One Soft Summer Evening

One soft summer evening,
I lay in my bed desiring
to separate myself
from the world.

The tic tock of expectations and consequences
pulsated through my veins.
Procrastination, progression, perfection.
Muscles quivering,
still scurrying,
the latest undertaking ongoing.

Unexpectedly, a calm shiver
entered my tired body and
supplied the freedom I desired.
In a dream-like sensation, my body
rose from the wrinkled
sheets and magically hovered.

Suddenly soaring above clouds
sparkling from the moonlight,
I glided with wonder.
I sailed over a smooth lake and
gently touched the tops of trees.

The caress of a soft summer breeze
relaxes, renews, redirects.
Specks of light beckon.
The intensity of the glowing, celestial sphere
reinvigorates.

The Waltz, Tango, Foxtrot, Cha Cha, and Rumba
fill my yearning body with delight.
Dancing, as graceful as Ginger Rogers,
infinity across the twilight sky.

Dew drops moisten,
tongue between toes
heralds the dawn.