

Branches

His hands: dew leaves, iced tea, a waterfall.
Dares and truths are both dreams. Two choices; one flesh.

My shoes were faded by the soaked suede
Of summer strolls through sweet grass.

A clearing. Of throat and brush.

My legs were oaks. My knees; a forest -fire.

The sun was my heartbeat. Its rays my veins,
its heat my pulse.

His eyes: acorns, aloe, alcoves.

Needles rained from pine-trees: self-clouding.

The breeze flew around me but not through me:
grease in a dewdrop.
Palm sweat: a waterfall, an avalanche, inevitable.

His back: smooth, steady, slicked. A rockface.

His mouth: The Devil dawned into God,
The stab of Eden's gatekeeper, the sun.

A hickey is a mark of belief.