



morgan dreams

Morgan dreams of sentences
cream colored words
that ride the gentle wave
of her own whispered voice
as she speaks them aloud.
Rising with the Prussian blue
of a predawn sky
she scribbles them in the dark
and smiles to no one, pleased
that once more the gift has arrived
on the fluted wings of hope.
Me, I dream of Key West
and riding my bicycle along White Street
to the Cuban bakery.

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