

When We're Together
by Marjorie Leary

your eyes
soft as summertime cotton
gold like fields of hay at dawn
meet mine
and blink

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like the lazy river
down the street
that is always clear
and always cold
and i dream
that one day
maybe
you'll think about my eyes
blue
like your favorite pair of faded overalls
eyes that can't
stop looking
at
you.