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Apple-Picking in Infinity

Shysuaune Taylor

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Apple-Picking in Infinity

(after Nikki Giovanni)

A work of mental art
Created by God
To roam the earth in a splendid aura

I can walk across the sun
burning footprints in it
with my magnificence

My grandmother quilted a blanket
Embroidered with gems

But you all know it
As the night sky

When I walk on the street
Trees whisper,
Flowers sing
Praises to me
For gracing
Them with my presence

I was bored,
So I strolled
To the other side of the earth
Made sand castles,
And filled them with angry tears.

But you all know them as volcanoes.

My pen is an instrument of knowledge
So smart,
It gave philosophers the answer.

Picking an apple off a tree
I found the end of infinity

Wrapped myself up in it,
and became my mind.

I won't donate my brain to science
But to Fort Knox

For it reeks of golden thoughts.

Shysuaune Taylor