

Evaporation

How the fog is ash gray
precluding transparency
including the portrait of love
cluding etheriness. I cannot
see beyond arm's length even
in the poolights of a car, to sound
the alarm of the poem forsaking
reluctant to wake warm for goodness sake
how communicating is harmed.
This day, of all to stay feathered
& tarred betrays traits of lifelong
scars upon the body of poetry
marks straight forward a word
in withered weather
Whether or not, nature and her
children are still feeding
untarred and feathered & put out
to pasture enabled as if the grass
was actually greener on the other side
of the hill, an act of fiction
motioning pictures would play its part
& better nature's fact of dimming
the floodlights enabling 1 to read
the literature scripting
upon the heart intact. What
longer & broaden arm's length
as strong as sound that'd
surround sound being found
by the roadside wronged
by the weather and its elements

of dishealing's pound, leather
is too a material to lick
it soft & get her back
eludes a romance story within
itself including what better
than letters' hope & merge
I conglamorate unprejudiced
poetry word setter
keeping a portrait.

How the fog dissolves from day - Wm.

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