

Sundowner, Cold White North

All this blood flows like water.
Adrenaline-pumping through me.
Read my mind, this is catastrophic.
I'm on wire. Please come over.
I'll cool down for a moment.
With heavy heart I rage like fire.
So I get high-this landscape levels.
Slows down my mind.
Pry me out of house.
It's a fatal situation now.
Shut me up-this mind in motion.
She is a bird. Her wings are beating.
Winter light filled and flowed from her eyes.
Soft warm earth, I was romancing her curves.
And I want her to build a frame.
And stretch my skin out like a canvas.
Then with her brush and oil paints
She'd dream along my vertebrae.
Slow down my mind.