

The Promise Ring "Mineral Point"

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Butterfly kissing you by the river, where it started.
Sandy strands of dishwater hair
and raspy whispers of cotton-picked fields,
off-white, under dry wind skies.
The sun visits you, shorelines undone,
waits on wading ankles in shivering pools,
just moving on (forget me not, dear).
God created butterfly kisses to ruin concentration,
land in you warmer than a whisper.
Like ivies come, comets break,
west turns north, sends you home.
The sun is just moving on.
Forget me not, dear.

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