

Invitation

**You are invited to my party.
The theme is "conversation".
Bring nothing but words.
It will take place in my mind,
But I'd love you to be there.
It will end always in the present,
So you can leave when you want.
Just RSVP to me by sound.**

**PS:
Body language also welcome!**

Your letters

**Your letters like little treasures
I hesitate to unlock.
Compact word gems
Which settle so incredibly
Softly on my tongue.
And I marvel, I hoard, I read –
Even the paper, palatable, piquant.**

**Your letters like small paragons
Breathe life where a void
Has hung, drags
My carcass so incredibly
Empty as a blank page.
And I cannot, will not let the
Ink run loosely, languidly to nothing.**

**Your letters like precious pearls
On which I ponder:
If I bite at them,
Tap them between my teeth
Will I be disappointed?
Will they leave behind on me**

A counterfeit residue, at once revealed?

Nicely Sugared Too

**You seem always to be sprinkling me
With handfuls of icing sugar.
A powder softness that settles
On my skin like disinfectant.**

**Are you not hungry otherwise,
That you must have me saccharine sweet?
Are you always energised,
Leaving me the one with the bad tooth?**

**But look down to your belly,
See how it growls for fear of
What could grow from the acrid bile.
Dead rhymes you once delighted in.**

**It is an anxious grumbling over emptiness.
Of appetites never satiated.
The crawling grrl grrl grrl
That echoes through intestines famished.**

**Yet, it is only a craving. Your eyes
Too big to know, that it pains me
I cannot stop such famine – screaming
Words eating at the lining of your stomach.**