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The Way I Dream

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Intrigue on angel wings, deep songs of the early morning.
a world drifts swiftly beneath high top stars,
evidence of Eden nevermore. raise high
the tall-story titles of architect men, a dream of God,
the glory filled hours of bright smile sighs. there are songs for us,
gently brushing our hearts with melody, the rhythm of breath,
a vision of blue—and i bristle with busied beauty, images wash
upon diamonds, crushed as shores, walled to the corners of my mind.
deeply i draw the drag of a cigarette, remembering always
in touch by lip, the delicate design of deliberate disaster.
searching hands, i always yearn for the dance,
and i stumble upon the blankets of poets, in December.

~ *Josh Davis*

The way I dream is something after midnight.

She laughed and I say, but not like how

I used to stutter. That was bad.

And I breathe shadows like cigarettes, only distracted by the sunshine paints a
pretty girl's face. But not like the first time that I saw her sitting in the breezeway,
clove in hand, ready to do anything that could ever mean nothing as long it didn't

because we would be together.

Even before we knew.

Even before breathing was hard.

Then coming back for the last time that was a last first time that wouldn't be a last
time at all—that time it was different. Soon I saw and knew.

There is a sickness in me. And they say it's not like dying. Good health.

But I am and it is happening and I can feel it.

There is a creep and a pull and sometimes it is like drowning,
frightening unto euphoria though I have never drowned that far.