

WELCOME TO MY WEEDS

WHEN I THINK OF YOU
I SEE ONENESS
— AS YOU TOIL HARD IN MY SOIL
REFINING ME WITH YOUR QUALITIES
I NEED NOT PRACTICE ZEN
TO BECOME ONE WITH YOU
AND THE WORLD THAT YOU BEAUTIFY
YOUR GENTLENESS TAKES ME TO NEW LEVELS
LIKE A CHILD TO A SANDBOX
YOU ARE NOT DISTRACTED BY MY WRONGS
ALL YOU SEE IS THE FLOWER I COULD BE
WELCOME TO MY WEEDS

-James Collins