

## Good Soil, Bad Seeds

A Lot Like Birds

Good people do such bad things when untended to  
Good soil with such dead leaves bearing rotten fruit.

Kinetically, I am what you give to me - give me trust and I'll  
be trusting  
Separately, when I'm not where you can see, the machinery that  
keeps us on is rusting

And when we meet, you'll kiss me with a seed between your teeth  
And if it settles in my chest, I'll do my best to leave it be  
I'll let the stem strike out  
I'll let it pry apart my ribs  
I'll throw the petals up to show this for exactly what it is

Kinetically, I am what you give to me - give me trust and I'll  
be trusting  
Separately, when I'm not where you can see, the machinery that  
keeps us on is rusting

In conversation, when my tongue is laying traps for you to fall  
on, will you fall on?  
In the teeth, are you calm, are you serene so your stillness gi  
ves me nothing?

Take what you want, I won't be selfish  
Just take it all, I know you can't help it  
Don't lose the step that got you this far  
Just get some rest, you know you don't have to fall apart.

(There is nothing to fear, there is nobody watching you  
There's nobody watching you, you don't have to fall apart)

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