



An Ode to Daydreaming

*The river flows around me as the currents
come to a stop; no longer do they rush
through us with urgency and a hope to crush
us into and through a narrow clearance.*


*The sun warms our skin with a tender kiss
and illuminates the water that has
chosen to hold us afloat: A topaz
sheet to accompany our newfound bliss.*



*We chase each other through this peaceful state
of reverie. We reach out to stop the
other from giving in to too much glee
and the overindulgences within arm's length.*

*Strings of pearls wave like white flags with our every
outward expression of our ecstasy.*





A balancing act, walking the line
between temperance and overindulgence.
A bittersweet pas de deux, a display of
beauty held tightly between gritted teeth
and white knuckles.

Opulence does not come without a cost.
To be beautiful, you must be hurt.
To succeed, you must claw and crawl.
Inhibition left buried under the the weight of desire.

Opals and rubies adorn the most graceful beings
as they dance their final steps. Stillness, a moment
thick enough to be cradled, then a bow. The
curtains fall and applause begins to roar
in honor of the most beautiful swan song.