

Near, bright stars.

We did as the ancients
And played dot to dot
With the stars
Making pictures on
A black canvas
Gazing at night, subdued in Her softness.
And as we kindled in the fresh grass, We whispered, though no one else existed.
Feint words are truer in love than soliloquies devotions.
You smelled of little laughs and escape
And I breathed to the expanse,
Because I owned this World.
Oooh, that feel of slender fingers, smooth and soft at my nape, drew pictures in soft figures
of eight.
And then, erased by teasing fingernails before another masterpiece of lines.
Do you remember the sigh of the sea scrambling silently for the sands?
Do you recall that time?
We heard their conversation just before they kissed and witnessed their gifts betwixt
seashells and spray and utter solitude;
Shadows beneath the moon, colours of laughter,
Moulding forms in the warm, summer air,
with no care for others.
Selfish. Alone.
The selfishness of lovers at the near shore.
K.Grossmith.
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