

Spanish Cellar II

Prairie breeze brings burning wind, pouring down upon the eaves
Splintered night on moonlit grass, dew drops on the leaves.
Trembling' train shakes cracking walls, a sorrow full of tears.
Familiar strangers, full of pain, lost way beyond my years.

Creeping through my dreams this night, my head upon your breast.
I breathe alive the tiny fronds that light upon unrest.
You whisper in my mouth and speak, the subtleties of kind
And run your fingers through my hair and kiss me on my mind.

Rainbow falls fill my eyes, the darkness, dust lays gloom.
Patchwork stars above the night, lay shadows on the room.
Kerosene winter lingers, the taste of morning long awaits.
Upon my burlap bed of sand, dawn upon the gates.

Point a way back for me, across a storm swept screaming sea.
Point a way across for me, across the storm swept sea.

- Brett M. Wilbur

March, 2017