

## Rainy Tune

The most beautiful day  
Is the day after rain  
When dew softens the fawn  
Of memories and  
Blossoms bless the soil  
With their distinct appendage.  
All the while  
Birds flutter with Mary  
Confounding the newly  
Shower shade  
Of window pane  
For an emblem of the Cross.  
With discernment  
My eyes promptly notice  
The blessed petals  
Jacketed with  
Droplets of lament mist;  
Or whom knows,  
Sorrow could be God's  
Or mine perhaps.  
Even so the hospitality  
Of sweaters grow  
As wind stirs  
And muffles the nature  
Of prior sorrows.  
Threaded  
Reminiscent of  
A stitch  
My dog's head  
Pushes beside my  
Heart for solace  
Or as a need to speak;  
Lest be gone  
To shade your  
Memories.

## Kings and Queens

A watched pot never boils;  
Least that's what my Mom said.  
Contrary to her belief  
Reality pours  
Grains of lucidly  
Heated our nearest hands  
As Father came home  
With hot liquid mannerism,  
Physically enhancing  
Through his brutality  
What flavors  
Would pour from his  
Teabags today.  
He never waivered  
Nor softened  
His blows  
With honey, cream,  
Or sugar;  
He enjoyed it strong,  
*Manly* strong.  
So often  
Man  
In our house  
Became a verb  
For how hard  
You can hit a woman  
And women became  
A numerical value  
For how long  
Can you withstand  
The simplicity of his mind  
That all women are made  
From leather,  
Affixed to a stand  
For his hands to meet...  
This is why cowards  
Bear no muscle;  
No matter the magnitude  
Of their endeavors.  
For how cowardly  
Does he have to lay hand  
To someone's daughter  
Wipe away his fallacy  
And say he's

A man, a husband,  
A King.  
Lest to say the only King is a Queen  
Birthright has  
Who ironically enough  
Once held his body so fragile,  
So cowardly,  
Only to wipe away his tears  
And say,  
This is my finest  
Son;  
This is my finest  
Hour.

Flower's Lover

Loving you like I fancy a flower;  
Your foreplay being intriguing beauty  
While blossoms guise  
Is your most beautiful mask.  
The virginity of nature's affect  
And man's idle fondle of the stem,  
Please relay not this purity for grant.  
Your gratitude for amity  
Higher than any affair known.  
Though dearest please note,  
Your escapade of innocence shall incite vice;  
Prompter than devil to temptation.  
Solely do not presume help  
For a constituent of vanity;  
Such may not be self-effacement,  
But aiding you is charity enough  
For my heart to grow warm.  
You truly are an angel found;  
Especially in this metropolis  
Where *Sex and the City*  
Seem to be foremost muse  
And instruments are  
Pitched for braless paramours.  
Let us not to begin  
The playwright our devotion  
On meaningless fornication;  
Remembrance being ghostly hollow.  
Just permit to be  
Your only tale,  
Oh beloved,  
And I your last,  
Until we perish  
Innocently together.

## Self-Doubting Women

Drown ease of sorrow slumber,  
You are a spectacle of light!  
Yet screened by shadows of self-doubt  
All too familiarly comfortable  
To let go.  
Please darling  
Listen to my word;  
I consider myself no religious entity,  
But my guidance  
Bears no falsehood,  
Still you continue to remain  
Atheist for my voice.  
Weighing my love  
More than your worth,  
You say you doubt your reflection!  
How can thou not see?  
Your beauty disparages  
The mounting on glass  
And stings at the appreciation of men;  
Unease stemming from that  
Which is only attainable.  
But remember beloved  
My eyes were firstly stung,  
Other men can blindly  
Linger in procession.

## The Angel's Devil

Halfblooded angel's intimate devil  
Seems to appear under the full moon.  
He assumes trickery of a person seemingly tickled,  
Claiming his adulation  
By offering rose with  
Bristle veiled among night.  
Be as it may  
With her love still latched,  
He places her heart in his safe.  
Knowing no code  
And yearning no secrets  
She dearly cannot escape him.  
Cradled in the tune of his swing  
Her face is harmonically  
Bloodied and bruised,  
Still she desires to  
Hold his baby.  
In all hopes him  
Being a family man  
And she an unassuming spouse,  
The devil will disappear  
Under the sun come tomorrow.