

Seen From a Hotel Room

Morning blue, follows rain
Sweet whispers and murmurs of Truth.
10,000 miles away, the sky captures
a portrait of bliss and the still-life of Eternity.

Being arcs outwards into nothingness,
a slow crescent cascading into blackness,
until gone, sliding behind a gathering of clouds and
a turning night of stars.

That which turns above, returns,
as heavenly eyes pierce mine, waning starlight
gleaming from moist skies,
a caress of tears and the exhale of passion.

Doves leap from their perch upon my heart,
the pounding of their wings,
breath upon my pillow,
a melody bursting forth from my chest.

Ancient songs float upon the wind,
the fragrance of flesh, and hair, so soft,
drifts into my soul. Swollen lips hold velvet petals,
crimson desire and the longing of angels.

Only tomorrow knows the kindness of a kiss,
as dawn follows darkness and
forgotten memories perish
in the plush meadows of my mind.

| Brett M. Wilbur