

She Wanders

She wanders
Through my dreams
Shares them too
It seems
She whispers
From the trees
A park bench
With blues
And greens
Pressed against the glass
Eyes watching
Heart beating
Her lips are moving
But make no sound
I hear her still
Inside
All around
She lays by my side
Her hair on my chest
Skin pressed on skin
Her thigh
Her breast
She lives in my head
My heart, my soul
She makes me better
She makes me
Whole.

A.G.