

Publicerad 2023-06-23 22:52 av Lustverket

Summer Solstice Suite I: Toward an Archaeology of Affection

Strange proceedings ensued

in dreamtime,

as I found myself

approaching this

disused center

of make-belief affection,

or should I say

romance.

That notwithstanding,

I rejected the rejector

and vectors suddenly

started pointing forward

as the feet-wielding doctor,

always destined to go bust,

went bust.

Now, what could deter

this mirror of the soul

from clearing?

- provided, of course,

~~that one can stand it.~~

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren Lustverket med Poeter.se id #185396 innehar upphovsrätten