

Michele F Sweeney

The Adverse Valentine

A valentine is an illusionary red pump
That throbs in one's imagination
Pulsating a delusion of loveliness
Through a convoy of Hallmark salutations
Dressed up as unique – when really it is a love franchise
A fantasy burger without the lot
(filthy laundry on bedroom floor not shown)

A valentine is a Robin Hood or Maid Marian
Frocked up in ridiculous threads
To knock your socks off and pull down your pants
To reveal an excited edge of skin
Ready to pounce, eager to please
(the tedious act of pleasure wearing a raincoat)

A valentine is a cut out date lit with wax
Velvet shaped boxes containing ice worth a wage
To get the other onto a mattress for a lengthy time
To phone to stroll to hug to bore to whine and dine
(an eternal trip down doldrums lane)

An Ode to Alice Cooper

Alice Cooper dropped into a studio
Tied up a chicken with his pyjama leg
Struck a chord with women bleeding
And he lied right at you
It's just a game this top 40 nonsense
Pathetical jingle circus - trumpets brassed off.

Alice Cooper, panda eyes extraordinaire
Golf club swings the length of a tartan leg
Chicken soup dribbling down leathered skin
Leaving the letter 'A' on the tablecloth
An easy vowel for the Dept of Youth to swallow.

Easter Egg Eyes

The concrete belt my pedicured toes into submission
As I rest on a hip, snarling at your heaving girth
Appearing before me like a proscenium arched stage.

Displaying my today in your sparkling eyes so brown
I drip into them of Easter chocolate tastiness
And melt into palms untying the ribbon that holds it together
Unfolding like a present, falling at your feet.