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HIBISCUS

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A yellow blur.
The sea swans forth
The home saddles with
Moon thistle and silver spread gleam.
A token of nudge at the door
A little grief over lost poems
Of losing a decades high
A family of past remembrance
Locked up in acrylics of
Pomegranate smudged souls;
A lace curled up
Full of feminine rhymes.
It's my penmanship to own
Loose disjointed freestyles
Like a dove, an alcove, a pine tree.
The untrodden nudges
At the peak end
A forest full of mystery
A theatrical stance
Over the old bright city
A fancy out of space and while
Casually misfit, a tropical cloud.



Too much showers drown the island in me
Then suck with Pansies and whims
Two poles of wide apart
In the middle, a threadbare silence
A red string of millions
Footsteps, raspy echoes, an old lane
Illicit with bright red longing.
I clasp a hibiscus
In the middle a bright ruby red
The house clasps knot
A light within
A full moon fall
A yellowed red dance.



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