The Messenger

Volume 2007 Issue 1 *The Messenger* 2007

Article 58

2007



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Recommended Citation

Davis, Josh (2007) "--easel dreams--," *The Messenger*: Vol. 2007 : Iss. 1, Article 58. Available at: https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger/vol2007/iss1/58

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sad and happy-simultaneous simplicity, the implicit felicity of our warmth, the tingly touch of our tortured souls. i share with her, the mess of a girl in whom i am reflected, the inches of me which were formerly buried-now alive i ride on waves, crimson washed in blue. we capture the world, enveloped in smoke as we make miracles in melody, exploring with care the scars on our hearts, skins that have known death. and i am deeply troubled by the way city lights turn to ecstasy, turn to gentle comfort, turn to days tormented by sleep: i become ravenous and hungry, barely human as i dance along the precipice-We are like gods! when our bodies entwine and we imbibe the delicious wine, i too dream in watercolour, wishing we were painters at sunrise, decorating the sky. though i begin to miss her words, i never doubt she is a dreamer neatly disguised (as am i). together we might see sunlight abandoned and moonlight embraced, in her i could discover the distant trust unconditional, a quality fashioned in desire, no answers applied. unforgiving, i draw words from hats for her, magically manifesting what can no longer be denied-and with a beat like rain, we make love to the dawn and we dream away the day.

-Josh Davis