

*Persona/Paranoia**

*Hold your breath while I pen my thoughts
Make no mistake trusting the wine I pour
I, the extravagant, will verse with elegance
Of love, desire and sincere lingering eyes*

*Madame of my dreams is a fleeting memory
A legend, an image crawling under black skin
That holds odd thoughts between sad words
And languishes for colored French kisses*

*See! The deck of cards from this side of heaven
Holds this superb queen tipping my dicey hand
Spilling ice cream on byzantine decorum
A chalice of rococo poetry for my lady creole*

*The amazing she, hits deep in the heart of me!
The soul eater! Believe! I have never seen her!
She! Misses me a little and I will love only her!
More! And we'll stroll the affair to Aphrodite!*

Excuse Me, But

*It is this place I long to quit
Which, once more turned out to be
This searing blaze skinning my dreams
Drying these buzzing fecund creeks*

*It is this man I could have been
Instead of what I have become
Locking feelings with useless keys
Then kicking doors, spitting on grass!*

*It is the hum I hear no more
It is all that and all I have left
Besides the knife on kitchen sink
It is my hands, hesitating*

Little Stone

*Walking a path without a tree
I hear wings flap, I see crows fly
I slow my pace, I walk slow walk
To reach the goal I came to seek*

*I map my walk 'till there's no ink
Hoping to find this big blue creek
Drowning my thoughts, clogging my wit
See! I said creek. Now, I can't think!*

*I walk slow walk, no creek I see
Except this stone I could dismiss
My aim's the sky, away it flies, quick!
Now I see trees, clouds, fruits and thee*

*What of the creek I walked to find?
Today, the thorn was in disguise*

Express Lullaby

*Looking back at the lovely sights
Images of my younger self
I remember the lullabies
In the cradle of love and warmth
Where I slept my innocence*

Bittersweet

*She said it all with playful eyes
Behind closed doors we drank the wine
After the kiss, before I knew
She bares her fruits with such pride!*

*Being junkies of the same dreams
It was spring with mousse and cream
When I played a god in her little things
Hidden in the blue of her blue jeans*

*It was all flames choking my tongue
When her fragrance tiptoed from thong
Such perspectives tingling my eyes
And all this sweet spoiling her thighs*

*Sprinkling the crust with zesty lime
Hungry, thirsty, baking in sighs
Adding ginger on top of spice
We browned the cream. We ate the pie.*