

to paul

no more shall i quiver  
as our eyebeams twist and threat  
upon one double string--  
you have made me too aware  
such conversation is in the ear of the beholder.

winds no longer whisper  
waves do not reassure--  
that is personification  
a literary technique  
a pathetic fallacy.

the moon was once a marbled orb--  
now it is pockmarked  
with named craters.

my music is not the voice of my soul--  
it is organized sound  
synthesized by neurons.

and if some gypsic minstrel should beckon  
come live with me and be my love  
i shall have to answer  
it is too late--  
my passions are but chemicals  
bleeding through my brain.