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Start Believing

Memory

recovery

discovery

hot chocolate with

marshmallows

and whipped cream

fall into

pillow fights

and lovers' screams

black fitted

tights

with runs

from the knee

to the thigh

skirt hiked up on the

right side

laundry lists

count shirts

with a virgin lipstick kiss

waterfalls that continue to

mist

even when we're sleeping

awaken to

a Sunday Morning

coming down

in your arms

in the soft fold

of your shoulder

nine minutes

from the center

of town

on rail

every ten minutes

conveying the same distance

with a new chance

to travel and unravel

the night

how long will I stay

how long can I stay

before the morning
becomes the day?
infatuated bliss
it's just a guess
is it a crush
is it love
is it a gift
from God up above
is there a highway
that runs through life
and we're all just
hitchhikers
spending the night
on a comfortable couch
satin pillows
covered in blue
with white clouds
the coffee cups
steam and scent
the air with java beans
espresso lent
and cinnamon toast
scraping off the blackened edges
the ghosts of
hobos live in jungles
and so do cats
hermits hide in caves
along with bats
you're trying hard to
be a good hostess
despite the hangover
that with whisky comes
you bring a marmelade of
burnt oranges
and a cascade of smiling
eyes behind black ring-tailed
raccoon mascara
should I wear a
burgundy beret today
that's so European
or maybe take out my black Montana

cowboy hat?
a blue printed cotton scarf playing softly
around my neck
covering the colorful rouge effect
left by your lips and deep kisses
that reveal a hungry appetite
Who will be the first to say I love you
in the morning light
Who will be the first to start believing in
last night?

the apache kid

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