

Silk

I hate this loneliness of without you —
How grasp me!; 'this vise of Creeding' you silk;
Soft — Someone heave-on-earth kisses soul —
How Vises about nonhurting — Your Silk!;
Talks to me, speaks love; much poetry kind
Whispered soft — then, I slap upon you ear —
How needing!; has us here and you all in mind
A way of grasping, clasping all er dear;
A silk against the skin, conotion plush.
I hate this loneliness!; hast me needing
You — envised somewhat soul-silk I'd speak lush
Denoned of drunkard succulent pleading
My heart bleeds for you soft, speaking love to
Fly the globe about Grand Being silk so — Wm.

Jul 15/24, 3:15pm

n² Respects T² Honor: Shakespeare

(* Line from Sonnet 11 by Wm. Shakespeare)

☺ I couldst sign thy name as his in truth,
Not t² commit forgery — but, fo² fame
T² attach n² allege Famous² truth —
I write this writ, n² respects t² honor
+ Who could be?, if others would not have been pluck!
* Herein lives wisdom, beauty and² honor
T² wait amongst the Immortal bids rush
yet do I marvel!, over ~~me~~ over
T² attach heart heart of lame words, lends passion
unashen as those of success clovers
Love this gift with strings attached, gifts fashion

#. Ah!, the reason I sign thy name at length,
Ah! — yess, t² sonnet lush in depth — 11/20/24, 8:10am
Wm. Irving

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Still

The dying alive loves her again still
moving begalling bright as tongue between
Thighs & music's rhythm succulent will
Edured the love of makin' best-as seen
Because I love her!, I crawl, walk and run
To dance to whatever music need-be.
We had fit together like air-to-lungs;
Adam-for-Eve-; Him-for-Her as should be;
There is no me without you to speak of
Dying— who else would I give my life for?
Best as seen!, succulent will to speak of
I be enturing music dance, to wet more
Still!, to lock you in this heart forever
That beauty between us two is clever— 3/3/24;
4:32pm w/ During