## **ANGER**

## by Adam Sifre

You gave me everything, delivered with a hungry mouth.  $\it Tease.$  All taken away, erased by a few words.

Lips that poured forth and lips that took in sharp, electric pleasures. Now withdrawn, thin, petulant.

Not satisfied, you crushed my sanctuary. with so few words; the work of hands meant for dark caresses.

A touch.

The gentlest of touches every now and again were all I desired.

And you took them away.

Now it's winter and I am old, warmed only by memory. My fingers stiff and numb, unable to hold onto anything. Not even anger.