

1972

sweet nothings

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The Blatant Morning

Refinement

and your words so dull,
waiting for a single moment,
a fleeting passion,
when your clothes won't be so neat
piled in a heap
beside your thoughts.

Tears run from your eyes
and streak down
your cheek-
bone.

Your vengence strikes out at me.

Complication

is my own doing
loss of finality
your undoing.

Put on your shoes, we'll take a walk.

Substance

I cannot be clay:
the imprint of your fingers
heightens,
yet mars my temples.

- *phil mercurio '75*

sweet nothings

sly, silver smile, inspiring desire
lies in the eyes of the lady
a platinum princess of mirrored perfection
reflecting/refracting, the light of men's lives
crystallizing a moment for each to possess her
with practiced precision she shimmers the mind
highly glossed flattery, polished with praise
shines flawlessly through her mirage

sterling madonna, looking glass lady,
is it you that you see in the mirror?
not the face, silver sweetheart, not the face
but the mirror

classy miss glassy coated thinly with silver

Linda Anderson '74