

LACEY REUER

MY DARK PRINCE

Take your crooked stare
And turn it towards me
Penetrate me with your glare
And make me wander aimlessly.

Unwrap me and turn me into eager gold,
Make me into pretty adornment
To wear on your fingers and around your neck.

Heavy with cloying syrup,
My lids drink you in.
All of you with your blue, flaming hair
Ready to set fire to me at any moment.

Flash your red glare at me
And take my heart as ammunition
And then, my dark prince, burn me.

PATIENCE

Patience infuriates me
Right to the bone,
So slow and unaware,
Like a fat old cat walking across the street
Taking it's time.

Patience sits with my mother when she drives.
So cautious and snaillike, she waits
For a squirrel to cross the road
Five blocks in advance.

Patience, I cannot stand the mention of you.
My nature is quick and decisive while you
Are ever so diligent in never rushing.

