

opposites attract opposites

reversed verse

you love to set all feeling aside
reasoning that by death of hearts have we
won victory over hurt that remains truth if
always present

∞ thus turning thus ∞

present always
if truth remains that hurt over victory won
we have hearts of death by that reasoning
aside feeling all set to love you

verse reversed

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Greater than the sum

A Fibonacci diptych

One.
Sharp.
Well lit.
Fine contrast.
Framed to perfection.
Such depth of field highlights your form.
The aperture and focal length precisely measured.
His use of subject and control of technique win first prize in any competition.

Two.
Blurred.
Shadows.
Unbalanced.
Those clear eyes gleaming.
That soft skin caressed by darkness.
A mischievous grin as the shutter finger trembles.
Your spirit shines through my imperfect capture to fix you in my soul's lens forever.

Bubble variations

A haiku series

Pockets of dead gas,
Protective in unity;
Pop them one by one.

Gum mastication;
Ersatz sugar fills with air,
Spews out, dissipates.

Wet, warm, sensual bliss;
Lying smothered in wet foam;
The perfect bath time.

The child's cheeks puff out.
A burst of breath is released.
Light and shade revolve.

Beauty floats in air.
Soft skin glitters so brightly.
Touch it and it bursts.

A mutant bubble:
Two fragments, joined at the neck,
Hang like zeppelins.
The spheres pull apart.
Movement brings both destruction.
They do not live long.

Blown from plastic hoop,
Glimmering baubles floated.
Just soap suds remain.

It's a dog's life
An embedded triolet

but despite what they say it is not simply a question of eating and drinking
 and shitting and pissing because among the glorious plenitude of eating and
 drinking and shitting and pissing and lazing away the large swathes of solitude with
 somnolent snoring when the humans
 are away and my football and my favorite bone the ever so
 companionable days should keep me happy while she's out of pack snoozing
 when back at home she's left me here with all I own you just know
 there are times when my football and my favorite bone really all I want
 is extra game fun so I can't grumble mustn't moan with its frisbee
 throwing and that life's fun just when she's about imaginary bunny
 chasing and empty my football and my favorite bone headed olympic
 tug of war should keep me happy while she's out rope pulling and
 leaping up at the object in the human's hand
 that I thought maybe should have been food but that in fact turned out to be just a
 lovely gooey snotty handkerchief of so many smells that it made him chase me and run and
 play with my hair and tail as if there were nothing in the world we could both enjoy so much