The last sunny day. LUST

by Adam Sifre

I remember.
The air - cool, clean; a hint of wood smoke.
So many colors. So bright I could almost hear them.
And that smile, the one everyone talks about?
It was just more than usual that day.

I remember how when the cold, autumn wind died down,
the sun's warmth came flooding back, like the tide,
and I had to smile.

Then seeing you, so close. Happy. I smiled more.
I grinned like an idiot on that last sunny day.
Remember?

LUST
You taste like Saturday night,
with a hint of Sunday confession.
Everything lingers,
trails of smoke follow your touch
and I burn.

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