

SIR RAWL

*Indigo,
My Latin
Tongue*



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Sir Rawl



Sir Rawl Literature & Publishing

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Sir Rawl Literature & Publishing
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Beautiful Morning Set ~

Beautiful!
The morning offset.
Lovely sleeps have awakened from their rest.
I take that the water is fresh.
All is cleanliness.
As bright as the sun has put on its dress.
My hands will cover my eyes with holiness.
What the light has collected.
I look forward that the day will be blessed.
And open windows will welcome the sweet freshness.
A breath of your openness!
I assess; the fields have been tested—
in all its greenness,
and its brightness,
yours purest.

Capulet's Roses ~

Couplets: my roses
 My yellow poses
 My two plus noses
 Of my reddish blushes
 Pass my judges
 To hence; toward
 My greenest cousins
 Leaves are nothing
 Compare to your budding
 O my stubby nub ping
 White little hope
 Form me, closely
 Gently, cover lee—
 Overly, chocolaty—
 As sweet as my toffee
 Bringing you around me

 O my God

 Your purple is lovely

Catch Me, Little Butterfly ~

Catch me, little butterfly.
 I flutter away, pale painterly.
 Flee: the rainbow birds, weathers your wings.
 Rosy as the reddest thing: your face in trance.
 Yellow as turn hath its bluest firm ink.
 Think to what color blind blunder we are in.
 Ye, I wink: sunny as the day as blink.
 Catch me; thee silly wit wouldst be pink.
 Ladybug: good heart as felt.
 Your royalist jewels: poor us; colors are wealth.
 The veldt: silkworm as pelt.

Lobelia My Dear ~

Lobelia my dear
 Has seen
 As bright as the day
 Ordains
 Herbaceous, you are
 To see
 Your cure leaves
 Strengthen me—
 Adore, as I say
 You are a special plant
 Cut straight from my scissor hand
 Freshly necked and groomed
 Come my ever am—
 To you beautiful
 Blossom plentiful
 The Garden of Zen.

Love: Always Compares ~

You that are true
 I do compare you
 Though, my wish is not to be comparable
 Kindly, sir
 Your stirs are the hearts of my words
 Father:
 There is nothing adores you more than I
 It's not fair
 Where was your heart since your daughter's birth?
 Your worth of my love has no shilling of a pays work
 I search the dirt of your worthiness
 Let me marry the one I love
 So I could be bonded with my mother's virtues; my love
 Kiss me, my brother
 The way love embraces the ones that smiles
 Lovely tulips
 Whose love; I compare thee not
 The apples in thine eyes cannot create your beauty spot
 Say not; my love, remarkable
 Make gains to my heart
 I hope thy flattering lilies will not part
 The stars have me under warrant
 From a bright little capture; love Gouldian finch
 I compare you, with every little inch.

My Evident Blue Note 

Y
esterday, I walked from the past. Left
at last, I turn, back facing. In my
way—a slight little dark room was erasing.
Empty, but nothing less, I anchor down
my stress. Elbow-down! Actually, my
hand buckled, furiously: poor torso, four
uncontrollable muscles. She wrote, “The
doctor did warn me about this bubble.”
Coming from both sides, sounds like bull.
I questioned, what is going on? I felt alone,
inside, and around; I walked around.
Trisha, look at this pressure. Just, look at
what you’re doing to me. I picked up the
picture from off the wall. Of course, I felt
lesser. You mean to tell me. My baby! You
have disappeared from me without a letter.
I’ m talking to you. After, I found out. You
were gone—over the border of the counter.
Spell under your written print. Rain-splash
a little paint. Neatly printed in blue ink.
You made me think. For the first time

ever—reading my whole life in my palm.
Just listening to you, cry your tears in a
knot. Saying, you’re leaving me—for what I
don’t have. My heart drops. On every word
I stop. I cannot find you in my head. These
words weren’t mapped. I feel trapped like
a silly wrap. Drip! Then came a little fall
of tear! You said, “I was never there.”
O burden me.

O
burden
that
I
didn’t
care.
You
have
pen,
this
too
clear.

The Lamented Jewels of My Lady ~

The lamented jewels of my lady's affairs,
 Forever, her diamonds died with her.
 The ruby of her dying rose,
 Cut from her heart of wealth.
 Shall be the same black onyx stone.
 Until death—do us part.
 The rock on her finger shall lay her down.
 Where is the bullion, you fool?
 This sapphire is too cold, and blue.
 They cried over her bed.
 You would too.
 Bless with these tens of ingots.
 What is this undying treasure I got?
 Silver is only change.
 At least, that's what I was told.
 Can't you see?
 The rock is gold.
 You yellow bone.
 You must take
 All you can from Rome.

About the Author ~

Sir Rawl is the author of two poetry collections, *The Symposium Library of Poetry* and *Indigo, My Latin Tongue*, a first time publisher and writer. He is also an author of children's books, as well as a talented musical producer and songwriter. Born and raised in the West Indies, and now a proud Canadian living in Toronto, where he operates and runs a music and book Company.

