

The Rock of Injustice

(For my daughters whom I am yet to know)

Oh!, what's to say
must be said—
like the injustice
of being severed apart 2-bleed:
my heart is a-bleed, and
in parts apart from—
the good-health of loving you close.
as if!, I'm a rock, picked-up
and thrown farrr—then, stolen
by thieves' shovels;
imprisoned as hard as the rock
here is cold—

W/out you!,
I ~~must~~ love as this situation
of stolen shall allow
apart and at length
though not at peace—
but!, an unwilling piece this prison's
structure, divisioning 'the close'
makin' me—unwillingly cool to the divide
that has me hard jup' as the rock
I'm forced to become
so distanced from our pile—

8/24/13; 8:39am Wm. Irving William E. Irving