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Mrs. Hebert
AP Literature
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For An Obstructed Artist

Gleaming Earth, boulder of magma, flies
through galaxies, our home among the skies.
Glimmering and lambent mother of minds.
Fulgid lava flowing aglow along vines.

Alongside warm and florid men
magma, you glisten golden and brilliant as gem.
Burgundy stone sits luminous but buried beneath
to darken your green blossom and brother beneath.

Blossoming seed excites to sprout from underneath,
forceless against the animate strikes underneath.
Stems surrender sickly, collapsing, and spindly.
Strong rock clobbers careless, unsteady, and flimsy.

Vine sinks, burning scarlet with light of creation,
staggers to stand aloft simmering and fulgent exhilaration.

Bursting core crashes in blasting cosmos and erupts,
seizes lumbering liquid of greed and corrupts,
brilliant is spirit as beautiful mind begins pure bloom.
Sparkling iridescent flower scorching pigments of doom.

Birth begins a loving manor, laboring artists in doom,
blooming pregation of art wherever Giver finds room,
pollinates worry, and stitches a mother who will hem.
Earth, aglow with flowers sparking and red, will keep rhythm with them.

But artist you must delicately leave vanity behind.
Magnificent magician of life, filling hollows, will find
sinister and tyrannous traditions of lie
embedded in gullies of magma, where sizzling green will rise.