

Dancing Shoes

JTMIII, July 2014

I sing to you from wooded splendor
on timbered roads of filtered sun
and intertwining hearts near, where
Beeches and Red Oaks embrace.

Of walks and talks of
future years of twirls and tears
that blossom near fields a far
and the flimmering forest fleece.

Your skin emollient, rich
like late, April awakenings,
drives the deeper promenade.
For the deeper your dance
within each other's aura
the richer our understanding of self.

These pleasure places is love
at our start and these continual

**magnificent merging's arrive
on new byways and ballrooms.**

**These ceaseless, blissful breaths,
fit your feet well.**