

Weeds

Kenneth Lundquist, Jr.

Goldenrod and ragweed,  
Moss and tumbleweed,  
Marjoram and dill weed,  
Oregano and devil weed.  
To some an allergy,  
To others an ecstasy.  
Eleven Eleven- the time,  
The clock begins to chime,  
Sounding to heaven as a prime,  
Spirit seven to potent a crime.  
Temptation thick and fine,  
Urge and relief are mine.  
On angel clouds I ride,  
Tightly gripped with pride,  
In the wind I confide,  
A secret no longer can I hide.  
As if I have died,  
High on number nine I cried.  
Save me! Save me!  
How can it be?  
Like a bee forced to honey,  
The world we know so free,  
Soon to be free of glee-  
Dark with judgment, a faint light to see.  
Fading quick and ever dim,  
Joy and Love are more than whim,  
Celebrate in them with thought of Him,  
And like a rock to a lake you would skim,  
Currency in gold, silver, or tin-  
Is loss in a battle of the heart to win.  
The garden is fresh and ripe,  
Fill with God your pipe,  
Breathe in this wisdom of type,  
A rejuvenating blend of hype.  
Choice and contemplation the might,  
Of a journey, of a magical flight.