

#I#

Wish I could *abate*
The tempest of despair
Or *abscond* from my ill-fate
Alas, there are breaks one cannot repair—
Farewell, old light, sweet bliss
I have fallen into Love's deep *abyss*

If to make impure
Is to *adulterate*
Then I hope my poem
Will *advocate*
The return of beauty and *aesthetic*
In my long-lost soulmate

These lyrics of an amateur
Will not *aggrandize* her
Only *alleviate* the pain
By *amalgamating* words
From our past *ambiguous* and vague
Please, my pen, *ameliorate* the pain!

We begin by calling cast
Here: two lovers from the past
Who all but once happed in schism
Like an out of touch *anachronism*
Analogous to those who have loved
Anomaly to those who have not

If clichés anger or *antagonize*
Stop now or your *antipathy* will rise...
She and I met one golden summer
Yet today *apathy* is my only color
The hue of a tongue after licking ashtrays
Or the stain on a Ref who *arbitrated* dog days

First date felt old school, *archaic*
Though her pomegranate lips caused *ardor* in me—
It's something I can't *articulate*
Because technically it wasn't a "date"
But a quiet rendezvous to the library
Assuaging the need to our lives narrate

"*Attenuate*," she whispered
"Is to reduce in force or degree."
I don't remember my reply
Only that I should agree
We had flash cards all around
We were studying for the GRE