

## A Glow to Love

No blue collar tidbit poem!, hitting  
the nail on top of the head, yelling out  
against the color black as well sitting  
to discomfort—or—configure Heart's soul—  
How art thou!— no yellow jacket turn coat  
Cowering abrasive callous of yet—  
Thy words!, have not rusted or orange; all she wrote  
to strew all me gray from being Sonnet  
in-heart!— I am glad a glow to love  
as Love so—should in the red I look good  
in to bid you few notes of blues' unimprove—  
I fit!, like Custom-Tailored comforts good;  
a color as custom as fall thy own!; I  
Hands-on!, unique as thyself, bids no clone—  
Dwain

## The Beauty Of—

Her Woman God!, fits Post custom-made—  
To coin this term fo' Gigi!, kisses soul  
a gift to her bids Coppelli's cascade  
Supreme as Gigi art!— all doeth know:  
How! soul-pleasant fantasies imagines  
You real, clad together with them coupled;  
An envied a-sung-1 fo' the ages!  
Would thus blesseth an envied man double,  
Extravagant as she'd sureth make him—  
Tryin' to delineate you Beautiful!—  
Woman God over Goddess!, out stars film—  
Thou art as Supernovas be!, graceful  
Gigi!, can only best Gigi— truth told  
a kiss!, best model when Beauty's tales hold—