

The Weeks

"Stars"

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Tangerines are hanging heavy, glowing marigolden
hues
Teasing a half-pale moon
And I feel a pull to the blue-velvet dark and stars.

Pink Magnolia, blushing and coy
Savors the sun while she shines
You've got yours and I've got mine
Together we glide through the blue-velvet dark and
stars

All it takes is a little faith, and a lot of heart

Back and forth we ply these oars
They move in time and get entwined
Green with joy then gray with sorrow
Ripened fruit that falls tomorrow
Filling us with brilliance

Branches are bare with a pulse underneath
Flowering slowly inside
Your hands are warm and my body is wide
To hold all the promise of blue-velvet dark and stars

All it takes is a little faith and a lot of heart
Sweetheart

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