Corded Emotions

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Memories of a
first encountered stance
ring through the lines
of conversation

As you whisper *bello* in the voice
Of a meadowlark

A tone, calming like
Rubbing ice cubes on
Your lips during a heat storm

So refreshing as new doors
Open, with the simplest
Words and tranquil melodies

Sweet on my mind
Like cotton candy
At urban street festivals

Where discussion made plans
Of gentle days and romantic evenings
to set the mood

Realizing the butterflies
Inside, you adopted my
Orphan tears

Into a heart-shaped house
Where love lives
We sipped Moroccan tea
Beneath the night’s sun
Reciting the *sures*
*Why nots*
And *remember whens*

We touched upon uncharted
Territories, where the
Common lived not and
We seemingly existed forever

Until we retire to thoughts,
only to play the same phone game
Again the next night,
As the moon ushers in another bonsoir.