

Honey on My Skin

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Indigo night is well full of mysterious ripples - soft
tumbling air,
Warmly sliding and cooling to my sun struck heated
skin -
Moon is shyly lit, settled in night's gentle arms with care,
Glowing tender soft, pale gold, resting with me, a quiet
twin.

Rocking chair rolling on the porch, head back, too
heavy to lift
Looking out in periwinkle dusk, fading blue hues of eve,
Feeling all gone, languid and calm, a sigh, my mind
adrift
My eyes see this, halfway closed, no thought, no sun, a
reprieve.

Burning sun - too bright - but sultry twilight my soul
does praise
Gazing far clear into cool cobalt heavens' endless flight
Dreaming, sprinkling surreal stars, catching comets, in
this daze
Of slow warm air like honey thick, sticky, on my skin this
night.