

## Lore

What's  
love  
got to  
do  
with  
it?

could it  
be what's  
wrong with  
the way we love  
with the way we do  
not love, how we look to

towering cakes, cream frosted, to  
fairy Tales, that perfect image, how it  
floats in a stream of surreal words that do  
little more than speak in abstract tones asking what  
is it that you Really desire, how do you stack blocks of love  
like snapshots, curled corners, backgrounds fading, yellowing with

time, bleeding nostalgia through cracks, little lies seeping through smiles with  
teeth bared, shinning against the reality tucked away in envelopes sealed, ashamed to  
have ever been born, blushing in guilty tones of pinks and blues expressing the scent of love  
repressing the semi on the chest feeling of how love might not sparkle or shine or exist, how it  
feels in the recesses of the mind's caves and canyons, lodged between trunks of banyans, what's  
unarticulated by mouth or pen or touch and measure, by means technology techNoology, how do

es it sound, taste, feel? That love, tale stacked tall against neon dreams and mythical creature do  
ing acrobats with love and desire or lust and mistrust, lore shackled to visions held with  
contempt for stereotypical white laced dress, something old or new or blue. What's  
love, coming from deep beneath the crust of a soul, far below the image meant to  
recreate meaning out of the tempo of biological tics and tocs, forcing waves it  
means to temper, pursing lips against candles or frosted roses or leaves, love

symbols like ringed fingers or picket fences or children born of (love?)  
in batches of 2.5 to a pair or a pair or a pair trying to do  
what it is lovers do, those who love those who don't fit it,  
that mold, cannot move forward on the tracks with  
those deformed hopes, cannot pass tests made to  
differentiate normal from the anti or ab, what's

love go to do with  
it, got to do, to

do with it, with what...