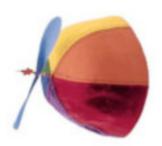
Page Half-Full Poems:

Life Eaten with a Spoon





because it is OK to have fun by Pearl Pirie

Ambition (by the window)

candleglow's too sallow?!
who you callin' sallow, shallow!
the flame lunges, snapping
at the end of its wick
a mangy yellow curr, barking:
this night's not big enough
for two moons!

A Tinder's Match: I'm Fast

My mad dash shows I'm not all lost fat: Cause I've still got think = sprint on tap Easy as paper to catch with a flame. I'm burning up the terrain. The grass path is now ash and I'm still in loping dash. It's easy -as easy and fast as thinking the worst; I've got inside a sort of kinetic burst of potential that can go from floppy to fab faster than any ab, or other bit that might come to mind. Who knew what power lies in the behind? You Gotta! try it sometime.

Eaten With a Spoon: because it is OK to have fun

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Pepé le Pigeon

Cooing suitor
Chest inflated like a new daddy in presumption
Soot-dipped feathered-feet beating, he hops like Icarus
After his dappled grey appaloosa mére to be;
He hopes eternally.

My Precise Mind

My precise mind for perfection Always comes to the fore When it comes to straightening cake edges If it means I get a wedge or smidgen more.

Herman

Hello. My name is Herman.
No it isn't. I know, you see.
Hello, my name's not Herman
At least that is what it seems
Ever since you said to me:
Your name's not Herman.
So hello my name is Milo
I'm as cute as cute can be.
Yes, he said, but you're not Milo.
Hello I'm not Milo, nor Herman so it seems.
My names not either.
Hello this is Anastasia.
She's my sister; she looks like me.
Or is she? Cause I'm not Herman.

Ode to Valerie

whistling away to yourself you snore like a teakettle.

cr-mewing to play ball, it dropped at my feet, you look up at me, pupils round, but when I reach down towards you, you hunch and swing your shoulders away, feet pulled into your chest like a bird in flight.

you pounce on air and tails of day flatulent, perched in houseplants.

that underscore between the G and the d

is placed deferentially like a string bikini bottom cover just in case - not to be too bold, to withhold one rounded bit, so no one can tell anyone that they saw IT that can't even be whispered holy sh_t! such prudence.

Molecules

That impure daub of 70% water

with protein, carbohydrate, fat, miscellaneous enzymes

a net neutral electrical charge

with bio-synthesis and basal metabolism

sneezed.

Whirlwind Romance

Ten degrees below and the north wind squats low in the swirling maze trying to make my feet like snow. At minus five below the wind tugs at my toque trying to tickle my ears with icy fingers. At zero degrees the wind tumbles through my hair and is another hand over the grocery bag. At five above it slides into my coat that is undone. After a while, walking I zipper it up, stymieing fun. At plus ten degrees the wind is pleased to share the nicotine and tar air, inhaled in turn. At fifteen degrees above the wind had found new loves with bare legs and chests that he can caress And we each move indifferent to each other.

Leaving a Friend's Apartment's Hall a Boy Nudges, and He and His Mother React to Smoker and a Posted Notice

Mum --

Spat, eh? Gag.

(Peek) Ew god, "Was it a rat I saw?

Live!! Step on a cigar -- toss it in a can. It is so tragic, a -- "

No pets?!? Evil! Was it a rat I saw? dog?

We keep gag. He taps: mum.

Hey, Hazelnut Loaf

Hazelnuts, hazelnuts, Do I like those? Are those the ones with that other name? The British name, it starts with a p...Pillibeater? Filibuster? Something duster?

Do they taste dry or bitter? I think It's walnuts that're bitter, almonds and newsprint memories that are hard to chew and dry.

Sometimes the right word will flood in washing in with it all matter of flot and Sam. Flot and Stem?

No matter, the store is long past. But then, my path is not tethered...

So I return, buy. Filberts taste like pecans. Filberts!

Ah, And sometimes the word Evokes only relief at remembering And memories of forgetting it before, of mnemonics of Dilbert, a filbert for a head, a can being filled with burn... Sometimes I am too obscure, even for myself.

You know, a hazelnut loaf is a little like one of those circular sticky things with caramelized sugar and cinnamon and yeast... What's that called?

Will the wondering never cease? Which way was that store?