SIR RAWL

*Indigo,*  
*My Latin*  
*Tongue*
SIR RAWL

Indigo,
My Latin Tongue
Always in thoughts Anita Johnson.

To my mom.
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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.
Yea, 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

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 pay’s 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 smile
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

Yesterday, 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.
Through reasoning, relativity, and commonsense acquired with knowledge and understanding, amended with tolerance and acceptance, along with the time and space given to grow, the simple merits of my creativity emerge in the light of this world.

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