

Cupid's Arrow



2-11-5



I.

Glistens the prize that sounds bold,
Space and time, connection quiz.
Tryst so very, very old
Gleans love at no time idle is.

II.

Yearning eyes, cold morning's light.
Orbs succeed philosophy.
Lose assumptions, look for site;
Make electromagnetic velocity.
Buts and ifs, dark irony.

III.

Each sugar ray o'er air smells sweet.
Two attentions never meet.
Victory left bents of chain.
Void of Fire, lips germane.
Reel to tip, then south to place.
It's past the seventh, a curple space.
Zone is right, no need to chase.



5:4	3:2
1:7	6:2
6:3	2:3
3:3	5:3

