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Color My World

Rosalia Pecora

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Color My World

Rosalia Pecora

In my Technicolor dreams is
where I will find you
In my Crayola world is
where we both will reside

Perfection is what you are

Locks of luscious black licorice
cover your head
Green like ivy eyes
entrances like a magic trick
Paper white smile
cuts me like a butter knife

Colors surround, drown
Develop, envelop

become the apple of our core
fire engine red, lava hot, scalding
love like the sun

bright yellow high-tops
& brown suede shoes

Take us to the moon
Only to take us back
to the ground that we tread on
Leads us down
the aisle

Where we will become as one