

Written by Ilving Tabios-Zamora

Tuesday, 15 June 2010 07:17 - Last Updated Tuesday, 15 June 2010 07:19

THE MAGICIAN WITHOUT A WAND

□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□ by

ILVING TABIOS-ZAMORA

How I liked her. How I so miss her,
the magician without a wand.

Around her, I become a unicorn.
On top, I gallop like a blue Arab.
Beneath her, I throb into a foaming geyser!

Whenever I died, she resuscitated me.
She blew life into me. No, not really,
because I never actually died.

Post-play, I think, she called it.

How I so miss her. How I liked her,
the magician without a wand.

[Joomla SEO powered by JoomSEF](#)