

It's in the air.

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Notes.

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t s that kiss

and open toward her wrist

The future pressed with sprinted haste to face

our soul to face

Our best.

This mess

This breath

this graze to your throat and finger tips behest

Spatter like flecks

of fantasy against a blanket sky

As I tread

the weary channel

I'm seeing splatter of wary sparkle

The breaks between canopies

and open ended harmonies

Most plain.

and eyes that see

the best of being me.

I won't believe

The things I chose to see

And all that was between us