

every encounter

some sail away

some circumnavigate

some moor and vegetate

either way

every encounter

pleasant or harsh

planned or sudden

perennial or brief

is an opportunity



Take your chance, RG.

another round

fiction sets hope aflame
another round please Bartender
to all who turn a blind eye
to the needy paper doll, drooping
alone at the bar stool, lamenting
the unceasing storm
when it rains it pours Sugar
when it rains it pours



just waiting for the 'rain' to stop

nurture: delusion

the nest casts cradling shadows
protecting underneath its
tightly knitted twigs
crispy brown by sunshine
intimately stitched together
with dew, clear as spring, strewn
in the seams of parched sprigs;
feeble floury feathers, subtly
spindling heaps of fluffy downs,
once belonging to a pair of pullets

Say no to Gilead.

brick by brick

brick by brick

we lay our dreams; every
layer mortared by fervour
brushed and washed, bedecked
by floating wishes, that soon
you and I shall reconvene



Keep our hopes up, F.

More than a chick

Know me. Not thoroughly
but just enough
to give a glance
above my breasts
and perhaps inside my chest
to learn – with fascination
that I, too, think
and even contemplate
before you (want to)
know me
biblically.



I know, RG. Hang in there.