

He is Ezra Pound

Last Modified on 06/30/2024 9:17 am EDT

He is Ezra Pound

By Simon Morton and Catherine Heath

July 2024

He is

My muse

My life my light

We are the graveyard of souls

Called Jeff

Who broke

When hanging

Over a bed.

Uni in a nightmare

Poetry unites us

I'm a bee

A bee hunter

Community

It's loving life

On a knives edge

Flap of the butterflies wings

Document Withy

As a bum

An alcoholic

People don't mean no harm

Until they do

Trees in a yellow wood

Frosted glass like

Birch paper

Leaves of grass.

Weddings always

Start with a funeral

Hugh Grant

And caught with a prostitute

Unlike that rascalion

Darcy.

Movies are life

Life is art

We are all caught in a circus wheel

Of fun and laughter and light

The Stradivarius

Or what?

Infinity is being trapped in

Your own madness

Dooped to repeat the loop

The road to hell.

Everything has a cost

Like the Ouruboros,

Endlessly circling

Like vultures over carrion

Balsam Bashing

Our way

To Hell.

#WithyWalks

Made with Love by [KnowledgeOwl](#)
