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## **Just Being**

On the stereo

Tony Bennet sings

longing for a city

on a bay

where's he's often been

out beyond the cable cars

and rows of sandbars

the Captain's long clay pipe

curls smoke rings

tapping a telegraph

to seagulls on a homeward path

as she turns her cinnamon back

to a passing barge

her arms are folded

then relax and slip

down past her heart

where a saffron coloured scarf

clings to her form

and to her

fingertips

an evening breeze

sails in on slender wings

as goosebumps reveal

on her flesh

a blush

and then a thrill..

beyond Enchanted Point

the breakers wave

and sailors sleep

in silent graves

syncopated raindrops tap in a steady beat

on a skylight window pane

as windchimes whisper secrets

mixed with a splash of evening rain

My mermaid lies

on faux silver fox fur

our lips press wine into kisses

while the cat's whiskers

shiver in a purr r r

crystal glasses glide together  
without a miss  
drifting like a feather  
onto a couch of Danish wood  
and English leather  
the fireplace speaks  
the language of the elves  
night approaches  
and we slip into ourselves  
the charcoal burns into a glow  
and We start to dance  
smooth and slow  
just being...

the apache kid

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