

Poem Title : Psalm Three

On the day when my words
were earth...

I was a friend to stalks of wheat.

On the day when my words
were wrath

I was a friend to chains.

On the day when my words
were stones

I was a friend to streams.

On the day when my words
were a rebellion

I was a friend to earthquakes.

On the day when my words
were bitter apples

I was a friend to the optimist.

But when my words became
honey...

flies covered

my lips!...

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