

teetering talkative twinkling prerogative

You were *her*.

The one the 'he' in me had always looked for
that gorgeous greatness of this day-trip
walking half awake in a maze of Doo Wop grace
as you turn
serendipity into a flavor.

I can taste it,
and I talk it with the fluttering buttering of these bees
smothering my sights with all this honey.
it's funny, I'm still running with those words between my teeth
licking those vowels that prowl the power of your name
those crisp slides of tongue
that gush your descriptions-

you even make my poetry sound different.
you've, changed the rhythms of the hymns in him-
and I am not so easily re-written.

We are the now,
the sharp brilliant trumpet blasts
of fast hands
As we eagerly memorize
lines with our minds as my mind
learns your
eyes
like azure
academies,

I am radically
repainting my haste with your meditation.

you are my talked syllables;
and
tainting love with tongue
like twinkling stars-
my heart
quivers
with this privilege.

Monty Milhado

Lord Frederick Montague Milhado of the Western Hills is a level 23 Half-Orc Battle Mage currently looking for work. His hobbies include; dragon slaying, creating tomes of power, spell writing, and performing for large crowds of drunken dwarven folk. He is working on his minor in Wizardry Ethics and fancies himself to be a bit of a poet. He has been performing spoken word art since 15, earning his wizardry title of 'wizword' at the famous school for Witchcraft and Wizardry, Hogorcs a few years back. Wizword Montague is a devoted BBQ pit-master and a staunch supporter of the movement DERAMF*. His aspirations include, flight, family, and the legalization of Human- Orc love.

* (Druidic Equal Rights Among Magic Folk).

