

Each Night My Ship

My mind goes quiet  
I slip silent  
From the arms of the waking world

Cut loose from time and gravity  
I may walk a blighted shore  
Knee-deep in gritty regret

To sit with perfect  
Strangers  
And laugh like the best of friends

Yet when the sun goes down  
I sigh in relief  
So many exotic temples still call to me

Tonight I am made for dancing  
My lovers' hands rock my hips  
I taste his secret, salty kisses

But never in my wildest dreams am I  
An old woman  
Asleep in this lonely bed