

Love grows resiliently  
like a flower among weeds  
like a native tree in the city  
the brothers and sisters  
born from its seeds  
uprooted and cast away  
as transplants coexist  
in symbiotic harmony  
with support from the enharmonic  
human race

But the native trees  
are still seen  
forgotten by that healthy greed,  
they are the overseen  
and they will exist for as long  
as they are not seen as a threat  
to the empty material and materialism  
that sprouts up around them,  
yet even then,  
some still flourish

So what of you and me?  
And what of they and we?  
How far does love lead before  
we become the city, the tree, or the flower?  
A flower under the trees  
may not survive  
and when those with love  
that are bigger and stronger than us  
desire what they want  
and spread their seeds,  
as their seeds grow,  
will they block out the sun for us?

And all of this I wonder for me  
and of me, because I may be  
any one of these  
and my love for another  
may stab another lover  
in the back  
for love  
or greed,  
but for me,  
greed is not so likely  
but love may see me spread my seeds of materialism  
that choke the sky, love, the slight thing I am, or the giant I may become.