

Lvoe

by Robert James Russell

like a hundred cracks of thunder
or my brain seizing up, going all floppy on me

little whirlwind dreamscapes brought to life by a single touch
a single look
the look she knows how to throw
perfected since adolescence, perfected since her first crush on
that boy, Kevin
her first kiss

but she can take that same look and change it, make it hard and
mean

a woman scorned
her look like daggers coming fast and hard
a train barreling toward you
and you wonder what you did
what did I do?

but when its good its good and her body
you have it memorized
you know how it tastes
smells
feels against yours

and even on the worst of days when things are bad
between you two and the world
even on those days it's pretty damn good and you wonder
how you could have ever lived without her

and during those moments the world is a very beautiful place
and you two, the last survivors of love, make it your own

