

Purple

by Carlos Carbonatto-Bowkett

"Nothing rhymes with purple!" I told him.
That was enough to send him,
Helplessly crusading,
So I could begin mine.
He is no grammatical celebrity;
Which is why it worked.

While he mused over twurple,
Gurple and flurple.
I chased you.

You didn't run though.
Every molecule screamed for you.
Enough to confuse any physics teacher.
But not me.
They need to know why.
But not me.

The only understanding I need?
An envelope, folded twice, no stamp,
Just my name...
And that glance over your shoulder,
Which quenches my relentless thirst.

"Nothing rhymes with purple!" He exclaimed.
Wouldn't it be boring if something did?



Liberate
your
Words

National Schools Poetry Awards 2008