

Romance

An addition symbol of ash for your forehead,
it might have suggested blackberries.

The daylight lurks on its corner
desperate and pushy. Evasive
are the maneuvers I'd suggest.

You look lovely;
Your skin has a glow;
Have you lost?

Science is the determined animal.
A trial of errors is struck.
Fire is the cause of the match.

My gift to you is a faucet,
the freckles endowed to your brow;
I could be your father.

Your hair is a rainbow
arc above the roof of the pawn shop.