We had mustard greens in the yard
that nobody planted
so nobody think to water
yet they flourished
like said Kingdom of God
in the King James version of the truth
sprinkling the doorway
to we consciousness
with fine yellow flowers
proof that even
hard trampled earth
could sustain
the necessary joy
in a righteous house
dark seed
suspire hope
in the raillery of the sun

Mustard yellow
and fierce green
our yard
and visitors to the house
like birds