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Park Avenue

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Park Avenue

Sasha Strelitz

Park Avenue—
The people walking by—blurred.
And I daydream.
And He will take my hand,
And He will lead me.
Lead me into the Park on such a crisp and foggy eve.
Adorning me with warm blankets,
He builds a crackling fire.
The warmth envelops me,
And cradles my shivering body.
Popping the cork—pop—
And spilling the wine into my grail,
He caresses me with his latte-colored arms.

There was music in the cafés at night,
And Passion in the air.
We dance in Strawberry Fields,
Our bodies twist with the music.

I feel lonely just
Watching Time creep.
My daydream is blurred.
Park Avenue.