Voyeur

by Adam Sifre

Morning's first blush, their world in repose.
Sated, drained, spent;
they drift
almost touching.

Fading heat lingers in the betweenspace.
the scent of vanilla and sin tickles the nose.
contentment escapes like steam from lips, parted and parched.

Before, wild things. Devoured in dark.
Now, their feet lightly touch.
Neither aware of this perfect moment.

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