

Sloth

by Adam Sifre

I will take my satisfaction later,
after you are restored.

For now I am done with moving,
and I will rest my mouth here,
and here
and here.

Don't move.
Don't disturb my lazy adventure,
I beg you.
Let me rest my weary hands here,
and here
and here.

You are charged, electric.
You are tension and need,
but I am molasses, floating in amber.
So let me rest my weary body here;
always here.

