

Lesion

Funny freckle, once
near to dust speck
yet tangential for the circumference
circling lips, the sensuous nose...

By sighs Pinocchio probed,
a compass tracing the smiles
which grew-----
The math of them,
the math of *these* now-----

Dot, dot, & "Out!"
would say Lady M.,
but we are Trojan
for the legions on skin &

hymnal, *Amazing Grace*
shimmers where lotion smooths
the purple to blue