



Photograph from Lesie's World

Alexander Budris

Sailor's Love Song

And there she was –
strung out in front of me like a
– *FLASH* –
rows & rows of christmas lights
glittering in the frost,
colors matching mine . . .
and at breakneck speed,
the morning arrived
blue and warm;
and just the other evening

I'd lied to her about the weather,
red sky at night . . .
and then
Rain, again
that morning – cold rain –
tossed in the wind and disturbing

each puddle;
nine o'clock;
I felt it then, writing poems
w/ drizzle of expanding circles,
Perfect –
with void of attraction.

And this morning
blue and warm, lying
naked under tangled sheets,
I told her I was probably just
stoned the other evening – for she had
not seen the Red Sky that night, but we were drunk
last night
and both witnessed the cloud-horizon
pink –

the musk smell of sex and cheap cigarettes
like a musty tent waking up to the sun on
a dewy morning . . .

today she was a piece of me, I can relax a little
knowing that, for now,
I won't have to carry the whole load . . .

Alexander Budris has received awards for his fiction and poetry from the Indiana University of Pennsylvania and has had work published in *Iconoclast* magazine. He grew up in Pennsylvania and has lived in Virginia, Colorado, Ohio and Peru.