

The transition from winter to spring
Zeke Cambey

Candlesticks in the dark, visions of the cornucopia
Holidays with family is something less than utopia
Dying once at the dinner table
All for a child born in a stable
Acquaintances burned to death, and standing tall like naples
Only way I don't leave early is if they secure my hands with staples
It is inconsequential, my skin will be shed
Down the wrong path flowers are led
Sprouting from snow banks, they are no longer dead
Leaves grow from the nape of my neck
All my life rests on the cut of this deck
Yea, I unloaded the dishes, just give me a sec
Better yet why don't you get up and give it a check?
Maybe we will repaint the house next?
The rainstorms reduce me to wreck
Hopefully soon the river will take me
I've fallen like leaves, somebody will rake me
Before my skin grows metal
It's a chore my kin snows metal
Perhaps one day, I would finally let her

Instructions for readin' (Do not read until you have read the poem at least once)

1. Close your eyes and imagine a poem being read to you
2. Read the poem to yourself while imagining the poem being read to you
3. Think about reading the poem out loud
4. Read the poem...DO NOT READ IT OUT LOUD
5. Pat your head while rubbing your stomach
6. Read it again. Has anything changed?
7. Add your own line to commemorate the experience
8. Laugh out of the absurdity of the whole situation

