

# CUPID – DRAW BACK YOUR BOW

Eros would saunter,  
bow clenched in loving hand,  
arrows feathered in finest flock.

Tips dipped in:  
golden heart-ache,  
leaden desirelessness,  
silver fancies  
and bronze devotion.

He'd peacock around,  
winking at the gods,  
biting his lips  
through dog whistles.  
A cheeky smile  
framing those lust-white teeth.

Apollo would thunder  
as he watched:  
lyre tuneless by his side,  
trousers paint-splattered,  
bow jostling with a stethoscope  
around his neck.

The jealousy

zapped out of him,  
faulting Eros' archery skill,  
belabouring Eros' points,  
Apollo's arrows all aquiver.

But Eros  
is all about love – man,  
he's laid-back – dude.  
This volley of words  
bounces off him.

Eros nocks,  
                  aims  
                  and shoots...  
Apollo deep in his heart  
with gold.