

Abecedarians

(OR ABC POEMS)

Mingle

Albeit
betrothed,
cads
digitize
eHarmony,
fishing
girls.
Hook-ups
imitate
JDates
Kindle-ing
LIKES.
Match.com
neophytes
OkCupid
passion
queens.
Rapid-firing
swipes
Tinder
unanimous
virgins
waiting
X-tian
youth.
Zoosk!

Bath

After
bathing,
carefully
dusting
every
feminine
gear
honing
imagination.
Joyously,
Kathleen
leans,
meeting
naked
opportunities.
Posing
queenlike,
rhyming
song
to
unsung
visions,
wonderfully
X-rayed
yearning
zooms.

Beauty

As beauty curdles, dying, each fear grasps her
insecurities. Judicious, keen, loving messages
nurture onerous probing queries, risking sanity.
Together, undeterred, vexing wrinkles exuding
youthful zaftig!

Music Menu

— *double abecedarian*

Apple pie is like jazz
But peach cobbler is country.
Coffee beans are my aubade, strong aroma, AM radio fix.
Dirty rice, my bluegrass wow.
Electronic notes scatter like puns spatter improv,
Folk feels like peanuts in the shell, all salty, and impromptu.
Green apples are my happiest fruit.
Home is all purples, joyous like lavender solos.
Irises bellow, in glorious eggplant robes, my gospel choir.
Juicy Zoloff-sized raisins soothe me like a tranq,
Kumquats, tingle, effervescently fizzing like pop.
Legumes, I eat them carefully and seldom, like techno,
Mostly while craving a sweet and familiar musical cinnamon bun.
Nose pinned, I nibble navy beans, trying not to look glum.
Olives are steadfast, necessary, and traditional like classical.
Peanut butter is my snappy punk with always delicious chocolate rock.
Quiet psychedelic music swirls like the reflective pools that frame the Taj.
Rap is a frozen margarita, best spicy, in open air, loud, preferably in a jacuzzi.
Sweet tea, my soul, my tradition, my standard, my Souza march.
Toasted cheese, buttery and smiling, personal, smooth, like soul, big.
Ukuleles bring island music, as a piña colada cools me off.
Victrola tone arms skim the notes of big band, ballroom, swing dance,
While grandkids eat pizza to a garage band.
'Xpecting dessert to be fireworks is my rule for music.
You've got to have room for butter cream or cheesecake to sing the blues.
Zydeco won't save you. Neither will meat loaf or the filling, predictably polka.

Scientifically Speaking

Arcane
beakers
capture
designer
equations.
Filament
glistens.
Hypothesis:
immunizing
jelly.
Keen
laboratory
mice
nuzzle.
Osmosis
pauses,
quivers,
remembering
science.
Theorists
unveil
vessels
with
XX/XY,
yielding
zygotes.