

Amada Mia

by: Samantha Lê

I slept last night, I must confess, and did
not see the colors wiped away from hills
and rivers, houses, lawns and garbage lids
by winter's icy touch. Ten winter chills
have passed since frozen fingers kissed your lips,
and I vowed to never love that way again.
My mind still wanders back to days when lips
were green, and finds your smile amongst my pain.
My heart still paints the colors of your love
with wings of butterflies and summer days.
In dreams, my lips still part for summer doves,
as if greenness never withers away.

This girl who lays beside me now, she's almost you.
Her belly bloated with child... and she will do.

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