

Objectionable Emotion

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From deciduous stick and evergreen,
Pranced two rained deer,
Amidst my moss covered day dream,
The sound of screeching rubber I did hear.
A doe left to the side of the roadway,
Twitching, convulsing, dying;
Her buck made his escape away,
She, trying,
To forgive her lamer,
And thank her creator,
For a journey blindsidingly brief.
An afternoon fretting in grief;
I attempt to grasp the thoughts,
Of a now doe-less buck-
Where shall I graze in the haze of these mountain troughs?
My tail between my legs I do tuck.
What shall I become in the setting Sun?
Rendered, my life now forever altered by a human.
Children account the floating icebergs,
Future generations recount their predecessors,
I stare and ponder the raindrops,
Refracting the Sunlight on the branches,
Of the tree,
Suspended, as if defying gravity.
The smell of ripening Earth fills my soul,
I witness the lives of water foul.
I absorb the bite of a chilled wind,
And hear above the noiseless din-
When will we find
The will to be kind?
The automobile makes me feel,
Utilized as an instrument of mortality,
Places my heart on an uneven keel,
Leaving me in a state of insanity.