from Juked #7, Spring 2010 JOHN BIANDO

LOVE IS NOT LOVE

let love's impediments admit me, mind love's bend and alter true.

love alters and bends time, o no, in doom love alters doom and loves the stars and loves errors.

To every wandering love, love me never.

no man ever bent, no man loved ever impedes, no man, love. No man in trees. Minds true are time's fool. When love finds me not, love, let me be.

Love is not love.

It looks on bending cheeks, love, but it looks not like that. o, love, I never admit impediments. Let me admit never impediments, love, let me alter

love is not love love is not love

o love, in tempests bends bends. Love is no man shaken love, o, ever man. No loved alteration finds ever. Man alters ever no.

O, not, alter me love. Remove my cheeks, but rosy let me be. Love is me shaken rosy. Love is shaken from a tree. brief hours upon me and weeks, o, love, let me fool time's be. let me be. Let me me. let be be. Bending within my be, love, let me me.