A Very Serious Poem

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I may be a lens
But very little in my life is clear:
I couldn't make it as part of a camera
Or as a telescope for any astronomer
My wife left me and she took our son
And I'm behind in my rent payments
So I went to the bar to think
Because if there's one thing we lenses are good at
It's focusing.

I quickly start to drown my sorrows
Couple drinks later
And everything's become a lot fuzzier
I spot this other lens across the room
Now he's downing his drink
And dare I say he's looking back at me
Polycarbonate convex
With a focal length of, like, 60 mm
A real hotshot.

I walk up to him, he goes to me
And we start arguing
I forget about what – something stupid.
Lo and behold we start yelling
And fighting, grapple back and forth
Then we're on the ground
Two lenses, banded together
The bartender leans over and yells
"Hey you two! Stop making spectacles of yourselves!"
To Extinguish a Sunset // Lillie Izo

I wonder what we all may see
When night grows darker suddenly,
And water ripples halt at once
From whistled vows at timberline fronts.

Soft caresses fold in air
Breathed out by former lovers there.
It reeks of sorry, smoldering ash
Once gone, now blooms, so unabashed.

A tinder holding by a thread,
All precious cargo hanging red,
While trying hard for one more spark
The sunsets kiss us in the dark.

*

The sunsets kiss us in the dark
While trying hard for one more spark.
All precious cargo hanging red,
A tender holding (by a thread)

Now gone; once bloomed so unabashed.
It reeks of sorry: smoldering ash
Breathed out by former lovers. Their
Soft caresses fold in air

From whistled vows. At timberline fronts
And water, ripples halt at once.
When night grows darker suddenly,
I wonder what we all may see.