

## **Bronze**

Occasion's calling it a fad  
a gauge of margins building ink  
an age posing  
for the dopeness

Lovers do meet when  
They're eccentric  
Succumb to standards  
When they're sane

They deal foremost with casual objects  
With bags of draw and rings of smoke  
With sparkling beverages and salty starters  
so unaccustomed to condoning

And if it's scary and if it's round them  
They never shout, they never mind  
They only ask for repetition  
Batting the vapour words of dice

Classy and gross, restrained and sour  
You yes, tic tac, again aloud  
and pardon them for this commotion  
they may be awfully deranged  
yet one another's entourage

So, if she's bitter  
Yes, over him  
And his' s a good heart  
Rummaging bits  
Buy them a pond  
Something to dive in  
A rough portrait  
Of something real  
Perfectly sheer  
Gaudily real

**Vasia Bakogianni**