

A Imaginação

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My eyelids flutter shut,
and your warmth lights up
the inside of my eyelids.

Late at night
when my thoughts fall
into the violet haze
my hippocampus
floods through my veins,
 you come to me
 dressed in black
 with a crooked smile
 purer than gold.

For, those eyes
are a sweetness
ceasing starvation.

Shades and tones
wrap themselves
around my waist,
and pink presses
against my
 mouth
 and throat.

A small part of me
dies on your tongue,

but, in death, you
still coax me,
 and my soul
 trembles
 at your light touch.

Pink and tan slide
down my legs
and hold me like
I might slip away
into the light blue
of my alarm clock.

But, it's the white daylight
which severs me from
your attention and
back into my lonely bed.

Yet, your phantom touch
lingers like cigarette smoke
on my favorite leather jacket.