

Oil

Oil runs through my veins
From a well so deeply drilled
In a surface on the planet of you
Pumped from a heart so bountifully filled

Perfected from transmission
By every word and telling deed
Flowing from a planted source
To an ever-growing seed

Boiling in my bosom
Distilled over and over in time
Leaving my body light as vapor
And purely refined

Oil that warms and fuels me
Gives me the substance I lacked
Chemically connected to a higher power
Wealth that forces me to give back

It uncontrollably leaks from my lips
Eyes, ears, nose and fingertips
Like a billion dollars on display
I've never been so visibly rich

*This poem is an excerpt from *With Open Eyes: A Poetic Journey through Love* by Leah Cast. Outskirts Press. All Rights Reserved. Copyright © 2011 Leah Cast*