

Despised Icon

"One Last Martini"

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I used to think too much within this detached torpor.
Sat with you, sun-drenched by radiant limpidness.
Exalting vibrations of
positivism emanate from your perfect nature.
The intermittence of stirring lips reminds me of fight
frantically demanding
to breathe.
The way they danced made me believe you were
speaking. Stories you have
been telling for hours.
Words aligned in a slogan of absurdities.
The word interpreted by your materialist constitution
came from your
deepest sentiment (I don't exist). Obviously you have
been gifted with the
most precious piece of the puzzle.
An emblem can be artistic and attractive but its
meaning can be aimless and
unreasonable.
Sporadic abstractions.
Through your fractionized sculpture, Your world
intertwines with mine.
Resulting in something horrendous.
The last dance is just another story...

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