

OF MINE

by Carlos Banda Montes

Of mine,

I,

Close, my eyes. Now, I see, all I need is in Me.

My mind's a tree. The fruit grows heavy and falls to feed.

The floor, dirty. In, I plant my feet. Grounded, still, I reach for the sky.

Don't know why We have to die. Maybe, to make room for the next in line.

I take my time. Straighten my spine. Birch, not. Nor pine. I eased, to set my roots.

My hold's so strong. Only God could pull Me up. My soul, the water. My skin, the cup.

It's muddied, unclear, and cracked, I fear. I seek to cleanse and make concrete. Like clay,

I make with what I take, and like a plant, excrete. Another breath keeps further death.

I said, I take my time. Those in queue, will view, as I prolong the notes of my song.

Though, it's a venture, still. On my last legs. To die, then. And it's nice, darkness.

I'd rather not, go back. I like the black. Gravely, I must face, the starkness.

We go through seasons. Right now, cold. I have fallen. Yet, I'm up.

Enough, I've shed. Made it through and feel I grew stronger.

I lift the blind of my eye and a fresh fruit I find.