

girl blankets

by Melissa Tata

we play in girl blankets  
we romp under a fort of we care not  
and when we laugh  
we laugh for the world  
that they detest our tented glee  
because they simply do not know any better

i curl up next to her  
and sleep a sleep of a thousand nights  
in her warmth i glow  
a new woman  
and when the sun rises  
staggered  
filtered through the dusty green blinds  
hung crooked like her smile  
she tells me good morning  
and chit chat and what not

through her banter i hear her heart  
my ear to her soft skin  
in the nook of her breasts  
beating out the night before  
our toes chasing each other  
under our girl blankets  
where we wish and hope and love  
that this morning  
is every morning