

Cut Before Blossoming

Charlie Baker

I sit  
and stare  
my pen laying upon my paper,  
dormant as I ruminare.

The music I put on,  
a buzz.  
The scene in my window,  
a still.  
A moment frozen in time as the minutes tick by.

A bud of an idea  
blooms.  
It echoes through my mind.  
Then, a sudden flutter  
in the corner of my eye

and that bud...

is nipped.