

# Gentle

*by* Roberto C. Garcia

Your voice like scent  
of Amaranthus,  
teasing air  
on wet August nights.

Your voice so soft  
I wish it was touch.

How lightly could I  
dance on your sigh?  
How, to try?

Just staring,  
so intently  
from afar,  
makes me afraid I'll break you.

