



T e a r d r o p

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Poetry Series - Book #5 7/22

C o n t e n t s

Prelude

The Manhattan Spock

I'm reaching for you

Sticking

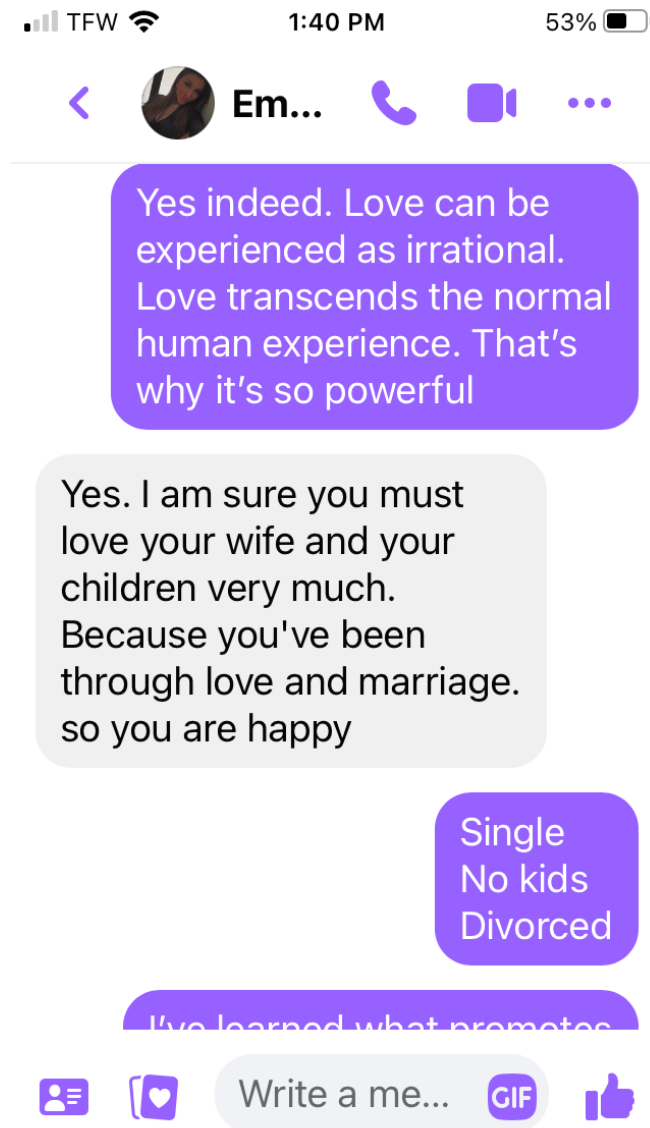
Em

Smells of baking bread

Once upon a time

Do you fear

Prelude



The Manhattan Spock

Her wet worm farm hairdo!

Fingers downloading Zen

With her Central Park view

The lady is Forex cream

You know when you're untied

When her sails are floating past you

She is the whole sea

Rudder-like and supreme

I see her on my screen

East Coast Lady Time

The Manhattan Spock

Super human being

I am reaching for you

Barely see you

Your fingers find mine

We kiss

Sticking

Jumping

Twisting

Praising

Holding

Pressing

Sticking

Closing

Handing

Laughing

Coming.

Em

I don't care what color your hair is
Just keep it long, wild and free
Your eyes glowing in the dark
But only I can see
That everyday ring makes us one
Mani-pedi shoes ignite
A crown to fit a Queen

Smells of baking bread

And yesterday's perfume

Jelly toes

Coffee tongues

Visions of lime

Hands of rye

Once upon a time

A boy and a girl

Who met in

FaceBook Dating app

They played, exchanged photos and texts

Sound bites

Finding solace in their virtual world visions

The little girl turned out to be a trader of foreign currency

While the little boy was searching for a way out

Of his job search defeats

The girl invited him into her world

And he followed blindly

Only to be stuck in the middle of MT5

#

I fucked this all up. I wanted to be your boyfriend so badly that I jumped into your business life with little experience to share. I thank you for bringing me along as far as you did. You are masterful and generous. Beautiful and visionary.

I'm going to stop trading as of now. Thank you for this exposure and your extreme patience.

Do you fear

World War 3

stinging bee?

A flooded road

horney toad?

A broken heart

poison dart?

A traffic jam

spam?

Joblessness

a caress?