

Poems by Merlin Flower

Echo

There's a frog in the bathroom
green yellow and sporty
his appearance coincide with the evenings
when the aplenty mosquitoes and flies
are executed

Unscared of me,
he hops, regularly toppling the
bottles of shampoo, conditioner,
liquid soaps and moisturizers

when you said no,
he was in the bathroom
relentlessly moving his mouth
without opening his lips.

The frog in the bathroom has
disappeared
leaving behind a sword like
blackish brown turd
his, or of the snake that ate him?

Mandhodhari's

forehead touched mine transferring a
mildly scorching heat, while her hand
gifted me a *flame of the forest*

A ray of the sun fell on two of its petals.
I looked at her

Habitually rambly Mandhodhari, wasn't
anywhere. The one before me

with a crackdown of smile on her lips
stared while shedding her clothes.
After two second she climbed
as if flying
to stand on the windowsill.

Under the pulsating light
The rays fell on her in total.
My kisses overthrew a few.

Merlin Flower is an independent artist.

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