

dream girl

by Kitty Boots

friends come in dreams

we met in a Tudor mansion
entering through the same weathered door
walked on the same Persian rugs, knotted by tiny hands a century
ago
her perfect feet glided over
rich clarets, turquoise, saffron

hair long, brown, parted in the middle, hung over her shoulders
she smelled like wood smoke and gardenias

"I saw you," she said
and I wondered if I'd done something wrong
until she showed me the outline of her tattoo

and I followed her

