

POEM SIX
January 7, 2016

Something sticky brewing
Between the blades
Scapula screams
For an ungluing
Heck, let's ask the neck
Says it needs
The trapezius
To be kneaded
Just a touch
Sends so much
Magic
Into a grumpy skeleton
Manual medicine
Only this
Brings such bliss
When hands kiss
The tissues


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Serving you
Poems to go
Words that feed
Heart and soul