

CHRISTIAN NELSON

Weeds

at the end of these summer days
I find myself —longing
for who I was.

would you love me for who I am today
or would it hurt knowing I've changed.

cause—I'm just weeds
growing up where they shouldn't be. Is

that just me?

near the edge of —breaking down
I contemplate.
what borders being lost and found?

we deal into what they call—fate.
a constant game
seeding out the ones with—hate.

because—they're just weeds.
or is that just me?

at the end of these summer days
I find myself— longing
for who I was.

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St. Patricks Cathedral

On Fifth Avenue near Midtowns by-pass
Saint Patrick's Cathedral fires responses
Staining broken souls like pains of crushed glass

The Bowery seductresses stand crass
While priests infringe holy order from boxes
On Fifth Avenue near Midtowns by-pass

While hallowed halls shun children's fear in mass
Whilst men demand from powers that aren't his
Staining broken souls like pains of crushed glass
We've grown accustomed to the high contrasts
Of powerful systems, hiding farces
On Fifth Avenue near Midtowns by-pass

Where the impoverished souls are amassed
With pews so full just as swampy marshes
Staining broken souls like pains of crushed glass

Where gold crowns have been found out; painted brass
Whilst candles flicker from rusty sconces
On Fifth Avenue near Midtowns by-pass

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Snapshot

freeze me in
 this moment
 after being frozen for
So long
 curly hair

 limbs

 entangled
minds sharing dreams
 Another life
 we knew each other
weeds steaming up through
pavement

 where have you

 been

 waiting

 loving another
version of yourself
 as we dance
 the waltz
 life
thawing hearts freeze
 cameras flash
 blinding

You're in the moment

CHRISTIAN NELSON

Old Saskatchewan

In the stillness of the morning fog
Even a mouse can hear a needle drop
A sliver of moon seeps through the clouds
Shining a light on old Saskatchewan

Roosters crow at the sight of wolves
Who are dressed in glad rags
Begging for the flocks bills to be due
Waiting till the months is closed

Before the initial pot of coffees brewed
And the novelty of they sky has worn off
Clouds form broncos
Facing the rich man's tune

And when the morning fog slips away
A spotlight shines a light on that impertinent farmhouse
Whos name I'll soon forget
In old Saskatchewan

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Immigrant Station

We came by the masses
Some searching for better lives
Ships crashed on turbulent waves
Stealing away children, husbands, and wives.

Even those here before
Arrested... Detained
Uprooted from homes
Painted with social disdain

Keep for safe keeping
In times of war
Affiliated only by race
What's this detainment really for?

The Ellis island of the west
Which in part is kind of true
But they're just way stations
With no civil renew

Angel Island; a lie in and of itself
Japanese, Chinese, and Americans hung up on the shelf