

Icicles

Bright like a diamond, long like a
Witch's finger, the icicles thrive in
The cold. But when the baby bird
Chirps, "good morrow" in the season
Now spring, everyone suffers.

Drip drop, plip plop, our soul is dripping
Away. 'Tis' a beautiful sight from
The human eye, but we icicles
Suffer every drop.

Oh the heat! we die slowly, as if
A crucifixion, until... death! But rise
From your sorrow and rejoice. For we
Shall rise again next winter. But before
That can happen, the watering of
The newly bloomed flowers has
Come now.