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Indigo Night

Indigo is like
when you are listening to blues
on a soulful night in Chicago
and you can smell hops
mixed with Bourbon whiskey in the
oak wood paneled barroom air

Indigo is like the
desert between Phoenix, Arizona and
Indio, California caught deep purple blue flickering between
windstorms from midnight to four a.m.

Indigo is like an evening with a woman
with seductive Persian eyes
long lashed
who seduces you (me) by candlelight

And everything within her range just melts
in immediate abandon like butter on warm
pancakes

Indigo night is like a Sonoran pitch black night
brilliantly star studded, stunning
on full display and almost requiring
mirrored shades

the apache kid

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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