

EXHALE

by Adam Sifre

An excited state
with undiscovered borders, the almost space -
last surrendered breath, between mouth and skin.
The final pause, the long moment.

A foreshadow of taste, the scented, secret parts that you've
concealed
from all the boys.
Displayed and gifted for my greedy eyes.
I drink you in.

I devour without touching,
possess, without holding.
Mark you, brand you with mere intent,
forged and hardened in wet heat and need.

You are not here,
But you are *here*.

I taste the future memory of you,
Surrendered to the bare brush of lips against neck,
hands, finding their way.
The gift of a sigh,
whispered on a Texas night,
and carried to me, in the dead of winter,

Sated and deprived, both gorged on anticipation.
My starving mouth ends its lazy adventure,
lingers one long, drawn out instant.

The architect of the arch.

One last exhale
then wonderful wreckage.

