Day-dream-Day

My eyes open slowly

and at first,

I don't know where I am.

The smile in my heart

slowly creeps onto my face

as i smell the warm scent of you

on the sheets.

My first thought...

I run my hand softly down your skin

and as my hand begins to rise,

we lock eyes.

Cold sea water.

I'm floating on the surface at sunrise.

A cool offshore breeze

and warm coffee

greets me on board.

Gently bobbing,

your windswept hair

painted on your face.

A soft hum rolls across your lips.

My day is almost complete

even though it has only just begun.

- Voltaire