

My Crayons

Sixty-four over four over sixteen is more
Than an aura of domestic life on a desk;
Is more than 'Creativity' embalmed on fribble
Cardboard for a lonesome tenure of community;
Is more versatile than an ego-boost pointed
Within the embellished love of my past.

Each tenant pursues its own realm of novel wonder,
Each part of a florid breed who stations no restraint
In their furnished aversion for desire or coalescence,
Ruled by the digits of a queer-souled proprietor in and
About a unique image, amidst a muddle for the ambition
Of the dream, thinking merely, "I love my crayons!"