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Greepkeeper

Travis Hardison

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TRAVIS HARDISON

Greeperkeeper

They would have died if he had not seen,
If he had not clutched them up in words.
Dead rot would take their living green,
And twist their gentle flesh to straw,
To become the nests of vulture birds,
Had he not clutched them up as words.

Therefore my heart felt words are heeded
The line I've drawn is ~~clear and bright~~
So I sing my songs of hope and love
My friend or you, if you will, let me know
(While the mate's photo sits in my heart's museum.)

Loneliness is cold and bitter
It's made of love, with no one to share.

Are we searching for the light
Or are we blind within the light
For we are all just weary we have no light?

Broken rings through weary heads
Spilled words of love and hope dead,
Simplified rings where great thoughts
From a land of yokes and painful drought.

To hope the sun is not so high
Threatening neither space nor sky,
A fence post to lean is a noisy clank
With every a coffee break every line,
To a few the jaded post is a curse
Because its pointed top won't cure
The hunger of the spiraling soul
Where death lives in a lack of goal,
And that, with only this
There's no,