

What's In A Name?

But what's in a name?

If your name were a seed, you would have been planted in the garden of my life only to grow contempt for the land.

If your name were a seed, you would have been planted in the garden of my life only to sour the soil and question why you no longer grow here.

If your name were a seed, you would have been carried by the wind with the desire to fall within my fence line, only to grow ever more beautiful elsewhere.

If your name were a seed, you would have grown tall only to find the soil too loose for your roots, forcing you to die and regrow in another garden, tended by better hands.

Still, what's in a name? As the season ends, I bear no harvest; only barren fields despite my efforts. What's in a name? The end is the same. Pain always manifests in the fruit.