

# "Tastey Tid Bits"

\* Poetry  
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Every time I see you  
Your Ideas Nurish my Shell  
What can I say  
I have weeds in my garden  
But your company  
Tills my messy thoughts  
My secrets were bound in chains  
You've allowed me to be me -  
Voicing tastey tid bits  
I wish we'd met in another time  
So we could enjoy more of each other  
Respectfully nurishing our conscience shells

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