

Retrograde I: The Tea-shop

South by southwest,
the sky dons
a purple blue vest
and I, too, confess
I've had it with grey
instead, let's progress
like avantgardes
of a retrograde star
to that bold horizon,
deep in the past
where it lingers...
like my kind of drug:
just glittery eyes
where my conceit
used to be,
glowers in orbit
where the gates
of tomorrow
did squeak.
As of now,
the tables have turned
and it's she,
the fair-haired curator
of sweets,
daughter of grace
and of ease
that teases and tempts me,
seals the deals
with her cold,
indifferent eyes
and that barrage,
unyielding,
wielding that passion,
cold passion,
for cider and teas.

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