

Shaken not stirred

by Adam Sifre

The warmth of the sun

no

The fresh abandoned sheet, nothing colder
a kiss a slap a scream a sigh

The silence which follows a kiss an enticement or chasm
slippery like dropped punctuation
candlelight and the promise of torches

Chihuly glass perched on Jenga of moments
the back of her head, leaving or lust
the grasp of air or hair
taste of promise, sweetness of lie

our world a cheap waterbed on shaky foundation.

