through fleeting glances-
Bonds broken too soon
For degradation-
No second chances.