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R: from my book The Virgin Chronicles and Song Book by Louis Marshall Gould

Angels Wake Up in Bikini Bottoms

Angels wake up
with bikini bottoms
and lace tops
left somewhere
now forgotten
Strings of abalone shells
and white streaked pearls
encircle
heartbeats
from your
hope chest
They sigh and crest
on this voyage
I truly hope
you are impressed
Come on inside
by the fire
where it's warm
and it's just you and me
What more could we need
We can
christen a ship called
The Slip of Love
tied up
in a secret place
in a pirate's cove
near a tavern
under the sign
of The Griffin and the Dove
We don't need a
precedent,
we can start with
deep kisses of chocolate and
peppermints
14 carat gold rings
on the telephone
Come on please answer
I pray this time that

you are home
The things that I
said to you last night
are the things that
I've always meant
to say
We can drop the game
and find a way
our way
Consider my words
as love letters already sent
tied up with blue ribbons
and red sacraments
Angels wake up
with bikini bottoms
and lace tops left somewhere
now forgotten
The things that I said
to you last night
on the telephone
are the things
that I've always meant
to say
Consider these words.
my words
as love letters
tied up with blue ribbons
and red sacraments
on the way to you
postmarked Stockholm
they are
already sent

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