

Beggars Opera

"Meet me"

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Solo tree in gaze of hill a sun blue sky stare of eye
silver stones fretless
moan to greet the only way we know. Come in.
Afternoon of you and me.
Together seeing free to be as we are to be as a one
should have taken me
away on this only afternoon we could have lost
ourselves in spaces of
irretrievable abandon. Meet me at the Savinien on the
day of the moon.
Sending quick eye notes to me with lock of attention.
Sending quick eye
notes to me at 18.03. Talking to feeling my heart it is
go space in the box
colour of many spectrum call clever to ease is so nice
to feel you meeting
me in there. You thawing smiling melting over the
corner into the shade
faraway not a real secret today it shone and was over
me scented and
folding.

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