

Twain

by Philip F. Clark

The ways we open and enter
each other -- with hopeful lust
turning the locks; the mouths
we bare, for the solace of a single
stone kiss.

What is more beautiful than
these paltry embraces of two
visitors to the body's hard-
won, if transitory, realm?

The push and thrusts
we take and share; the clock
of lips, timing their avid omens --
wet breaths sparring for
a few mournful tokens.

