Mineral Point

The Promise Ring

Butterfly kissing you by the river where it started
Sandy strands of dishwater hair
And raspy whispers of cotton-picked fields
Off-white, under dry wind skiesThe sun visits you, shorelines undone
Waits on wading ankles in shivering poolsJust moving on, forget me not, dearGod created butterfly kisses to ruin concentration
Land in you warmer than a whisper
Like ivies come, comets break
West turns north, sends you home

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