

IN VENICE I COULD SING

I really think I could sing
if I went to Venice
sing from my heart
amidst the lush colors and exotic landscape
imagining entanglements
with ripe embracing limbs
wanton exploration
of needless need
celebrating sensual pleasure
I just know I could sing
How could you not?

I wish I was there, as in Summertime
with Katherine Hepburn
braving foreign territory
embracing adventure
skirting the intimacy I desire
hiding behind the camera lens
I carry with me everywhere
hiding but watching
waiting to be unveiled
wanting to be wanted
waiting to unveil

Yes, singing could come easily
as naturally as breathing
that's how singing starts you know
among the bright colors of erotic longings
while pushing the boundaries of known existence
and floating, floating, floating

among ancient ruins and timeless landscapes
ornate wrought-iron fences, begonias, variegated coleus
colorful café umbrellas, tobacco, heady liquors
beguiling statues and leering gargoyles
lush and ripe with passion
alive with the promises of pleasure

I know I could sing.....
I am singing.....