

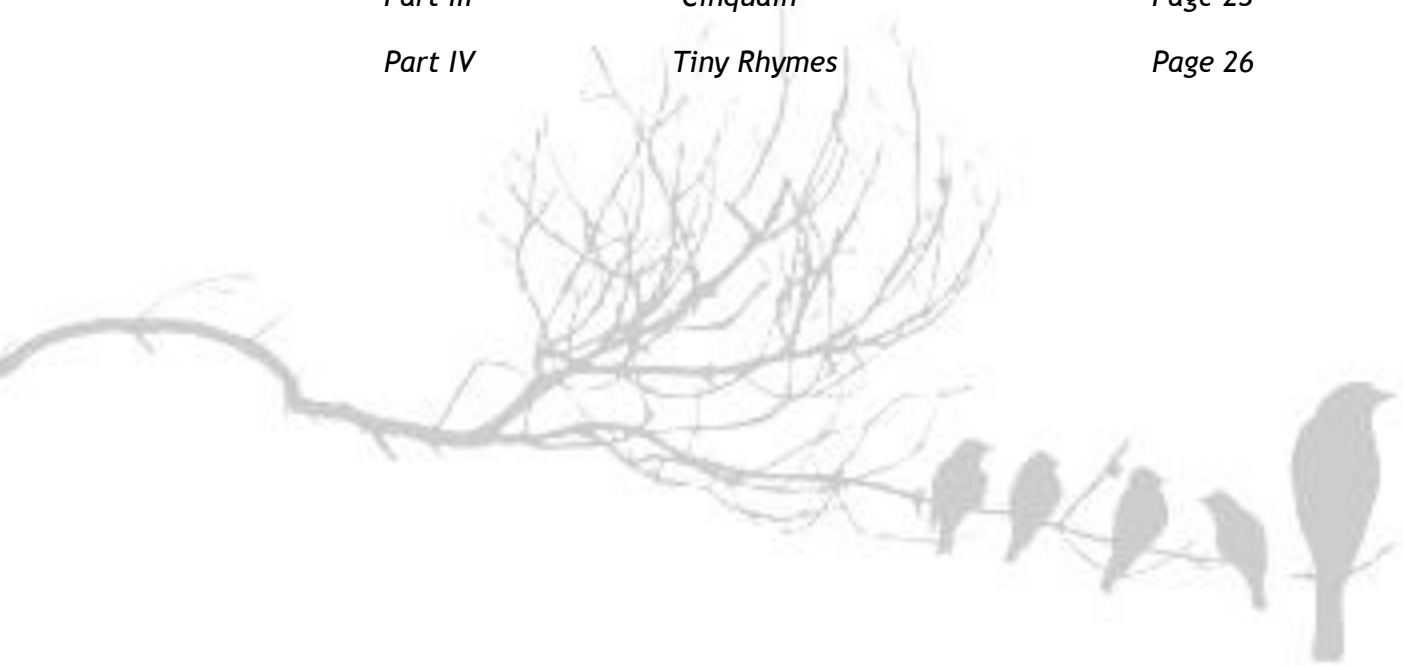
Collected Twitter Verse
Silliness, Sorrow and Sighs in 140 Characters

by Jan Brown



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Author's note: Many of these poems were written in response to poetry prompts kindly provided on Twitter by @tinanguyen, "Word of the Day" prompts by @Loqwacious, @OddlyStarry, @Artwiculate and @ALTwiculate, and story prompts by @wordswendt and @goosefat101 (#ThePush). Heartfelt thanks to all for the inspiration!

Illustration by Sergey Yakovlev - Fotolia.com

Part I - Haiku

I, yearning for sleep
fall softly among pillows
hoping for sweet dreams



the poetess, weak
weary and lame of limb, still
rejoices in words



wed on a fault line
tectonic rumblings split them
now deep rift divides



nature's accomplice
sitting pretty in her nest
charms us all awake



very last of may
arrives with gentle raindrops
and songbirds playing



white pikake lei
fragrance of jasmine mingles
with pungent luau



he's pungent, salty
hot day of exercise
she's sweet in his shower



scented daydreams
stranded on lush green island
fragrant breeze, tall palms



flurry of flother
followed by freezing rain
falling slushy



Divergent life forms
live symbiotically,
peacefully. Not man.



Spring! It will undo
the white ravage of winter,
repainting in green.



low in the night sky
fragmented jewel tones
April's aurora



bouquet of roses
it seems almost farcical
what did he do now



hearing the echoes
of our mutual longing
floating everywhere



he astounded her
with poppysmic expertise
blissful playfulness



my cup of delight
my morning sense, my sight
my sweet sleep tonic at night



unfurl my body
nightly, you lull me into
the moon's embrace



Part II - Tanka

he was gorgeous with
skin like caramel latte
his hair once in dreads
now twists in black coffee braids
wrapped around his brainy head



at first only whispers
they are talking loudly now
mentioning my name
resounding in my ears, but
I remain oblivious



I see the sun rise
in the shadow of the moon
I see the crimson
in the shadow of the pink
and dream of the coming day



Part III - Cinquain

vanishing act

unique
oxymoron
she tries her best to blend
to vanish in the crowd of non-
unique



explosion

kaboom!
a powder keg
explodes inside my head
just remnants of insanity
remain



nephew

he sleeps
with rhythmic breath
so closely watched, with love
his tiny chest heaves next to mine
my heart



Part III - Tiny Rhymes

First Chorus

The pre-dawn choir of whippoorwills
erupts with triple syllable trills.
It gives the waking forest thrills
and brings us to our windowsills.



Second Chorus

It was almost dawn when I heard the choir.
The gray sky yearned for sun, turned blue.
The songbirds warbled in harmony, on cue!



Wings

Peter fitted me with numinous wings
glowing from shoulder to shin.
They weighted me down and I fell
back to earth once again.



Rain

The force of rain washes over us
at the close of day
but will not leave us clean and sparkling
in the coming sun.
It paints us dreaded gray.



Rap

The rapper is euphonic
His rhythm's on a roll
His words are like a tonic
for my aching soul



faking it

her love, unrequited
her thirst, unquenched
her date, a second choice
no lyric in his voice
her lust, unslaked
her ardor, faked

