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The Ski Room

I need her like a drink in the morning.
The only way I can make her happen is to never be a regular.
When she pours a drink she's an angel.
All the men watch.
In the half moon of her lips
I can only see hope.
Her hair and eyes give me life
and even me out.
Because she's ornamental I think of a movie,
"The Last Emperor".
I'm the last emperor and she is my pearl.
I want to be able to walk away,
look back, and see her picking up my unfinished drink.
How worthy of a picture or a painting,
of mountains overlooking the sea.
I was born to always follow her.
As I sit there quietly, still in the bar.