

Mores

by Alex Taitague

I like my men more like I
like my wine in a box more like
mortadella in the mouth of a moron
more like vanishing amorists
after the morning after
more than was meant by mormon
morals and their more
 sexy propositions

Supremes in the name of love stop
more hurt than anything
more or less an amoretto
 more mortified
by loneliness than by mortgage benefits
I like my mores like I like

 my marriages
on paper because polyamory
is not bigamy more or less it is
 homophone homology
 the more the merrier
love overturns amorphism

