

Aurore

Lissie

Lissie had a pixie cut
She'd daub her skin with polka-dots
Like raindrops or camouflage
She was off the wall
A breeze or warm sand slips through my hand
Tip-toed round her planet
Drank champagne to view the stars
She liked red ink on a man
And women dancing
Naked under palm trees

Taken with a fantasy
Unfeigned but half imagined
Taken to that world
It's puzzling she's a mystery
I like the way she troubles me
She finds a secret side of me
When I don't even speak

Hush she said to me
Look away what's left to see
A thin page in a magazine
Hold me to the light
You'll see through me
Scratch her back with whiskers
She likes costumes more than clothes
She hides from every winter
No goodbyes she lives alone

Should auld acquaintance find her
She may shiver memories
She lives in an illusion
Yet she's forgotten how to dream
She'll trust you with her life but she locks her heart up
In a fortress behind polka-dots

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She collected toothpaste caps
And fashioned up a steadfast chap
To watch her as she slept
In case the pain came back