Red Lips

BY CAROLYN MUNRO

First moment in sight, you sit in the chair
Hair of spun gold spilled over your jacket
Pen erect on blank parchment before day
Eyes of everglades, shaded leaves of me.

Red lips part and form an unspoken word
Please, before sunset bathes the sky orange
The wine glass glints ruby opaque, drops cling
Soft picnic cheese rests on salted crackers.

Moonlight dances glinting off silver shoes
Stained glass windows, illuminated floor
Fingers intertwined in rotating spin
Whisper of cool wind between our bodies.

Morning beach rays glint in your haloed hair
Lips slightly parted hover over mine
Quiver of your body, lips faintly touch
Body concaves in silent surrender.

The everglade eyes meet the shaded leaves
Stream of classroom sunlight penetrates room
Good dreams are safe when prisoned in the mind
Red lips part and form an unspoken word.