

Nectarines

I think about it often,
alone in my room,
if it could always feel this good.

If yellow nectarines could grow
on spoiled apple trees -
I think about it often,

and I use what words I can
when I write with my own hand.
If it could always feel this good

in the blistering heat.. the moment
swirls and my heart softens.
I think about it often,

how our evenings end at 4am,
in the sunlight we misunderstood
if it could always feel this good.

A voice inside my coffin
calling me; I stood
to think about it often,
how it had never felt this good.