

Fugitives of Love

The sky was gray;
The day was blue.
You, lying on the bed,
In the nude.
The filtered light
Crossed your breast.
You looked at me.
I drew my breath.

I'm not the kind of man to leave you here like that.

The sky began to cry.
I thought that so would I,
But then I realized.

We are fugitives of love.
Victims of circumstances.
You pay the price and you take your chances.

We are fugitives of love.
Victims of circumstances.
Small pawns in a bigger game.

We are fugitives of love.
Victims of circumstances.
Willing participants in a crime of passion.
Caught up in a whirlwind of a fashion.

Love is a mystery to me.