

# Woolgathering

2009

Wool-meeting

She left me breathless in the morning  
when I woke up  
all -but only with a touch of her lips  
- to find, it has been alone the feeling of a dream

What cannot be left up to be imagined?  
For how -she alters me and predicates the night and  
darkness

The chemical that clouds my thoughts,  
-She, -the rain that predicates the clouds  
-She is the rain, my lover  
splash colors vibrate music -radiate intensity so  
physically reactive  
trusting not the world  
starving and cold  
-trampled and cut by ridiculous notions

So be it that I worry not  
the beauty of my love is so  
-en-grained  
never understanding explanation  
something larger did dispose  
that which causes to believe  
how a touch of love does feel-

we will send philosophy to ashes-  
So that love may brush our lips