

# Shoot, a love poem

Your feet came in the mail today  
like junk from Publisher's Clearing House.

Walked a couple miles in them.  
Sorry for trampling your roses

with my neurosis. My ideas  
could afford to lose a few pounds,

but they are presupposing  
and addicted to prepositions.

People in movies like to go to Aquariams  
when they are feeling alone and unrequited.

Look at the octopus pretending  
to be a blooming flower.

We do not have enough limbs  
to be convincing, just shivering trees

changing mind colors,  
missing most of our branches.

Thinking falling leaves,  
What was the deal breaker?

I did not mind playing your games,  
but I wanted to be a game changer.

Paperclip, crack rock, scissor kick,  
in the ER with a gunshot wound.