

ASYLUM FLOURISH

You could charge
across any terrain and be here in time.

In your satiny face I'm the culprit.
Rest hard

under your ramada shade,

Rise and mislead me to the next castle-sized retreat.

I'll set up shop near the electrified branches
far from murmuring crowds.

Your dark brown gloss,
thicker than drums. I'm near-ready

to own the sequins you air out, follow you
to the next rocky platform. You'll get acclimated

and pad down the small humiliations.

This is a new place to be a maverick. One pose usurps another, and I'll be

your dark thought
pushed down to a zigzag quiver. Soft head to soft head.