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Ode

Amy Frishkey

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Ode

Amy Frishkey

*You sure are pretty.
How would you like to try living?
It's fun,
And I won't even give you any bother about it,
Since you're so pretty and sweet.
How about a drink?
I know it's the rotten fruit,
But it will help our joining together
To go a little more smoothly.
You can gaze at my apple tree
And know what it's like for me
To gaze at you.
You do have tender green eyes,
By the way...
They sparkle swimmingly.
We can skinny dip.
You can float like a twig,
And I'll make the waves.*

*And stop dwelling on that dying pigeon
You found on the sidewalk last night.
You're not the only one into metaphors,
And I can safely say
You're not that bird any more.*