

Metaphorical Transformation

Elision life:

The ephemeral racecar-zip
Spring of youth engines in fourth
Saunter on into summer
Still heated muggy
Heavy large loads
Filled with limerences of lust
Lushness abounds in a word's susurrus
Faulkner sentence never ending
Naïve
Boletes binge on summer torrential
Soaked up breathing when earth's dry
And it sucks in life
Pores open dank odors sensual
Decay approaching
A punctuational shift
Frosted leaves sensing oranges
fleeting frenzies fluttering
Moths...Mothra's giant wingspans with eyes
Beginning spinning
Looms of silk
Winter safe
Not all of us return in
Spring.

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