

SIMMER

a slip of the wrist, exists, betwixt
interruptions of the calm cool parodies of day...
nevermind the frogs' song, i will be a satire.
a ripped vocal chord; it insists
to be included with balms ignorant people pay
to have administered to their sorry attire.

stoicism waxes eloquent with a sunset.
can it be so borrowed an
emotion so as to dull pure inspiration?
images, once forgotten, help set
transient hands, and
minds resting from life-long visitations.

the lake has grown dimmer; does not shimmer,
the human lake is made of sterner stuff
thought it is water that makes is simmer.

FLOAT

never you mind
hollow ground will recover
follow bones back to the
bed. ready to convey
messages, but she's not
in, i'll take her dues for her.
switches off and turned away
for good measure. coma back into
the fold and play till your eyes
feel cold, medicine'll take my
nerves away. yes i suffer from
grating head aches so bad,
i've got one hell of a verve:
to come out here and call you out
to go alone and to go without
pull your p(a)unches in time with the
man who tells you you've already lost
alright so far, but what freedom,
what cost
makes it right?
i've been had after all.

