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My Mom's Garden

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My Mom's Garden

My mom's garden is pink,
only one kind of flower,
but quite a few of them,
We planted it the day I came home.
They've grown quite a bit,
kinda like me.
They reach to the sky,
not to the stars,
the clouds,
or the sun.
Just to the sky.

I think they'd like to reach it
and never let go.
Then and only then
could they have a true freedom
with nothing to burden them,
or to kill them.
Then they would just blow in the wind,
as we do.

Zeke Taylor