

Poetry Series

Allen Lin
- poems -

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Allen Lin()

Bachatera

Congas beat and trumpets play
Searing notes as night forgets day
Eyes wander across the room
Bodies in motion and lust in bloom
From far away a silhouette emerges
Tall, black dress, attention converges
She walks in and takes her seat
As men swoon and fall at her feet
Long perfect legs, white skin so light
Her brown eyes stare and take my sight
She stands up, dress clinging to a perfect waist
She is a scorpio angel of selective taste
I take her hand, she smiles, this is bliss
The world I would give for a soft, sweet, unending
Kiss.

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Christmas Tree

In its shining hour with bulbs so bright
Children sing into the crisp, cold night
Its branches strong, it holds our hopes
as it stands adorned with red gold ropes

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February Air

The crisp bite of February air
Blows through the streets
and causes a branch to shudder
The muted sun gently casts a glow
against the checkboard wall
of an undscript office building

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Pistachio Ice Cream

White pistachio ice cream, fresh, creamy
I paddle dip gently with my spoon
and escape to a tasty island

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The Girl On The Hill

Twin moons
Burning bright
One red
One white
Glowing like maniac eyes
On this frosted Halloween night

Up a hilly street there was a girl
Alone as can be
Cloaked in black
Like a dark human tree

Charles saw this girl
Was in danger
So he ran up the hill
Like a good park ranger

When he got to the girl
She just stood there still
She had been patiently waiting
For that someone to kill

Suddenly a blade appeared
From under the cloak
Slicing through the air
Like the devil awoke

As the blood trickled through
Charles pasty brown shirt
He dropped to the ground
And grasped at dirt

As he lay in his final moments
Encased by moonlight
He saw her eyes...
One red
One white

By Allen Lin

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