

To FAYTE5897,

Here is a poem, an excerpt from my collection, "No AIR."

A BALLADE OF JEN

A word from whom brightens any day
her time for me, set-aside.
My Jen of when I never lay,
now too late within this concrete spermicide--
cut from such beauty: blonde-haired and blue-eyed,
so far from me, out of eyeshot.
I try to give a dignified:
"Forget me not."

Trapped as I am under this non-manslay,
an unConstitutional redneck override
of an illegal jury sway.
Though, there is an upside,
perhaps one day I'll get a judge that's dignified.
Not another prosecutorial robot,
that tries for others to decide--
believe them not.

Jen unlike so many MIA,
my love for her bona fide--
despite her occasional move astray.
Every thought of her, a new essay, open-eyed;
every image, a new Monet, certified;
every chance, worth risk, for our Camelot.
The law is clear, without my case properly tried:
Sentence me not!

Jen to be by me bedside,
my little sexpot,
that moans to me from astride:
"Forget me not."

Of course, forgetting is something I don't think either of us is capable towards the other--we never could, nor would we want to. It's why you've graced the pages of so many of my works, and will continue to do so as I make sure that generations of readers learn to love you too....

Always,
Your Johnny

