

TONY SANDERS

DESSERTS WITH SOME OPINIONS ABOUT
FRUIT AND SO BE IT

Whatever happened to those coyotes when the dregs,
The morning glories of last night's aftermath,
Met for pancakes, or else cupcakes when she
Decided not to back into the headwind of life
Sidewise, opinionated as she was, and cycled,
Giggling at the same time as forewarned
About flunk-outs privy to the inside dope
Of sadness sending signals to mutts, beholden
To their owners of not their moms, a long
Way from the eloquence of beef jerky alone,
In silence, stylish, in the way some approve,
Though they don't vote, except forever,
Because once in a while sadness, anger,
And forgiveness all have their take-out together,
Forever who she is, gambler in hock, or slightly,
Federally for that holiday in arrears.
So what? As the fandango says, go on, let's
Just say I'm no longer improvisational beyond
Allure, the untoward hound still walks toward
The meat, cold meat adorned by raw veggies
You don't like, especially, and even more,
When you like something you don't even hear
Floating, or should the Pope say sifting,
Albeit, I speak Italian, hey-hey,
Nobody *speaks* Italian, except on cue,
With misery in the company of errant
Rainbows, your goodness shows beyond,
And far, far beyond in its mineral wilderness,
Love.

Love and kisses,