

*Indigo,
My Latin
Tongue*

ALSO BY
SIR RAWL

Symposium Library of Poetry
Biology Dog

SIR RAWL



*Indigo,
My Latin
Tongue*



Sir Rawl Literature & Publishing

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*Always in thoughts Anita Johnson.
To my mom.*



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Beautiful Morning Set 

Beautiful!
The morning offset.
Lovely sleeps have awakened from their rest.
I take that the water is fresh.
All is cleanliness.
As bright as the sun has put on its dress.
My hands will cover my eyes with holiness.
What the light has collected.
I look forward that the day will be blessed.
And open windows will welcome the sweet freshness.
A breath of your openness!
I assess; the fields have been tested —
in all its greenness,
and its brightness,
yours purest.

Capulet's Roses ~

Couplets: my roses
My yellow poses
My two plus noses
Of my reddish blushes
Pass my judges
To hence; toward
My greenest cousins
Leaves are nothing
Compare to your budding
O my stubby nub ping
White little hope
Form me, closely
Gently, cover lee —
Overly, chocolaty —
As sweet as my toffee
Bringing you around me

O my God

Your purple is lovely

Catch Me, Little Butterfly ~

Catch me, little butterfly.

I flutter away, pale painterly.

Flee: the rainbow birds change your wings.

Rosy as the reddest thing: your face in trance.

Yellow as turn hath its bluest firm ink.

Think to what color blind blunder we are in.

Yea, I wink: sunny as the day as blink.

Catch me; thee silly wit wouldst be pink.

Ladybug: good heart as felt.

Your royalist jewels: poor us; colors are wealth.

The veldt: silkworm as pelt.

Lobelia My Dear ~

Lobelia my dear
Has seen
As bright as the day
Ordains
Herbaceous you are
To see
Your cure leaves
Strengthen me —
Adore, as I say
You are a special plant
Cut straight from my scissor hand
Freshly necked and groomed
Come my ever am —
To you beautiful
Blossom plentiful
The Garden of Zen.

Love: Always Compares ~

You that are true
I do compare you
Though my wish is not to be comparable
Kindly, sir
Your stirs are the hearts of my words
Father:
There is nothing adores you more than I
It's not fair
Where was your heart since your daughter's birth?
Your worth of my love has no shilling of a pay's work
I search the dirt of your worthiness
Let me marry the one I love
So I could be bonded with my mother's virtues; my love
Kiss me, my brother
The way love embraces the ones that smile
Lovely tulips
To whose I compare thee not
The apples in thine eyes cannot create your beauty spot
Say not; my love, remarkable
Make gains to my heart
I hope thy flattering lilies will not part
The stars have me under warrant
From a bright little capture; love Gouldian finch
I compare you, with every little inch.

My Evident Blue Note ~

Yesterday, I walked from the past.
Left at last, I turn, back facing. In
my way — a slight little dark room was
erasing. Empty, but nothing less, I anchor
down my stress. Elbow-down! Actually, my
hand buckled, furiously: poor torso, four
uncontrollable muscles. She wrote, “The
doctor did warn me about this bubble.”
Coming from both sides, sounds like bull.
I questioned, what is going on? I felt alone,
inside, and around; I walked around.
Trisha, look at this pressure. Just, look at
what you’re doing to me. I picked up the
picture from off the wall. Of course, I felt
lesser. You mean to tell me. My baby! You
have disappeared from me without a letter.
I’m talking to you. After, I found out. You
were gone — over the border of the counter.
Spell under your written print. Rain-splash
a little paint. Neatly printed in blue ink.
You made me think. For the first time

ever — reading my whole life in my palm.
Just listening to you, cry your tears in a
knot. Saying, you're leaving me — for what I
don't have. My heart drops. On every word
I stop. I cannot find you in my head. These
words weren't mapped. I feel trapped like
a silly wrap. Drip! Then came a little fall
of tear! You said, "I was never there."
O burden me.

O
burden
that
I
didn't
care.
You
have
pen,
this
too
clear.

Escalading, you miss the parade of fireworks.
The neurons of purple-poison in this love web.
Where was the spider hiding?
Strangely, one of us is a dreamer;
the little mind reader was over the bed-head,
writing what was in our head.

She accepted my lavender wine,
and we drank
and spilled our hearts out willingly,
the intoxicating truth.

Indigo, my Latin tongue,
this love was a drunken-hearted mistake,
tongue-tied and trapped,
I should have said something
but the words weren't coming back.
The alphabets
were in the wind scrabbling.

Please
 God
 can
 you
 help
him.

Love is not everything.



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About the Author



Sir Rawl is the author of three poetry collections, *The Symposium Library of Poetry*, *Indigo — My Latin Tongue* and *Biology Dog* a publisher and writer. He is also an author of children's books, as well as a talented musical producer and songwriter. Born and raised in the West Indies, he is now a proud Canadian living in Toronto, where he runs a music and book company.

