**A Random Word Poem**

**after Bill**

Instead of randomly picked from the dictionary, these words and phrases are from a poem about coffee, by Bill

font, wizard sun, mystic kiss, starlike, lightning now,

shockwitch, ever devil, bejazzed, lying skag,

hags of drain, prayed your rosy beans, begetting thusly printed suns,

novels raining sane, on desert dire fire, weaving weird unlikely, sage,

somber dreams

A Circle of Survival

 *after Bill M\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_*

 *“An Ode to Coffee*

My fruitful font is for the blind,

depending on that mystic sun,

imagined Wizard’s kiss.

It chases shockwitch, ever devil

that otherwise pursues my every day.

I praise your rosy beans of thought,

begetting thusly printed poems.

But night will come with bejazzed dreams,

lying skag, and hags of drain.

Lightning now yet starlike comes.

Poems raining sane, on desert dire fire,

are weaving weird unlikely sage.

But not before that steaming cup

of acid biting brew, as black as an Eritrean

escaping his own war-torn night.

My oft-drained cup releases soggy dreams,

vibrates the visions for this coming day.