

Then I loved  
a guy who  
worked at Low,  
years ago,  
his hair was  
white as snow  
(almost), his  
t-shirt blew  
kisses to  
Cocteau Twins  
and fit him  
“like a glove,”  
but looser,  
and let his  
midriff show,  
sometimes *whoa*.  
His response?  
Sadly, no.

The lowdown  
on the down-  
low leads, lo  
and behold,  
to mellow  
reverie,  
not low-brow  
bellowing.

Go gentle  
into that  
tomorrow.  
When eros,  
is eros,  
no longer  
erosion,  
it can flow,  
or flower,  
become a  
bower for,  
lo, growing  
a rose in.