

Dolores Dream

Kurt Elling

The white, electric skillet of a day
Threatened to sear us all away -
Fat frying, spluttering - rank Chicago smeltering along,
Smothered in heavy, wooly sweat,
The city knew a sad regret
For staying long in summer's heavy.

No escape. Delirious.
So I went subterranean.
Maybe I'd dream about Dolores'
Kinda' auburn hair