



# Words Free As Confetti

Pat Mora

Come, words, come in your every color.

I'll toss you in storm or breeze.

I'll say, say, say you,

Taste you sweet as plump plums,

bitter as old lemons,

I'll sniff you, words, warm

as almonds or tart as apple-red,

feel you green

and soft as new grass,

lightweight as dandelion plumes,

*(no stanza break)*