

90's Lovin' (A Villanelle)

I like myself a 90's man
with his hawaiian shirts and all.
I'll kiss his mustache if I can.

Mullets and cut-offs? I'm a fan.
Acid wash will make me fall.
I like myself a 90's man.

Bump'n Backstreet boys in his Sedan,
Smash Mouth ringtone for when he calls.
I'll kiss his mustache if I can.

Woo me with your Alakazam
Cuz Pokemon? You've caught em all.
I like myself a 90's man.

Watch Boy Meets World, I'll hold his hand
And if his Mom's not in the hall
I'll kiss his mustache if I can.

Bop-It Champ, so hot, understand
some girls like dark handsome and tall.
I like myself a 90's man.
I'll kiss his mustache if I can.

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Love Jugs

I don't know that you'll ever understand
the geometric dimensions of my love.
I don't plan on measuring them
or pegging them as unmeasurable,
but merely explaining their capabilities
their capacities
and their consuming philosophies.
Physically, I am statistically
below average in size.

In spite of my horizontal lack
the petite size of my back
I assure you
that the dominating biological organ
beating barbarically under my skin
is my disproportional heart.
Some nights,
if I think long enough
I am convinced that the D cups in my chest
are filled to the brim
with the excessive mass contains of my heart;
my love for you, my little cat.
Here are my love jugs.
Have at them.
They are yours.
Every BIT of me is yours.
What am I if I am not?
A beating jumble of nerves
and meaningless bones (pun intended).
The first and the last of me is yours
consumed in you
and I don't think you'll ever understand.
But you don't need to,
just let the love juggled love bug love,
and love her back
if you'd like.

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