*8 POEMAS de AMOR, o algo asi..*

***[[ por fin. ]]***

that, or

==== a small mixed-language poetry book

by Bee Lucks Be., E.I.C.

incl. Español, Ingles, Python, JavaScript,

HTML, Guari-Guari (Caribe//Panama),

Patois (Caribe//Costa Rica), CSS,

ESpanglish y Portugues.

[Some French//Italian grammatical structures may make an unwarranted appearance.]

#BLESSED

*Words: @Becca Thomas Loux*

1. 1.

**PLAIN JAINE:**

Aircraft, carry her

Thoughts far away.

Suspended in visions of ski tracks on clouds

“Un-hole-y” expanse over unholy grounds.

Unwholesome, Underproductive, Unwieldy

gyal.

She tucked it away,

Out of sight.

Never tell.

Restricted to Nuerons,

to impulse, to signals

of light.

to cranial physical

optical optimization of visual cues.

The Light from the Bright of the White of the Clouds..

is giving her spectrums

of all of the hues.

“i don’t believe in the ground below,”

she whispered to the sky.

The Sky, she answered slow and fast;

so bold that she was shy:

“So above shall be below

for there’s a centre to it all you know.

And I am blue and so are you

you’ll know the Ground when I say so

.

.

.

1. 2.

**DISSERTATION PHASE:**

Hello,

World.

“ Let us reinvent …

… the English Language.”

We will call it Snake, instead.

“Okay, yes. Sure.”

She was sure.

Yet she was sad.

“But I am a Californian.”

“Why does that matter?”

“I am a Californian. I speak American. But I hate America.” She was referring to the ‘AmeriKKKa’ in the Childish Gambino song.

Not the California that nurtured her privileged youth and kissed her youthful cheeks with sun and snow and sea spray each Summer.

Winter came, days shortened. The island grew colder and meaner each month. No one told her she wasn’t okay. She knew though. She’d been there before. There was no denying the anxiety and depression that once again draped a Black Mourning Cloth upon her strong shoulders. Reality stopped short of real so she smiled through her tears and she started to admit to herself, once more, that it might be for forever.

A grin

Shagrin

A grim first day. The baby gecko, whom she’d dubbed Tomás, flew the coop and left the nest and told her

He was not her soul mate (and all that).

That’s okay.

I’m okay.

I’ve found another (soulmate)

Any

Way.

So now

Until the 7th September

We ask ourselves only one thing for forever

Baby, I’m lost. Baby, I’m scared. I need money and the cards are broken and the banks won’t call back and my city is burning. Baby, what can I do with my impromptu

School Day?

1. 3.
2. 4.
3. 5.
4. 6.
5. 7.