

Michael McGuire

"Lovers In The Morning"

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LOVERS IN THE MORNING

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Sometimes a man is a square peg and a woman a
round hole,
sometimes a body is just a desperate expression of a
lost soul.
The truth is implied in these metaphorical acts of
fiction, and desire is
supplanted with a slow and easy addiction.
We put a new star in the night time sky, we jumped
from the cliff
never doubting we could fly, we never thought the
morning could ever
outshine the moon, if that night had been a thousand
years it would
have ended to soon.
But the dawn broke the back of the night without a
warning, light in
the dark tongued heat of lovers in the morning.
And here we are merely caught in the dull ache of an
average day,
and our map made by moonlight doesn't show the
way, and now
whispers just seem to drift out on the breath of their
creation, and the
harsh light details our intimacy and our alienation, just
two people
now; two people sharing one world and a hunger, we
feel our age in
the light of the east after the moons blood made us
younger, as we
try so hard to hold on to something were not even sure
we found,
have we drifted to far from heaven like two angels
unbound.
To expect to much is one sure way to never get
enough, you have to
trade all your false hopes to find one true love, and the
dawn is a new
chance not some kind of warning, and it's that very

light that will
make us lovers in the morning, we will carry the moon
in our scent to
be lovers in the morning, we will eat our dreams for
breakfast to be
lovers in the morning, we will let the night breed new
mysteries to be
lovers in the morning, we will stay awake and talk all
night to be
lovers in the morning.

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