



BRUSH STROKES

By Wayne Visser

Fragrant flower blooms
In the cracks of grey pavement crowds -
A passing intoxication

Luminous flare bursts
In the swell of black cinema skies -
An accidental touch

Mesmeric song ripples
In the glass of reflective train ponds -
A siren glance

Exotic spice floats
On the lips of swirling cocktail seas -
An innocent kiss

Butterfly caress flits
Across the page of white daydream script -
A love fantasy

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