Fallacy

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Fate

The mysterious hand
of
elegant mind
over
matter

Flexible Nature

The snake is the model of perpetuity.

Sodom or Gomorrah

The bed of history,
Trimmed in destiny's skirts,
Supports the mystery
Contained within heroic
nightshirts.
The life of the past
Breathes the air of the lost,
But summons the waste
Wind ambition crossed.
Valiant attempts
At foregone conclusions
Whistle up unkempt

Mistaken illusions
That brought back the horrors
Of unallayed change
That smashed the mortars
Of Rupture within range.
The desert breaks tar
Beneath its wake
By training the star
That shadows stake
And hope never fails;
Beneath it all,
The quashed moonbeam pales
When the upbraided shallows
burst their wall.

Symbols

What has driven civilization most
Is the dove
As the graceful valentine
Has patronized love.
The night sky hangs the balance
Of justice and beauty,
Art bears the lessons
Of service and duty.
The cherub incites
The dreams of the future,
But not more than the perfume

Of culture and stature.
But to feed the fire
That suffers the fool
Or inspires intellect’s passions
Is the conquest, the jewel.

Banter

Two hearts
playing tag
with their intimacy

Banality

The opposite of beauty
is ignorance
and the nature of ignorance
is vanity.

Mockingbirds’ Lovenest

The door is framed,
The hardwood tracked,
Residence named,
Lifestyle intact.
Outside it rains,
Inside, dry floors
In blue velvet planes
Suppporting rose-coloured stores.
A home away from a former home,
A refuge for success,

But the recess for a familiar gnome
Has slipped in its access.

Purity

Black on black,
Scent on scent,
The local mack
Runs true and spent;
The odds are hot
In Milton’s place.
Clad looks are bought
With fluent face.
Now is the answer
For lip and tear,
More spins the banter
That appoints the here.
Ever flows the will

Of wanton wit
That ferries still
A perfect fit.

Future Sighted

The bullet breaks
Its predictable course.
The image shakes
With moot force.
When will the violence
Be enough?
Will the cranked silence
Prove we're tough?
We've got the blow-by-blow account
Every day the chasm looms.

Maybe the media will recount
And measure our stats when the nucleus blooms.

Sleuth in Flower

The clues embower
An astringent pause,
A moment dour,
A shriven gauze,
That frame a crime
In subtle angles
And ragged time
That bows and jangles
To the extent
That the covers explode
In the words they’d meant

In their limpid code,
Easy to the worth of mountimg resource
That mimics the course of patent dues
In alleged force
Confirmed in the news.

Quick Profile

Quick to judge,
Flickering blame,
Indulging smudge
On relenting name,
Lenient grudge
Catches in the main,
Silhouettes budge
Even as they feign.
Rosters touch
And panels gain
In a much

Serrated grain.
Fielding sludge
And wielding shame,
A baleful nudge
Impresses the game.

Daedalus Complex

Fleet of turn
with blackguards to burn