

9 in the morning,
time to peel her Sunday orange.
Smells of citrus and sand circulate through my essence-
no time like the present.
I wasn't supposed to be here,
guess I wasn't supposed to give my ticket home to a stranger.
Golden girl in front of me, shining brighter than the sun; wish she could see.
Between us,
there are silent moments and tantalizing poses.
Our mornings lack the city's somber mournings.
She comes closer as the breeze flutters.
Her breath against my neck, the only pace I keep track off.
Afternoon sun after all of our morning fun.
Two mopeds down a dirt path,
clouds left behind, nothing else on my mind.
I'm a wreck back home,
chasing hollow dreams all alone.
I'm my best on this island
covered in waves of silence.
She breaks my focus, she makes me laugh.
I love her and the land, cherish the ring I slipped on her hand.
Watching the white from waves crash onto golden shores.
Here, I'm never forlorn.
Together, we can make ourselves a beautiful world,
with my golden girl.