

Gears

by J. Michael Wahlgren

I would like to land you
Like a paper airplane,
Take you home to mom.

I like your mom &, she
Wants to sleep in the same
Bed as me. Call it odd.

I give you a head nod
in the museum, we speak
in code. Call it news.

I have the blues. Nobody
does it like you do, to me,
for us, in the limo's back.

