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Distance

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Distance

sitting thoughtfully
 on the feathery edge
 of your cozy red comforter,
staring absently
 at the heavenly trees
 brushing against your window,
remembering how
 you looked so sexy
 in tight white jeans last night,
blushing sweetly
 knowing that you were
 the heartbeat of a funeral dance,
resting back
 on rosy pillow to escape
 the hawk eyes' penetration,
slowly twirling
 a tear-stained banner
 in the curl of your fingertips,
reaching forth
 to lock the hopeless fear
 a friend might come a-knocking,
contemplating
 a steamy midnight shower
 as Sadducees burns the horizon,
strolling softly
 toward the silver mirror
 to slip free your virgin pearls,
gliding angel palms
 gently past the curve
 of God's most graceful hips,
sighing peacefully
 as you loosen the buttons
 of your silky scarlet blouse,
closing safe
 the ivory shield curtain
 of your rain-swept windowsill.

– Carl Jeffrey Boon '96