

TO SWEETEN FROWNS

I seek indulgence bespoken into the flesh,
Like RAYS into the SUMMER to hate day's fate
The deep of willing so wants food upon the plate
Envoque to regenerate habitual into the flesh,
Beauty sweetens FROWNS no sour smile acceded to flesh
What is so dear and impressive a poem mandates
No silenced speak I will ever speak to date,
A need to sample the plenitude upon my tongue to curb
CRUSH

Who is not spoken to the point past mum just to say—
What needs to be said, or, written from heart,
Of a mind to bear my soul pondering her magnificence
If afforded the privilege I shall indulge fair parlay
So writing to be written intellectual's a properties art
So needing to sample love somehow please indulgence—
W.M. IRVING 7/26/12 6:59 pm