

Love Poet

* Line from: "You will always be the Lady in My Life" by Michael Jackson

Some say!, God kissed her—more than other loves,
A compliment to sculpt her Beauty's booze—
How thou art!, emblazoned to ebb & muse
Monumental— as a star's nectar dove
W/ rain and sun and warmth to nipple groves
Greenery silk replenishes a fusc of—
How thou art!, illuminated sweet muse—
Some say!, a compliment of mint loves—

* They'll be no darkness tonight!, Maybe it,
Love so-loves hallmark as time sun's pleasant
Doeth sing vintage as Michael Jackson:

* They'll be no darkness tonight!— Dear Molit!,

* Maybe through the years w/ rain and sun's chant

* You'll always be the Lady warm like sun— 10/24/24

2:53 pm 10/24/24

Young & Restless

1.

The Young & the Restless. To diligent leisure as
right I smashed a bottle of champagne
over the head of the New Year.

To dutily due as one wills. To sex beauty
out in the open, on a wondrous night.

And, lay splayed til currents' rivers run,
crack & open and rushing, moans
panting wet, like a dog well-exerted
in strenuous exercise. I live

today for today because
tomorrow may never come. At a swimming
party, I was crowded by throngs and
hourglasses time-pause of liquor-laced
unforgettable, I came undone

igniting like roman candles off into a wet pool.
A fight broke out, things got broken—
people jumped in, a lot were thrown out,
shots and sirens rearranged the range
of the night. Long as there was liquor,
ladies and longing, the majority
lingered publicizing most things
private unwilling to turn in and call
it a night.

a.

The Young & the Restless, I cater to trends
style. Arrogant as stars sing songs
bright, I drove a steel horse defiant.
my girl worked at a strip club,
stripping people of cash—I cashed in before
she cashed out, and me and her two
friends had a three-way in a red light
district easy to manage. No one got screwed
out of what they were owed, easy as one,
two, three. Investing vests
investments drawing interest upon the night.
I will never leave kindness, like kin
undefended obeying my great grandmother's
rearing, may she not roll over in her grave.
my niece was born, my great grandmother
did not get a chance to see her.
Seeing through eyes of urban, bids
a special kind of poet. I have no fear
of turning over a new leaf, because
leaves change colors in the fall, stand
for something not to fall for anything
campaigns the souls of champions no fall,
because you don't get old by
being in a pool—10/21/24; 8:52 pm Wm. Jenkins