

Buy This Poem?

This poem is green
Would you buy this poem?

This poem is do-it-yourself
backyard garden green.
This poem is save the world
give peas a chance green;
this poem is azure sky
squeezing the golden sun
all over the world green.
Could you buy this poem?

This poem is apples and oranges
farmer's artist market green.
This poem has
leaves as pillows
and blankets as grass;
this poem is a lil' patch of green
earth purchase me plot;
this poem is
100%
recyclable
disposable,
sustainable
(after all it has gotten this far)
You should buy this poem.

This poem is green,
its' tyro-technics
shooting out of asphalt cracks.
This poem is a snot-nosed brat
full of SASS
(short attention span sentences)
This poem is the hope of audacity.
This poem is fumbling with bra straps
and tongue-tied techniques,
this poem isn't old enough
to know any better, it's wet
behind the ears green
petting zoo pellets green
willing to SCREAM green
but not part of
a gang green
 this poem is all alone

with its words
Buy this poem?

This poem is green
Its envious of
solar panel studios with eyes on the price
of a venti economy
This poem is the green-eyed monster
of product placement pick-o-the profit
This poem WANTS to make
consumer obedience the easy culprit.
But Really
This poem just wishes it could sing
Won't you buy this poem?

This poem is green.
This poem has no half-life,
shelf life or
night life.
This poem exists solely in this moment
of your imagination.

This poem has milk carton desperation.
This poem is begging for change.
This poem was stolen from all of you.
This poem is not for sale.
Buy This Poem!