

CHANSONS

TONI SCORSESE

the picnic table
our dates
you dubbed it
a lyrical image that evoked...

ever awaiting us, hosting
silent sonnets we shared;
each ballad unsung set the tempo
to which we still dance

through space and time
the songs yet resonate
in perfect harmony

with volley of rhythm
we replay each verse;
every cross-post is prose

when chat-about-the-neck
as you say
we carol in dulcet tones;
pristine cadence

daily
we hum a poem in time it takes to
exhale

we
the living couplet
poise to yodel to the cosmos and
jump off the moon together

4/23/2023
[...]