



James Bybee

Claudia

Claudia is the star of my
desire.
Claudia is the light of my
heartbeat.
Claudia set my heart afire.
Claudia rang the doorbell of my
heart.
Claudia was walking quietly
through the forest.
Claudia ran through the naked
woods.
The sun set Claudia's eyes on
fire.
The wonder of Claudia's beauty
sings.

Claudia peeled an orange as it
rolled.
She sang in three blue rooms.
My heart pounds softly for
Claudia.
Her face was devoid of anger.
Her breasts were like soft
desert sands.
As Claudia lay down the rain
surrounded her.

Claudia is the most beautiful
woman I have ever seen.
Her legs were shapely clouds.

A robin called to Claudia.
She held two dozen roses in her
lovely hands.
The bell ringer spoke to
Claudia.
The bells spoke to Claudia.
The wilderness was opening.
Claudia heard the wind howling
in the trees.
The bell ringer drew water from
the well.
The water had bubbled from a
spring.
The spring flowed from the
mountains.

Claudia held a golden fork.
Roses sprouted from the fork.
She chose one of two roads.
The road ran past her window.
There were three blue pebbles in
the road.
Claudia's friends came to see
her roses.
Along with her beauty came
problems.
She took long walks through the
town.
She wore a locket around her
neck.
It contained pictures of her
parents.

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