

I've spent too many years  
Chameleon  
Blending  
Shadowy oil pastels  
Smoothing  
The creases of color and examining  
The effects of yellow and blue

I've made green enough to know that  
Overlapping  
Laying over and too much space  
Always results in a mess of black and brown

Layers and layers  
Of pounded color, lost on the  
Effort of something more effective

Chameleon, I find I've found my own  
Solitary skater of my own schematic sessions

Blending, I see that  
My colors are too strong to illicit  
Anything but my own self respect,

(Shadowy and smooth  
Like the pockmarks of my Luna, I believe)  
In the misplaced modifier,  
Not ending a sentence with a preposition,  
Understanding the concept

Monitor lizard, rattlesnake being  
Furry cat creature,  
Howling at the night sky.

Native people, spirit guides,  
I find myself drawn to something  
With wings, with sight,  
With essence.

She stood perfectly; he watched beautifully  
Tentatively (so so)  
Apprehensive! Her little  
Quirks seeping  
Like the  
O  
Cassional  
Tap on your shoulder of  
Her breath –  
(approachable)  
Kissing your  
Air  
With cursive lettering  
And  
Chapped  
Lips,  
Pressed.

I see her looks  
Through  
The looks  
I  
Steal (but shhhh...)

American flag  
Hanging  
Low in love in  
Our soul predicament found  
(findings,  
we drive  
offfff)

Your smile) a college degree  
Candy coated combo, a  
(throbbing thought and between all over) dream, American  
pictures lost in the voyager of your eyes

the sky is forming a mouth, an open  
hole of juices and (what I suppose is,

when trees learn to sing) the

lips of the ground,  
cold army of legs marching  
casual and real

will form like the sky making a muscle  
twinning with the sounds  
of your freshness, (filling myself away with

