Whoever invented glitter was a genius
(and possibly a diabolical villain)
The idea came to him when on a bus
A shrieking noise filled the air, killing all
focus
Me head hums with the horrendous
 hammering
of hustlers hustling by
and jabber willons sitting in the trees
sang their song to the best of their
abilities.
And afterward, standing (toes inward)
 backstage
He stands He touts His lips He cannot
whistle because his teeth were knocked
out
The little boy woke up after his scary
dream
He wet the bed!
And people thought he had problems in
his head!
And perhaps, he was crazy.
Or maybe, he wanted to be lazy.
Or perhaps his name was simply Casey.
But likely, tomorrow, not.
I'll count the blinks of a thousand days
Until I'll earn your gaze
I will follow your every footstep
toward the dawn of every new day
We rush forward heads held high
Life is good Live for now

And never regret anything that made you
smile
Even if that smile lasted just a little
while.
It lit up your face with refreshing style
Deter Pavis
His sorrowful eyes looking forward
The sea, slowly rolling waves –
Rocks my boat swimmingly.
Back and forth, I feel the waves in my
sleep.
Winds, fore and aft, fore and aft
Aeolus, unbound and tempestuous,
fleeting and daft
Unfettered by earthly ties, ascension to
the clouds
How divine! For it is AFTERNOON in
Arizona
But it is another time somewhere else.
And you are far away.
between two ferns
nestled like a downy gosling
“Paint me like one of your French girls!”
And I'll show you the world
up-side-down
I'll show you fear in a handful of dust
Because I’m so fucking tired
Of scanning library articles.