

## Dolores Dream

Kurt Elling

The white, electric skillet of a day  
Threatened to sear us all away -  
Fat frying, spluttering - rank Chicago smeltering along,  
Smothered in heavy, wooly sweat,  
The city knew a sad regret  
For staying long in summer's heavy.

No escape. Delirious.  
So I went subterranean.  
Maybe I'd dream about Dolores'  
Kinda' auburn hair