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Untitled

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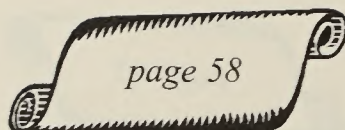
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If, the world was mine,
I'd give you more time
for laughter
for love
expensive wine.
A silky drink
a rose born pink,
long stemmed dance
our second chance.
The world would
feel divine
for a splint second time
and you'd kiss these lips
with legs intertwined.
A heavenly chime
would play a solo for you
waiting to dance
scent of romance,
I'd ask your sign.
For all of time
I'd watch the ticks
the children would be fixed,
and we'd have a
vodka with lime.
Stumble to bed
with tomorrows
aching head,
waiting for sunshine
to hear what
you said.

Rebecca Lambrecht



"I know what I am fleeing from, but not what I am in search of."

- Michael de Montaigne, c. 1550