

POEM

PIECES

First Date

Hold up,
Tea cup,
Toss it up,
I just want to know your name,
Not a game,
I'm not even seeking fame,
This is on the up-and-up,
What's up?
Sun up,
Let me dial you up,
Wake up,
Warm up,
To me,
Even though these butterflies has got a hold on me,
Don't flee,
Hang up,
On me,
Hold up,
Get up,
We're grown ups,
Lets get keyed up,
Link up,
Spread the ketchup,
And don't let up,
Until we mess up,
Clean up,
Loving cup,
Then hold our chin up,
Catch up,
And drift on this memory.

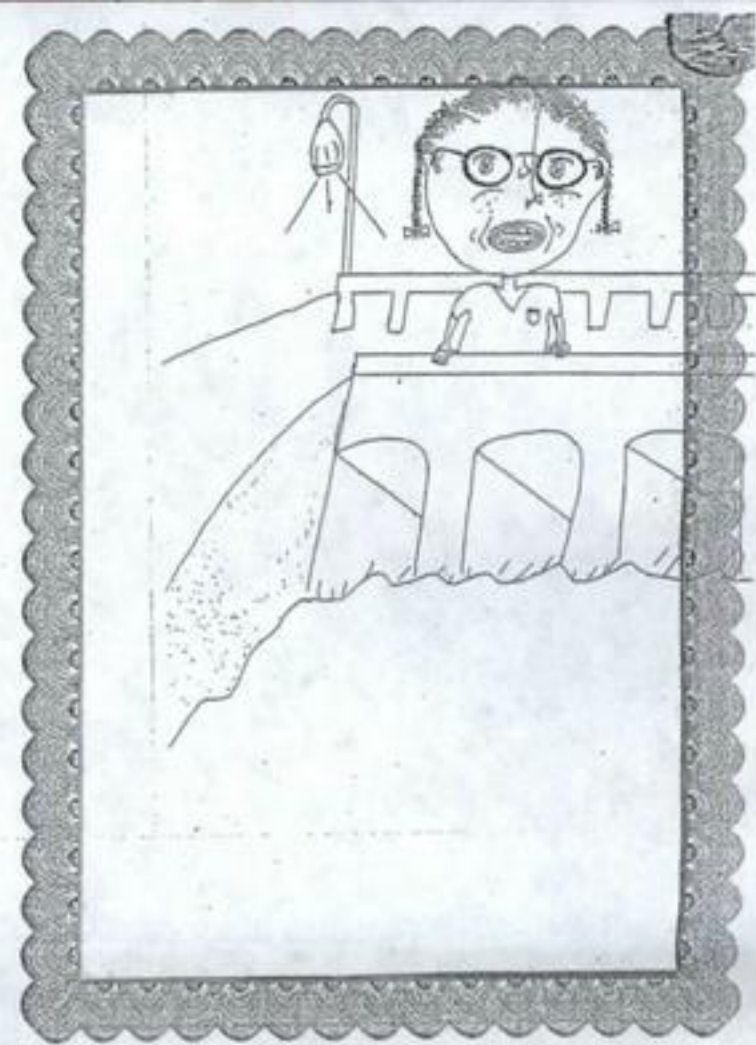
Perfume

Perfume,
You fill the air,
In my nose in droves,
My clothes,
Holds you,
You're everywhere I go,
When I step in a room,
I can tell you are there,
I never see you but you greet me like fresh air,
Boy, you're so fine,
Such a dime,
Smelling prettier than yellow roses,
Every hour,
You tower,
Over me,
Surround me,
Wrap me up like a bow,
A present in tow,
I don't know your name,
But you're quite the dame,
A beautiful flame,
Always pleasant,
Sweet and kind,
Wish you were mine,
So untamed,
You brighten up my day,
Take me out of the gray,
That sometimes fills my mind,
You're so divine,
I love spending time with you,
You spend time with me,
We never speak,
But our relationship is so unique,
Its deep,
I breathe in and you come,
You're thunder in the sun,
I run out to you,
You never run out of you,
And you never worry me,
Because no matter where I go,
There you flow.



Taken For Granted

Anger,
Mangles,
Tangles,
The mind,
Blinds,
The angles,
Progress,
Of progression,
With aggression,
Unnecessarily messing,
Over the dressing,
Granted,
Taking things for granted,
Slanted thoughts,
Slow walks,
Holding hands with your number one fan,
Small talks,
Clean air,
Going to the fair,
Slow drive,
Long drive,
In the wind,
It'll never happen again,
As long as I'm on this planet,
Plant it,
In your mind,
Don't rewind,
Time after time,
Dine,
This passion,
You should fashion,
To your satisfaction,
Taking grants,
But not you for granted.



Words unspoken

Words unspoken,
Leaves you stroking,
Wondering,
What the heck,
What the hey,
Expression of the day,
Words are not hard to find,
When you get on your grind,
Speak your mind,
Meet your needs,
Keeping them in,
Fuels the flame in your brain,
Leaving you feeling lame,
Makes you wonder what would have been,
Had you spoken those words,
Joy,
You'll never know,
Because you wouldn't let your words flow,

Words unspoken,
Is the token of nothing gained,
The joy of tokens is to be spoken,
Nobody knows,
Not even the nose knows,
When you leave,
Words unspoken.



Mr. One Day Mr. Sunday

I call out your name,
But you say I'm taking up your time,
Keeping you from earning your dime,
Mr. One Day Mr. Sunday,
You say you will make time for me one day,
Maybe on Sunday,
Always too busy during the week,
To love me,
Rub me,
I have to rub up against you,
Just to get a feel of you,
We speak,
But never meet,
During the week,
Or meet,
The needs that I seek,
That's weak,
A peck on the cheek sure would be neat,
The time is never right for you,
To take a strike at me
And you never take a break,
Down for me,
Mr. One day Mr. Sunday,
Surely,
You must have some time for me,
Other than one day,
Mr. Sunday.

