

Russet Years

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Published on Stories Space on 29 Sep 2019

<https://www.storiesspace.com/stories/poetry/-russet-years-.aspx>

And so it goes like Autumn in the air with shades of wooing in my russet years love found in my spoken words of frost in my old eyes

In jest confessing poetic intoxication beneath a tallow's wick of verses spent feeling the touch of your breath in a spiritual awakening

Like silken wings of the moth with fingers of lingering dreams kissing my lips of burning desire with shades of wooing in my russet years