

“School”

The fluorescents match the sun,  
— they buzz like bees.  
As the flowers grow among them,  
the walls grow tall like trees.

If I close my eyes it's nature,  
the tiles smell like grass.  
And less like the cleaner,  
or the bleach or mounting trash.

My ideas would be welcomed,  
in this life I dream I'm in.  
Rather than be stuck on pages,  
or with a sharpie on my skin.

I will make these things true,  
Every time I open up a window.  
And the wind will breathe with life,  
As the *real* flowers start to grow.