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Slip

Peyton McGovern

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Slip // Peyton McGovern

Slick rock,

one step, then two step and slip on down to earth.

Bone on stone.

World looks anew from the surface. But earth keeps crying. Down her face the tears simply slip.
One drop, two drop,

drip.

Coffee drips into my mug each morning and I beg the heavens for one last sip.

Let the brown liquid slip into my sleepy soul and ignite the fire where the rain once covered earth's dry flesh.

My flesh slips into the ivory silk slip hidden beneath my velvet dress.

Covering my delicate heart as it slips into a frenzy when I see you at my bottom

Step.

One step, then two steps now closer to you.

I stare at the steps so I don't slip but just one glance won't hurt so I let my so my gaze

shift.

With one peek, I see your stone face slip into a subtle smile. Alas, our bodies are
side by side

so we slip out the door and into the damp night.

One drop, two drops down my bare arm as we make the last leg of our journey.

Four ships on the slip illuminated by the silver moon. The stars drip sweet residue over the shore as your glowing eyes meet mine.

One heartbeat but then where's two?

I guess it couldn't help but skip when your hand slipped into mine.