

## The Window in the Sugar Shack

Eli opens the door  
To the  
Sweet sugar shack  
His eyes  
Salivate  
Over us, the girl and I  
    Overflow -- from the heat of his gaze  
    Like sappy syrup  
    Left over the flame  
    Too long  
    In the cold winter  
    But, what  
The summer  
Yields  
Never lasts  
In the sugar shack

*Some are dead, and some are living*  
    -- The Beatles

Remind me  
Of Eli  
    That night we spent, both of us  
    Drunk  
    Over  
    Rich hearts poured out  
    Cocktailed  
    With salty tears, no garnish, because  
    We had no glasses  
    We used  
    Our dirty hands  
    Clasped  
    And the music,  
    Echoed, bouncing between  
    Our souls  
Now, lock, as he looks  
Through the window  
In the sugar shack  
Lennon's voice reverberates  
Through maple glass  
But the girl hears no music  
Her head presses harder against mine  
Barely aware of  
His presence  
Just a momentary lull  
In our adventure  
Until  
Eli closes the door