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(untitled)

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(untitled)

When there are no tears
We must use words
Though purer be the saline drops
Than dribbled ink
The power of my pen.

What shall I write
When wanton self lies beneath still melting snow,
And Justice seems to know no spring?

Dare I direct so, stylus
To probe hibernating truths?
Or would I wander as I'd rather
Between early daisies,
Sweet instances of inspiration:

The willow tree which remains the willow
Come summer foliage.

The colony which remains my home
Come revolution, tide of blood
Or constitution, declaration of my need to be alone.

The world is full of poetry
That serves not for the rending of my soul
The dripping of my heart
Neither does it cap the leak.
But words will ship these migrant thoughts to trading shores.
And I will buy me peace.
(Understood.)

by Laura Morris