

all come undone

by jeff devens

pledge your troth to none but you  
conceive of all that you can do  
for no one else can live your dreams  
or imagine how you'll sew the seams  
across envisioned moonlit night  
of sky's orange eye, the pristine kite  
that flies at dawn before you wake  
and all that day is yours to take  
to bed with you on satin pillows  
of self-induced ecstatic billows  
creating a phantasmic fright  
forcing you to rise in flight  
to another land never old  
where trees stand tall and grass grows bold  
as the ambition that you once possessed  
and no one there will ever guess  
you've lost yourself in prison hallways  
remaining there and waiting always  
for the jailer with the magic key  
to come someday and set you free  
but don't you know the lock is on the inside?

