

"Fruitful Garden"

I know a Hobo King
That I write in moments of Silence
With us silliness never loses its flavor
Our Pens are made of gossip
His heart is a fruitful garden
And is not in need of pruning
Unique in all ways that are good
In his life he's kicked a few cans
& smoked a bowl here & there
Ticketed by many in green
Never losing focus on his calling
He's drawn me to the city of gold