

floating along
as we came upon to a corridor of trees a covered ceiling
reading as we weaved through a tapestries of leaves
which thinned off to the ground and uncovering feelings
as the veins of fall crumpled in the hall
the sun was streaming in and warmed our skin
breathing rings of breath dissipating as you left
spoke of angles in the snow as you grinned and I'm in
and we're in
remarking on the day everything was wooden gray in a windless calm leaving smiles
as you took my hand, I tried to understand that time would rob us blind after a while
carving vows into trunks giggling as we sunk into the floor of the woods
following behind emerging from the divine couldn't say goodbye you understood
and I like to press moments, moments into books like a flower and look sometimes
hold it then and there so when I get scared hold it in my hand remind me
and baby when you're gone I hope you will