

BATHTUB FULL OF FLOWERS

By : moonphish

cleansing



Published on
Booksie

booksie.com/moonphish

Copyright © moonphish, 2015
Publish your writing on Booksie.com.

BATHTUB FULL OF FLOWERS

its a bathtub full of flowers

its the cuckoo clock of time
in a lofty leaning tower
where you're dizzy from the climb

its the milk that never sours
and the rhythm of the rhyme
where the darkness has no power
and the sun will reign, sublime

its the freshness of rain's shower
that will conquer hatred's grime
like a baby deer that cowers
love will shake you every time

using cross words is a puzzle
for a black word's not my type
words get muffled when they're muzzled
like a blackboard halfway wiped

in a torrent, words are guzzled
blurs the blacktop's painted stripes
fuzzy words will softly nuzzle
loving words are fruit that's ripe

windy words will stir and rustle
bubbly words, from streams will pipe
in the whirl of frantic bustle
love will always meet the hype

its a fragrance full of yearning
like the grapevines on the lath
its a trick you're ever learning
like the essence, sweet dreams hath

its a road that's ever turning
on a crazy winding path
its an answer you're discerning
this equation's tricky math

like a waterfall that's churning
love will rinse off any wrath
its a fortune you'll be earning
now its time to take a bath

BATHTUB FULL OF FLOWERS

BATHTUB FULL OF FLOWERS

Created from Booksie.com

Generated: 2015-02-01 08:26:09