

Adamas, Liz Davinci  
2024

Climb incline  
I'm inclined  
To give you mine  
My best finds  
My my  
I caught that lie

Their dynasty  
It seems to be  
Riddled with trickery

The penalty  
For bypassing  
Dignity is dreary

She never gives in  
Even if it means  
She has to sin

She never gives in  
You can see it right  
On her skin

Vineyards line the hills  
And rain clouds  
Loom and stall  
Lizards and red roses  
Climb the old stone walls  
A barbecue, dry grass and  
A collapsed parasol

It's hot and I write  
With no mercy at all

Lines  
To make lines  
Are sometimes  
Wasting time  
My time

Your lemon tree  
Seems to be  
Attended to  
By deities

Is misery  
Savory  
Your lemon tree looks pretty

She never gives in  
Even if it means  
She has to sin

She never gives in  
You can read it  
In her eyes and on her skin

Vineyards line the hills  
And rain clouds  
Loom and stall  
Lizards and roses  
Climb the old stone walls  
A barbecue, dry grass and  
A collapsed parasol

It's hot and I write  
With no mercy at all because

Your infantry  
Shoots capably  
But the enemy's  
A mystery

I consciously  
Make suffering  
Turn crystalline