

Open Air Concert

Gazing at blackness,
stars are stagnant, like reverse
ink blots, splat in space.



The Pianist

As his fingers strolled,
then pranced,
then flew through
hemidemisemiquavers,
the sonata took flight.
My heart and heartbeat followed.



The Mezzo Soprano

She was corpulent yet curvy.
He was handsome but so nervy.
He: "I love the junk
All up in your trunk!"
She: "OMG UR 2 pervy!"