

# Kurt Elling, DOLORES DREAM

The white, electric skillet of a day  
threatened to sear us all away -  
fat frying, spluttering - rank Chicago smelting along,  
smothered in heavy, wooly sweat,  
the city knew a sad regret  
for staying long in summer's heavy.

No escape. Delirious.  
So I went subterranean.  
Maybe I'd dream about Dolores'  
kinda' auburn hair