Cinnamon

The Long Winters

Sun through the curtains,
I gave you a sign,
The birds were all quiet,
You were so quiet,
Some hear a call,
Some are the messengers,
I thumb through the pictures,
and know them all.They said, "Do you remember when you saw her last"
I said, "Her skin is cinnamon, her skin is cinnamon."I have too many stories, keeping it serious,
Some are collectores, some keep it straight,
It was a hospital,
I was delirious,
I clung to the stretcher
and drew them a heart.Two gondolas to carry us,
Grand Via was hillarious,
St. Paul was there to marry us,
We lied, "We're already married!"'Cuz here's proof: we have suntans,
And I spoke up with my new hands,
Listen to my car,
What is it telling us?
Start...please start..please start.Is it spring where you are?
I waited all winter
chasing the lamp cords back to the wall,
It's a plausable scenario:
I clung the the stretcher,
I drew them a heart.

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