

Tides

by Adam Sifre

I lose you.

I find you. Again and again.
Crushed and abandoned,
transformed and embraced.

You are my warm, sunny day and
my bone-chilled November night.
My life wavers between

Redemption and Banishment

Every moment your eyes pronounce judgment.

My world, balanced on a wisp of spider-silk,
shakes with the softest breeze from your lips,

I am anchorless, adrift with only love
To keep me afloat.

And it is enough.

