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## **Indigo Night**

Indigo is like  
when you are listening to blues  
on a soulful night in Chicago  
and you can smell hops  
mixed with Bourbon whiskey in the  
oak wood paneled barroom air

Indigo is like the  
desert between Phoenix, Arizona and  
Indio, California caught deep purple blue flickering between  
windstorms from midnight to four a.m.

Indigo is like an evening with a woman  
with seductive Persian eyes  
long lashed  
who seduces you (me) by candlelight

And everything within her range just melts  
in immediate abandon like butter on warm  
pancakes

Indigo night is like a Sonoran pitch black night  
brilliantly star studded, stunning  
on full display and almost requiring  
mirrored shades

the apache kid

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Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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