

Untitled

by Goblynn

Poem written when facing infertility.

none

Chapter 1 of 1

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He bows--

worships the barren field.

He loves the earth that bears no fruit.

He abides,

promising to never forsake that which is called his

even when others have harvest,

and he has none.

He loves the earth that bears no fruit.

He keeps silent,

swearing understanding,

leaving the field blameless

for his hunger.

He loves the earth that bears no fruit.