

Poetree
(an urban forest shanty)

Return me to the Earth
When i've fulfilled ma birth
No coffin nono hurst
Just an offering to the dirt
I wish to be a Tree
One with fruit, hopefully
But any shrub'll work
..I aint no fussy birch

Few things that i'm certain of
That one there's for certain love
These tresses is destined for the
Squirrel nuts n' turtle doves
& Pigeons off the streets
& city paraqueets
Where you can smoke your 'erb
With all the fackin' birds

Roots of the Earth
Leaves to the Heavens
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Maybe you'll choose the same, boss
& Maybe we'll be neighbours
& We'd exchange in fungus
Through the mycelli under us
Like crayon willies passed in class
Or ravers in the underpass
A layer really just for us
Below babylon's universe

Maybe they'll see our greatness..
& Cut us down for papers
& kids'll claim our processed scraps
& scrawl on em to 'Save Us'
Maybe we're both put in a notebook
With your page so close to me

You might start a seed of genius
I could be a Poetree

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Bin Rich