

Butterflies Flutter Their Wings

He offered her a dance,
she took his hand
and squeezed love into it
in a frenzy dance.

After some talk, red wine, drinks
she kissed his whiskey breath,
that naughty girl.

They left the dance palace
and followed the streetlights
and their butterflies.

Behind apartments' blinds and curtains
parents and children slept,
somebody stared through the window
or at the TV.

The couple furnished a relationship
and her body embraced love
that her mind rejected.

If she hid her serious face
would he love her?

Just smile, baby.

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