







Fire off your fluffy shaft!
My beau lies in its lovely path.
Tulips bloom and falcons cry
a syzygy of lazuline sky.








How can I possibly illustrate
How happy you make me all day?
How could I ever communicate
When I draw a blank with all that I say?

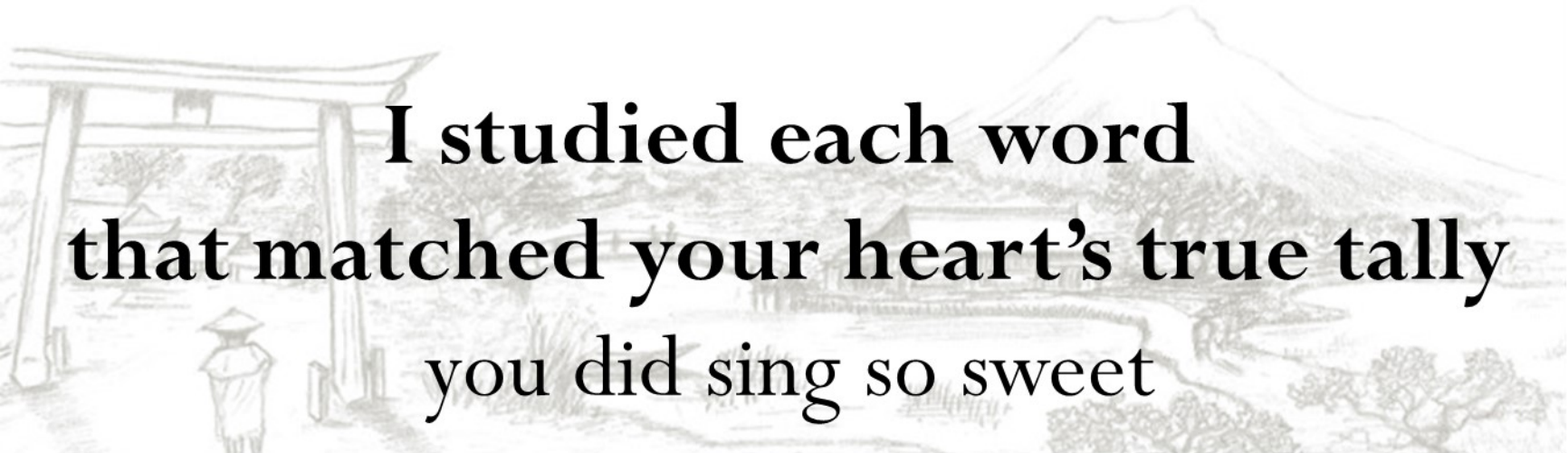


I run into trouble as things go.
My songs are discordant; the stalest.
**My limerick tries that but even so --
The colors are always the palest.**



So I've taken today's opportunity
To incontrovertibly say
How well we have done with our unity
In every possible way.





**I studied each word
that matched your heart's true tally
you did sing so sweet**

My dear has a blueish proclivity,
and it's true it inspires negativity.
Yet my heart he had stirred,
for his very first word
and his last shared a strong connectivity.




My impromptu wish for you
As the seasons cycle through

May its width be firm and fast
That this cocoon of love might last

That you will walk the center line
The butterfly must have its spine

Then like the cuckoo we will sing
A song of love while we take wing



glyphs bleed
from my pen to paint a grisly
tableau within my beating heart

the squirming
**insect of our love has been
crushed into pieces three**

nine times you will find them
remnants of my life with which
your cruel absence dispatches

tokyo, that capital. singular

and glimmering, but not so bright
as her. there was no doubt, yet no déjà vu either
only a brief glance glueing my eyes to her.

she whispered *aishiteru* eight
times that evening. if i close my
eyes i can smell the sakura blossoms. if i hold
my breath, i can just see her face.

Would that I could buy infinity!
Then we might spend it hand in hand.
Instead I seek infinity in verse--
Whirling o'er loops and curves of life,
Each piece embraced by two crescents--
At long last, thou yieldst thy heart to me!
So with this humble soliloquy I plead,
Willst thou be my Valentine??

