

Week One

Along with a song that shows where I belong,
Flows a rose from her hand to my nose,
Fleets of sheets twist in bedroom retreats,
Gold I'm told can never grow old.

Lies arise on a pink kite that flies,
Days display that it's better to stay,
Kissed and unmissed are goals for this tryst
Romance perchance and a first slowdance.

Fright of the night cured by daylight
Dreams it seems are bridged streams
Contenders and offenders like fender benders
Applied and bona fide but I'll still be your guide

Stars from afar are the same where you are
Climb to this shrine and seduce the divine
Hair so fair the waiting almost isn't fair but
Towers are but hours with waning powers.