

First White Rose Tattoo at 25

So long my childhood refugee scar
 And a broken right-wing
 How much I couldn't let go
 And never more
 The moment of bumblebee buzzy away
 As innocent as I can be
 As silly as I can be
 Is there such a thing as a white rose tattoo?
 At 25-year-old, I hit a bravery jackpot
 Without correlation to the royal coronation
 Under the simplicity of conversion of completeness
 Of one lumvong in circle equation $C = \pi * d = 2 * \pi * r$
 For nevermore will I ever buzzy away like a silly bumblebee
 Or transform into something as unique as I can be
 Yes, a silly bumblebee and broken right-wing can buzzy away
 Like there is no sorrow to tomorrow
 No more
 Forever before

Riding a White Corolla 3 times 1U

Excitement as a 2nd hand retailer and dealer
 Despite my mother tongue of hard work and dedication
 With such negotiation or bargain-nation
 To start your daily dose of wholesomeness
 With awesomeness like the most mother of the early bird
 As you may know it, with the cost of rhythm by Jeezy Wayno,
 One tattoo by Jordin Sparks, and 2-way ticket to Bruno Mars
 And so many Mandy Moore
 First to the fresh market upon the rooster calls
 No, my mom, Mai is riding a corolla 3 times you as so $3 \cdot Y = 12$
 Just to get her there, fair and square

Bonfire in the Paradise of Sauna

The simplicity of reading and rewinding and reimaging
 Through uttering heat and opening pores of your
 Horrible blackheads and smothering waxy skin
 It is just as good to melt through the heat of Serena Sauna
 Of one book, one sweat, and of oneness
 Togetherness with the melodies of the one bamboo flute by Leo Rojas,
 Or DJ mixes of traditional Lao Khaen by Jonny Olsen and Master Somdee
 Transcend the ripple effect through oneness souls and sweat glands like there's no tomorrow
 With the fantasy of ancient romances of Kadambari
 With namaste to the simplicity of the sauna heat

Between the heat of the old wooden bench and my waxy skin
It is so lovely and so good
To the never-ending relaxation, timelessness, tranquility, and exotic
Of naga mermaid mist of healing
Deeply rooted in the wondering of ritual spirits to oneness being
Under the umbrella of banana tree in the paradise of sauna

Iceland Hot Springs to Söön Out

One would call it to space out
Or two what would it be to camp out
And more to three would be too soon
No, she would like to go on a honeymoon
May I ask, what type of resort can I fork and torch through?
Is it similar to re-filtering with through and through?
Just what old mama Anne would say it, to her little seven children on Montana Ave
As I have experienced contrary to hers on Juneau Ave
Which I couldn't contemplate from Southside story of your sincerely yours
Upon my ownership from the Northside side story with best regards of, Tou Les Jours
Did you know?
No, I don't know either from my Lao Diaspora imagination
Of why, how, and what?
Zero, zero coordinate
Which I couldn't destinate
It's too söön to the honeymoon
For oneness to choose before noon
Between one, two, and three
Until four to have equally both

St. Thomas Virgin Islands on May 2012 Memoir

Royal cruise to the Blue's Clues
No idea where to chill, relax, sink deep, and surrender to the deep blue
However, win or lose it, sweepstakes to catch a tiny glimpse sidetrack of your beloved Thomas
Are you near or far or dropped into the horizon of the deep blue apocalypse of solar eclipse?
You are near, but you seem so far far away from beloved Thomas
Can you taste the cocktail of "Sex on the Beach" closer to the Bahamas Island?
Here, I am
Here, I am
Sure, I am
Napping and swinging loosely between the infinity of time and space
Barely anything underneath the silky white lace
Translucent, tranquility, fluidity, freely flowing lava with a smooth skin of soreness
Grit and grace grinding against your roughness and kindness
There, I am
Clueless to the baby blues

Oh, my beloved Thomas
Here, I am
Mystic in all of your mixes
From the count of one through seven
There, I am
Here, I am
Yes, I am