

# Hold on

*by* Adam Sifre

I slept and it was pleasant.  
Then there was the kiss, and it was hot.  
Later you turned away, and all was November chill.

Now there are touches, caresses and shouts,  
Marvelous nights flavored with favors bestowed,  
and blackened days, poisoned with indifferent glances.

Everything is tempest.

