

CONQUEROR OF A CONUMBRUM

Top...Top?...bottom...Bottom?...

What the hell are you talking about?

Are you simply oblivious...staid?

Do you possibly not seize the moment?--

Go where the true heart leads?;--

fulfill every possible wish laid

like fruits, pomegranates, across a table?

Answer, if you are able,...

Open your heart, your eyes, a wish made

toward new horizons, new open continent

of peaks, valleys, rivers,

craters, plains where to scatter the seeds--

Love sown wildly, at will, may grow indeed.

Grab your pouch, my man, of hearty seeds,

That is perhaps all you will need.

--J. F. Lowe

