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Saxophone Song

Bianca Pittman

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Saxophone Song

Bianca Pittman

In another life, this song
was moving.
Eyes slammed shut, I inhaled
currents of blue longing,
the somber meanderings of
Love
between exacting ivory footsteps,
your bright spotlight's blue
Searching

Patient phrases collected,
resurrected the spiraled me.
Falsetto - charmed, low-register
crawling in your honesty.
Volumes echoed other-worldly
and I alone interpreted your soul,
(My new home)
distinctly.

In some other place, this song
was ours,
Indefinitely.
Before it was hers or his or hers, and
as sure as your heart arrived in
a dream, piano gliss wings
took the fire away
Left silent tears, instrumental on my
cheek.

A Sweet Hello

Taurean Hill

As I wake to the sun's warmth on my face,
Listening to the morning bird's day song.
I lay there protected in you embrace.
Knowing this simple moment won't last long.

The room is silent, except your soft snore.
Once an annoyance is now a comfort.
The leaves of new fall begin to down pour,
Outside my window to a neat fort.

The peering open blinds make your skin fair.
As your brunette locks rest on the pillow,
Waiting for my fingers delicate care.
When your brown eyes open, a sweet hello.

Those gorgeous deceiving eyes, my mind's trick.
An innocent dream can be so tragic.