

Publicerad 2023-05-19 18:27 av the apache kid

*The Year was 1975 and Bruce Springsteen's Born to Run blasted out loud...
and often:*

The Year was 1975 and Bruce Springsteen's Born to Run...

Half of my wealth he said to me
while he lit a multifilter cigarette
for half of your life
It was just too much I thought
and drove on further through the night
and the sandstorm
to the Southern Californian Coast
and Santa Monica's Dogville
by the Pacific
on my birthday
and I remember
the fragrance of sea salt
and Estée Lauder's Aramis
which the girl with ginger hair and freckles
gave to me

the apache kid

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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