

Collected Poems

Stolen Roses.

Every beautiful woman is somehow strangely familiar,

Or at least that's how it seems.

Strangely familiar, reminiscing

Ageless behaviour. Some quite badly,

Those dullards of better dressing.

But I am hard to please – I've

Notions beyond my station; suppose

Devotion better than temptation. Who knows

But I – something of element five?

Or am I losing my mind?

What is there to rhythm and

Rhyme – is similarity an oppression?

Not singularity a depression!

Smiley faces, dreadlocks, sound

And language barriers

My past has been shattered

Not that it ever really mattered.

Somehow in her crazy embrace

I am psychologically free.

I steal roses for her

Romantic, but not twee.