

COFFEE

Oh sacchariferous Nectar of the Gods.
You never disappoint. Not once has your
sweet disposition failed to fancy my yen.
Your Holy Aroma fills my nostrils like
The halls of a school after the bells ring.
With unparalleled goodness, and a zest
To live for. Where would I be with out
Such divine, bronzed, browned and
Brazen allure? The first sip is like jump-
ing into a pool of liquid rubies, or like
Running your fingers across gaseous gold.
I await every morning with pleasant eager-
ness. Only for you to grace me with ardor.

THE FALL

I sit with arms around legs
Pulled tight together
The world spins around me
And soon, I'm spinning, too
Eyes squeezed shut, holding tight
'round and 'round like a top on a table

My grip loosens
One Arm and one leg flail out
Like an unfastened sail
Rippling, waving in the wind
And then the second set goes
And I am falling
Shattering on contact
With the ground
Coming totally undone
In bits and pieces

Love smells like hot chocolate chip cookies
Love tastes like a great big bear hug.
Love looks like a hot bowl of oatmeal with my family.
Love feels like my mom giving me a grill.
Love sounds like the laughter of my family
Love looks like a hot bowl of oatmeal with my family.
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