

CLOSE

ah!, how blessed the Summer seems to serenade us
entire convenience

WHEREFORE we are soul-fixated two suns one
pronounced

as intimate fondling unrestrained ripeness
and the moon

bestows breeze a sweater upon the body of love

How they linger at the liquor store
for a lady of intoxication

I chronicle much to art

taken aback akin to love lovin'

against all odds

in the night unremitting —

to allow her to sun — 8/24/25; 7:12pm Wm. Irving

William IRVING *182906

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