

A Thousand Petals

You are my sunflower field
turning toward the sun.

A promenade
through your spray and
spontaneous sway is our
ultimate alliteration within Avalon.

As we, the songbirds search
we move from here to there
a salacious sojourn of
intimate wanderings.

Forgive my lips sweetheart.

For we are lost in a field of
yellow rays

that shimmer with your
fair hair and our sun-shower
of essential, shared breath.