

Rab McLean, Cesme Days

<h4>"Cesme Days"(2nd Friday)</h4>
Showing the obvious awkwardness
of an infrequent cigarette
She coughed and she spluttered
as she laughed all the tears down her face.

"Sunlight falling down
In waterfalls of comfort
People going brown
and splashing with the waves
effortlessly dealing with thier days
"Cesme Days""

With a gift for the obvious
She says "it's getting warm".
I tease her and she chases me
and catches me and kisses me "Softly".

"Sunlight falling down
In waterfalls of comfort
People going brown
and splashing with the waves
effortlessly dealing with thier days
"Cesme Days""

In a mirror coloured ocean
I stumble on the notion
that the ripeness of this feeling
makes this moment want to melt in my mouth.