
Sunlight Streams of Hair

Sunlight streams of hair
Silence neon hum and boredom.
Voice slips in wet tongue
on ear warm belly
Slow hands moan
And whispers, "Someday"
I'll know whom I speak of there.
We'll be fields and flowers,
moonlight and song,
wet grass on toes,
laughs to the tree tops,
scurrying wind through cattails,
tearful fights and makeup,
waltzing on empty
street dance floors finger
rubbing my moist palm,
lips that sew themselves to my neck,
and an old quilt on my knees
together in the medicine hell nursing home.