



HA!

# HEBRIDEAN ARTISTS

AN LANNTAIR'S ARTIST SUPPORT PROGRAMME BLOG



## ZEPHYR

Love what I've watered,  
These are the last days, the doves shall be sorted.  
Pigeons will flourish despite messengers distorted,  
Have we nurtured our love or has that kin' be aborted?  
Intentionally sorted.

The spirit is willing,  
Our bodies may be weak forsake the drink, we are spilling.  
Strive to live as meek yet millions of the killing.  
In hopes that we may let out bygones be gods, willing.  
Inshallah,  
So, chilling.

These products of our work.  
The tears of our ducts quench the yen of the murk.  
Forthcomming, daughters going to work others smirk,  
Another born in word they file innocence I irk.  
In a sense too I lurk.

Forgive me I'm fool.  
This cup runneth over and my plate far too full.  
Trained as a soldier with distain for bloody pools,  
Searching digital folders for pears, peer the youth.

P.....  
Purpose.  
Prose, my last move.

**Karl Leon**