

a moody moment of jazz

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There are moments of perfect luxury
that no one can take away.

I love the soft quiet dreamy feeling
when I watch you sleep
in the twilight.

I love to hear the gentle music wrap around us like
satin envelopes of night.

It's a slow moment
as the sun eases into the horizon
and your breath catches
and my eyes glide along your lips.

How could I ask for more
when I trace the curve your dress follows
along your thigh?

I know it's a simple thing to say, but
you are so beautiful when you sleep.
Your careless hair, your soft skin,
your fragility.

It's this feeling I have,
when I sit quietly beside you,
this tender feeling of peace, of trust, of affectionate calm,

and I know I love you.