

Love Poems: Nonsense from the Heart

NIGHT BLOOM:

A Paean to the Mutant Flowers of Darkness



What strange flowers have we fertilized?
How far has our reckless pollen flown?
Creatures of the night
aren't bothered by such questions:
Those who in Primal Darkness bloom
relish the bliss of shadows
& find mirth in gloom.

Don: (shaking his head) What sort of love poem is this?

Aiko: I sense no love – just a will to power.

Cindy: It's tragic. Without love, our aspirations are hollow

Bai-Lou: It goes further. . . even with "love" our entire existence quickly dissolves into dust.

- T Newfields

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