

#85

Dreams about darkness, jazz lounges
chocolate air.

I've known you for fifteen years
every night is another life,
kept warm inside a drawn out note.

There is no sun like our moon,
no eclipse we don't deserve.
We've been inside the rib cage of every planet,
told them each a different story about how we met.

There is light ahead of us,
but so much alluring dark
space before it.