

Natural Apologies to Various People

I

I was a thistle
and you were down
road with wind way.
So, next time whistle out.

II

The mourning of a dove
came through a window;
how was I to know,
love, the tones of laryngitis?

III

The wind lashed water
veiled my astigmatism;
allergic to dampness, I
keep sweeping otters and seaweed.

IV

No keepsake, that kiss
was immediate fire;
now I need another
to miss you by.

Mutant

children come
in many
varieties,
a blending
of parents,
environment;
so, child, child,
never ask
ingredients
within a gene,
a desire,
a verse.

Ransack

the present,
inhabit it;
the past, though
durable, is
so vulnerable.