

crave

by Adam Sifre

The look that warms.

The strange gravity that pulls stray thoughts into tight little
orbits,
around memories of you

The wine-tinged evenings and long goodnights.
These things I crave, even when I forget.

Even as I sleep.

The narrow bridge from then to now,
spans a vast abyss of trinkets,
a life nearly choked with consolation prizes.
I sift through them all, searching for gold,
finding moments with you.

These I crave.

