

Lush Love

A Sonnet

by Joshua Siegal

Had I a nickel for each batting eye,
The quintessential counting of a lie,
I'd take my bulging bag of riches far
To scatter all those pieces on the bar.
With every hundred nickels down my throat,
I'd kick myself for playing such a goat.
When chance was mine, to bare my treasured heart,
My pretense marked its own protective art.
Resuscitate me now, relight my torch,
I've stuporously passed out on your porch.
Oh take me in and put me down in bed,
And let me breathe noxiously on your head.
With poisoned vapors masking all my fear,
My heart can pour out on you now, my dear.