

I forgot to tell you, I love you

by R. Mark Sink ©

*It doesn't matter if you're gold
or pale, you can't build houses
without mixing some mud*

*Sometimes you have to stand
your ground; sometimes they
bend, maybe a curve ball or two*

*But faith is in the soul, and hope
elevated by the sun; the arrow
points up, for the eternal life*

*Resting between the ingress and
the Adonis, that can be seen from
Burmese, and a long stone hole*

*The Woden navigated by the Odin
who has a five-part plan to walk
on water without the rawhide*

*A Ulysses for Odysseus riddling
the flying sphinx who sits on
columns hiding the obelus*

*A trail sinking in Australia right
for automeris io always on its
knees fighting with the Ra in the*

*I that sees the Q irately with no
IOU, or love seen both ways in
the EU that is the will of the wind*

*for lost gems and tender souls
trapped between the crevices
that widen for little men in tubes*

*All loved, especially you. So think
it through, see what you think, it
feels wright, maybe a secret rite or*

*Synergism for two that grew in
the snow of all that know three
is not two, but a gestalt that lets*

*Blue hold Accra in the crook of
an umbrella felt for you sprinkled
around the bend, still and true*