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*Vintage, for MP*

**The night Jane Fonda walked out of your life**

You said

the night

Jane Fonda

walked

out of

your life

that

I walked in

I remember

crossing

the lobby

and

seeing

her

radiant

and all

we

exchanged

a

moment's

glance

in

passing

our

lips

curving

into

smiles

and

I

had

no

idea

that

she

was

connected

to

you  
on  
a thread  
of time  
and place  
or that  
i  
was  
going  
to  
encounter  
you  
next  
and  
fill  
in  
a  
space  
you  
were  
wearing  
a  
fringed  
gypsy  
mantel  
around  
your  
shoulders  
your  
raven  
hair  
falling  
onto  
its  
colour  
rich  
borders  
your  
eyes  
deep  
dark

compelling  
wells  
where  
I would  
dwell  
for  
the next  
three  
years  
until  
Shoshana  
would  
come  
and  
break  
the  
spell

the apache kid

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Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren the apache kid med Poeter.se id #22755 innehar upphovsrätten