

**Relying on you
is like hoping for a cloud shaped
like Mt. Rushmore.**



As fires melt your doorbell
adrenaline blurs that line:
excitement/trauma



The crone loves a bone.
But the paleontological
is not her motive...



**Wrought pedantically,
big word haikus bomb your brain
(in slow emotion)**



**Lost, cloaked in laptops
or huddled in private whispers.
My decaf is sighing, cold.**



**Shedding grief takes time.
It's tender weight, so breathe patiently
for the slow punch line!**



Like hot air balloons,
the pompous waft slowly past, raining
down their lead ballast.



**You launch your debut Train
before all the rails have been nailed down...
rattled riders riot.**



Over the cliff's edge
I stretched; alas, couldn't save her
thoughts, too slippery to catch!



