

desire

by Jeffery Klaehn

Desire, nervousness and your power, in even your slightest look, I find it so addicting, harboring transformative impossibilities.

Is this, I wonder, all that can really happen — wishing, dreaming?

Consuming, I can't leave or lose it, not knowing, can't stop thinking about you, sublime wishes.

Me, you, even this new impossibility of an us, always back to brilliant and beautiful you.

Now, pray tell, how can I possibly sleep tonight?

Burning for you, caught in between, yearning to remain completely wrapped around your finger, feeling panoramic, and this alive.

