My Day With You

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Our morning would begin with sweet hazelnut coffee to wake and warm us like soft fleece blankets fresh out of the dryer. The summer heat and the heat of our stares will melt us like maple syrup.

A radiant July afternoon urges us to play outside. Our hearts will sing and our bodies will dance under the raging, clear waterfalls-only to run and hide in the tunnels to share butterscotch kisses as the mist kisses our faces.

When the clock chimes three times I’m wound up in you like peppermint in a candy cane-laying in the sunken hammock you can nestle up against me and I will read our daily horoscopes.

When the nighttime takes over, we will watch TV the way teenagers do-sneaking in the bad shows and munching on Cracker-Jacks. Darling this is how all our days could be-hardly whispering words-you could be my emotional candy.

--Katy D’Arduini