

Dear Groove

What great love you hath to words and respect
For thy brand of Literature french kissing
overly about! — when allowed sonnet
It's freedom to express love like missing
mus' make love in general — seeing as
How Woman Gods' beauty is such love
As Loyal unbetrays as best there was
Verge on Hallmark!, begetting dear groove
Genuine as heart doeth speak Love Verse
More probable than impossible! — muse
With me more the greater as unrehearsed
For thy brand of Literature unabused
Whose time I bid in part to Art in great!
To make love in general!, and kiss Fate — Wm. Irving

Song of Sonnets' Ripe

* Line from Sonnet 22 b (Elizabeth Barrett Browning)

* "What bitter wrong can the Earth do to us? —"

Coupled as 2-suns-1!, proud to be stout
In depth no doubt honoring does mate souls
To bond us **BROAD**; northreadbare; unambushed
Doeth sip Nectar's' delight! — bids such rush —
To soften comfort about on whitest clouds
asew the seeds we plant and tend dear sprout;
a song of sonnets' ripe blossoming lush! —
Love from the heart!, as dear as we are paired,
entwined the perfect coupling will always write
Engrown!, as gifted 2 together — behold!,
Poetry shines!, such Love story soul-dear
To dip the heart's kiss of ink, what Lit's might;
a luster to craft the art!, it's story told — Wm. Irving

Wolf Whistle: For Christmas

Taking! the bull by the horns; pen in hand;
Her bonnet by it's beauty — for Language!
Who'd not!, protect Her w/ their Life? — Woman
God gifts itself upon one for the ages —
Eyes that hypnotize soul-illustrious/sweet!
How Love my st love you!, the way I'd love Her —

a wolf!, that two hearts may mix — kisses sheep
No harm to lay w/ Her! — do eth gift confer
Taking Hourglass by spectacular
Body — pauses Time unforgettable —
How Sonnets beauty!, in particular
Is soul Christmas-in-the-Summerable —
How Love!, and Lovers fall in love w/ Her
Endeeth and immense as soaking prefers — 12/18/24
Wm. Irving

Critical Condition: Gunshot Wound

She was cold-hearted as Pain, ^(to my chest) throbbing be/
Fore you almost died — and!, agonizing;
a cruel some's ache hard-to-heal. Throbbing be!
Intent on excruciating — Realize!,
Blood of my blood, flesh of my flesh could do
Great harm to the poem!, and more the/great-
er attempting to cause serious due
Diligent ill-intent; malice as great
as any rage — or — wrath — she!, equals COLD!
as dry ice & drying blood sticking to too —
Fore!, you almost died, and would'nt have got old
Leaving the Poet bleeding... heading too!
Intent on: more the/greater being great,
No harm to the poem — or — Poet's Malice — Wm. Irving

The Heart Is The Pilot

(1 of the 3 stanzas of -)

(A line from "Some Call It God" by Jabari Asim)

I put too much up on the plate of not forsaking you. To learn to do do unto others, as others do to me — To trespass on others' property, the way mine was trampled. Unlike my type to be a part of invading privacy — as young pirates backdoor almost everyone in Shelby Cobra Super Snake Mustangs raging soul Hell cat ill-advised. I am not desperate — or — disprincipled and forsaking once I invest my heart. * The wonder and hurt of being. I must become a warrior to "all" who oppose intruding upon what's mine; trespassing upon private property — when uninvited! the heart will always triple defense mechanisms its alarm. "He may be too old and educated to be of much use to her..." as sunset spectacular on gated communities, the fast and the furious canine — cheating Desire again and again in each rape —

William Irving