

This girl I met . . .

This girl I met . . .

By : paradocs1967

Out of the cage and into yesterday.

Published on
Booksie

booksie.com/paradocs1967

Copyright © paradocs1967, 2015
Publish your writing on Booksie.com.

This girl I met . . .

This girl I met . . .

This girl I met . . .

I write this in twilight season beyond reasons
of why I've come to this place â on a barstool,
balanced on the mouth of a scotch bottle
and the sadness that was yesterdays.

Here we are all grown up like
we thought maybe we could be
â you seen a happy face lately?

I saw yours not too long past
and now I smile.

Religion is not redemption:
faces and the scents of familiar skins
are redemption; and here I am redeeming myself again
in the memories of you and us and sunny suns and
snowy climbs to youthful fancies; and basement embraces, in circles of smoke,
while Weller sang broken ballads in perfect disharmony.

Can I buy you a drink? Can I share my redemption?

Can I bring you a smile for my resurrection . . .

This girl I met . . .

This girl I met . . .

This girl I met . . .

Created from Booksie.com

Generated: 2015-01-29 22:28:02