

Censored

I don't write haikus.
Rules are shackles for poetry.
Free expression now!

—*Amy Plough*

Deftly Defining a Defunct Discourse

Tangible terror, tiptoeing through tiny, tepid tinctures,
Thoroughly tarnishing Time's truth.
Beginning basic beliefs, but bellowing beside belated boyish belongings. Behooving Beowulf's
pretentious pride, painstaking prudence. Possibly proving precariously presumptuous.
Just jinxing juxtaposed jackass jackals and asphyxiated, aquatic Amazons.
But, it's just a poem.

—*Amy Plough*