

Edie Carey

"Accidental Poet"

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As usual
the door is secured
with a muted click
and a closing of the eyes

Finally we face each other
bodies sterile for the rite
Soon she folds me in
with Coca-Cola eyes
And the never-ending everywhere kiss

She's always pure in love, in anger
She's a poet although accidentally
She said it's like tasting fire or kissing god
Kissing god

So alive
curled in her secret corner
I drink the different tears
And afterwards asleep
her breath a low whistle
I listen long and breathe deep

She's always pure in love, in anger
She's a poet although accidentally
She said it's like tasting fire or kissing god
Kissing god

Then harsh light invades
we linger and linger
'Til our growling middles
force us to rise

Like mischievous children
we clean up our mess
And we dress quickly
sneaking one last
gorgeous glimpse

She's always pure in love, in anger
She's a poet although accidentally
She said it's like tasting fire or kissing god

Kissing god

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