

Neverfull

by Mario Perez

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There are still things out there I haven't seen—
a mere tadpole blindly clinging to the base of the pond.

I reach for every star in the inkwell but none are close enough—
even on toes tickling the edge you'll never reach that boundless ceiling.

I heard them call that warm violet glow love but it appears rarely
and never stays—
you've only had a slightly quenching drop but there's still endless waves to wander.

