

I found a filthy piece of paper
With your lips on it. I was
Digging through the trash,
Looking for a lost receipt, and
It leaped out at me. I'm thinking
Of keeping it, not because it's
The closest I'll be to your lips
For ages, but because it's you,
Daily decision you, the quick
Thought, disregarded determination
You that I don't get to see any more.

Your handwriting under the lip
Imprint, a fast organization, you
Wrote it down when I asked you
To perform at the last minute.
You were beautiful that day.