

West Coast

How the tide picks up
currenting the waves up ROAR
to SURF or kiss wet — 6/15/26
Wm. D. Dwyer

Beneath Flame

As hot as Prison
sunning beneath June Sun's heat
minus any trees — 6/18/26; 10:39pm
Wm. D. Dwyer

Smothering

Humidity hot,
angered and overtaking
comfort and coolness — 6/18/26; 10:44pm

Wind Boon

Southwest blown gentle
wind, providing a sweeter
of well-needed cool — 6/20/26; 7:31pm
Wm. D. Dwyer

Hot Opening

Hot as Spring comes to
a close to open a Roast /
ing Summer grill up — 6/20/26; 7:33pm
Wm. D. Dwyer

More Than Words

As proactive as Love will make One tend
The field, a labor of Love partaking
To love by civic Right and duty, pen's
More than words' worth to clothe her Beauty's make—
When I succumb as all men mus' do in health
To not put forth and elevate up/to/
Task, fo' I hath only Mortals' mere wealth
Created in his likeness as God so—
Bade One to partake fo' Two to become One,
I love thee so!, Christmas-in-the-Summer
Truth be known as this Sonnet spells words more/
The/greater, never/the/less Remember:

As proactive as Love will make us love—
Songs enspell their spell to melodic groove— 6/18/26
Don. Dwyer

Vulnerable

What of Abuse's misuse, being used too?—
Of Experience, as spoken to here—
To accept you unconditional soo
As Love is lettered—held close paired,
On the other hand— who is better?—
Teacher—or—well-to-do pupil declared
Too apt at being avid, wears slight wither,
Speaking upon the condition bears
What of Abuse's misuse?— unusual
And cruel punishment may smitten might tired
Once encountering Brutes' bouts as casual—
Are no comfort to let him boast best fire.
And, shall be a gift—enwilled by Will!—
How vulnerable I am to strive still— 11/11/21
Don. Dwyer

Concluding

When and where! Time mus' grow an elder, aged
old and worn as Dead Metaphors' use used,
Too and torn to Rags, an end He has gauged;
A mountain-to-a molehill—grass abraded;
Dead as footed to dirt, here now shone!—
Where grown—great, has grown great grandfather's strain;
Tarnish upon the brass, has shined its shone
Last and at least, littling—much in pain;
Nonadventurous and crippling—dying
Sun has less light to see by—moon unseen;
Existence shortens sight—Truth tells no lies
When and where Time has been, to once have been—
Then, is no more—what's to come used to be
Is a foot of the hill of End's dark be—4/25/21
Wm. Irving

Possibility?—

Last week of March!, anxious as Intrigue's chief
Here and now—Possibilities' warm fate—
What may become to Rekindle of late?—
In the atmosphere of Rendering's build
To marvel at no propaganda brief
As Spring may Reside to commemorate—
Here and now!, a soon to be blossoming great—
Exoneration must be thy Relief,
Such a dreary and gray affair as Rain
Enboldens a campaign of Pains' contempt;
To subpoena Whole Truth, heals Ails' trauma
As wonderful as Release shall unvail
Precise as Poets' poetry's exempt
A mum speak per Freedom, bears aroma—3/27/21
Wm. Irving

Familia

("Good bad taste is always fueled by Rage and anger with humor thrown in. Bad bad taste is fueled by stupidity and ignorance, and it comes out as anger" John Waters)

The Poem is an intellectual, until it leaves a bad taste in the mouth
mind

by way of Introduction,
introducing all ways
gets in the way
of True Transparency

modeling in the nude.

As spoken
of Truth, is Poetry
is—

who can configure a Muse
to counter defense mechanisms
Introduction creates.

Not to bad good— or— good bad
any ugly about the taste buds
to anger a thought one can lose
the Rage of the feeding

the Poet will all
ways be remembered
for the Poem b'
yond Introduction, lax

as 2 sums 1— 6/20/26 Wm Loring