

## Behind the Morning

He has soul eyes  
The kind that grow the closer you get  
The kind that tickles a stray woman's neck

Goose bumps and finely risen hair  
His motto, spoken in tongues exchanged between two  
Arms stroked by hushed fingers  
Sessions of intimacy in an exotic game of twister

He takes shelter behind the morning  
Does a dance, a soft jump  
Slips into his jeans that he only slipped out of hours before  
Buttons his shirt halfway in a rush  
Pouts his lips, sits his head on a tilt  
Curious  
As to what her name may be  
Curious  
As to what her story may read

Until a white sun reminds him of the hour  
The hour that isn't to be indulged in by a woman, but  
Swept under by his works

So he grabs his wallet, his phone, his hidden demons  
He scribbles a note easy to read, but  
Hard to swallow  
Reminding the mystery woman of the night, that  
It was his duty to leave

And not to rise with the sun above the clouds, or  
Her, within her

Sheets; tides of silk, swimming around her frame  
Her body, captured  
In an essence of  
About last night

He slams the door so she is sure  
That he wants to remain  
A shadow, of  
About last night

Where a handsome stranger with a stomach of whiskey  
Fluttered the hair attached to his eyes  
Wraps her in mind-altering lies  
Before disappearing, like  
A darkness  
Behind the morning's light.