

Poems from the Short Stories Book: "Twisting Towards the Rolling Stones", 2016

Advice

The blue color in your eyes

Does not belong here —take my advice

Maybe your wisdom might improve

Nothing's magic, but the whirr of a dove

Squeeze the grains in the quicksand

And when you're exhausted,

Give me your hand

Fear

I am thirsty—may I sip your sweat?

Hold still! Do not get me wrong, my dear!

No blood, no flesh vow death

Unless you smoke out my fear

Absurdity

Tears of joy

Water your face, boy!

Tears of sadness

To hell, angels of madness!