

## Of Milkweed

Royal Wood

If I catch your movement in check  
It makes me the wreck that hides in your glory  
Forming tales, please keep it up  
A lapping-dog pup  
Clipping your heels now

Dispense with this formality  
I'm forced to bridle it with such disdain  
Throttle back my creativity  
So everything else is an almond and blossom in blur

I suppose that I should save  
Now that I've made  
A breath for this tea now  
But it wants to open rush forth  
This unruly force parting my lips loud

Oh toss our good intentions here  
Even creatures fall from heaven now and then  
With their dreams of Milkweed  
Let's not have Buttercup  
Tired of a Buttercup world

Well it's all we need  
Yes it's all we need  
These dreams of Milkweed  
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