

Last Date

By Charles Hugh Winstead

You look dreadful in daylight
To love the world
You have to sometimes get away
Go home

Water trickles
No Rain
Run off from the ridge

Sunny day dream
Chase my blues away
Last night Frogs!

She likes the horizontal slices
Me?
I prefer
the
Verticle
O! What a pickle we are in!

Dragonfly ripples
((((Fishes flee))))
Ah! Saved by a tongue

Summer night Boston ages ago
In the moon through the window
Naked you bathed in blue

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