

Posy

by Ann-Marie Martino

I hear you calling me, as if through water spilled within a glass—and wrap strands of your hair around my knuckles—and I can taste your smile, the feel of it like crinoline crinkled over my lips...

your shoulders shift beneath my palms and your eyes—what colors lurk, constantly confounding me—there are secrets, falling like lilac petals, from your chameleon eyes...

there is the scent of strawberries and cinnamon, strewn through shower-droplets on your brows, dropping and tilting down the curve of your lids—a hill saturated with rain...

with my fingertips I learn the feel of love, all at once cool and warm, dusky and rose, husky and sometimes posies, musky with your breath and lucky with sleep.

