

## Impressions (Love Metrics I.)

Do not like  
me unless you  
love me

That  
might sound  
backwards, or just

crazy, but I've no  
time for fair  
-weather ways

I treat that  
like models treat  
bad

hair days  
Cover that

up. Cut  
it off.  
Call that

juice. Call  
that sauce,

Boss or Ross

Not cosplay, top  
Rozay. That's no  
liquor, maybe Ya

Yo-  
yo tricks string

the spirit

Hoes so  
thick, ping  
your  
heart

Solo

kicks. Keep  
your dojo

HoHo chicks  
play  
the part.

Get the Hostess

to fund  
protests  
that can

only live  
in part

In part, in  
Art.

Impart  
the Art;

Impart T. Heart

to every cloud,  
and every  
crowd

that ever

gets to be, that  
everyone can  
see the

nether cease  
to be, see

the never  
seethe. See

(like you  
love)  
me.

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