

Traced in a wet sand her name in perfect cursive.  
A love letter to the crescent moon.  
By tommorrow it will be gone I told her.  
There is no tommorrow she said.  
I can feel her in a bikini of coiled snakes dancing into the hi  
ss of the wind.  
Postcards from a paradise in flames.  
She used to be so right.  
So right about everything.