

BLAZON OF TEN

Her goddess eyes like blue sky poeticism
Her hair enchanting like a spell of Wiccan mysticism
Her lips like a call for celibate exorcism
Her youth shared with me in unbeknownst legal emancipation
My relation(s) with others under her examination
Her little covert, middle-of-the-night, digital Peeping Tomism
My life improved by her mere association

My total 10, this blonde-gone-brown bombshell
I want to -- plan to -- write our love story without misspell
Maggie to my Seth Plate, in our City of Angels, Team Atlanta, Where I fell
Our hearts open, not a single lie or game
1999 our moment in time, forever stuck in a mental freeze-frame
With me unaware of her jealousy, that could still inflame
None of this, not one minute, could I have tried to foretell
Never did I think my presence in her life, she would reclaim

To be without her was, and is, my life's worst cataclysm
To be without her is a life of soul-felt asphyxiation
Our communication to be a non-kiss-and-tell
Every mistake my own, with no one else to blame
My heart full of pain from her fare-thee-well
Her parting a mere text of salutation
I am scared: Death hovers near without her alleviation
Her attention my salvation, her caring soul: my heart's continuation

Her shape, smell, taste, and sounds, burned into me with total nudism
Her anger and disapproval, pushes at my anxiety with untiring athleticism
Her promises not easily forgotten, as I will always hope with idealism