

Yolette

A lovely lightened lily?
A bloom of belligerent beauty?
A freshly fatuous fruit?
A delectable despicable spirit.

I didn't expect a guest this late
Who may you be—
To perturb and cause freight?
You shan't nuisance and not give deed.

Your feet are juxtaposed.
Ah a rambunctious rigid reed—
Too tethered to teething of teleios and teat.
If only I still yearned yellowly for Yolette.

Let me paint without the plastic pitying pleasantries:
Fuck you.

- Tayseer