

I won't ask you to love me forever: Just wrangle me a cloud,

one of those puffy white ones, no dark ones allowed.

From its cotton

I'll make us

halters, leads

of cosmic rope -

There'll be no riding into the sunset:

We'll leave all

that below. Take

the buck out of that rainbow for me, and I will

braid its tail.

And bring you every

color to train,

rein them in, bright

to pale.

I won't

ask you

to loop the moon,

or even pen

its cow.

Not until tomorrow.

I see you're a little busy right now!