Spring comes
by Aaron Timm

When I feel the sting of sunburn blush
I know it is spring again.

It's time to cast off the heavy coats,
and bulky sweaters of androgyny
I am again a woman.

Spring is a time for breasts and thighs,
for short sleeves and white hot skin.
Gone is the perpetual evening of winter.

Now we are cloaked in long hot days,
evening comes slow as molasses,
I drink it in, luxuriate in rebirth.

Getting Old
by Isaac Timm

They roll in on a motorcycle;
black chrome and shine.

Long gone is awkward adolescence;
leaving only early twenties
Adonis and Aphrodite.

Her face is flushed; her lips pouty
for lascivious whispers. Breasts firm,
in her tight blouse, nipples forward
facing and in charge.

He is tight jeans on firm buttocks.
Jacket just heavy enough to hang
off sculpted shoulders, a tee
tight enough to show every ab.

He orders a sandwich like
Brad Pitt takes an autograph,
with an off kilter grin.

I think "did they ride down the
hill without helmets"?

"Geez" is the only four letter word
that pops into my head. I think I'm
getting old.

Tease
by Aaron Timm

She sits across from him; her hair (so carefully disheveled) glows the
color of sunset found only in a box.

He sits across from her in a perfectly chosen red "I'm sensitive" flannel
shirt that drapes his "I'm your best guy friend" chest.

They are talking about her (of course) her bad relationship, her oh so
perfectly shattered cardigan clad self esteem.

As I watch them I can see his thoughts like 28 point Arial font.

"Now she'll see me
how I am always there to build her up.

Now is my hour my turn to get laid by 'miss perfection'."

This old navy jay crew goddess will lay with me, and I will write songs
for her as she runs her hand through my dark hair.

Now he hugs her she stiffens and I think "oh no dude you won't."