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We

You soften in my arms

Fixing and doing become memory.

Mind sleeps. Able to dream

or be free, curl up

inside of nothing. We touch

and it's unlike the second before; new,

kind. Fulfilling pleasures

that are unknown

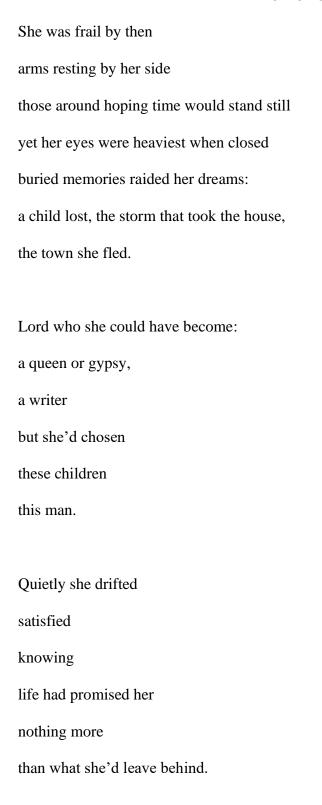
until we kiss. Until love

is sitting in our laps. Moving,

lifting. Catching

before we stumble.

The moments before...



Time

time motioned onward
even when we prayed for more
even as we traveled underneath Aquarius
it moved
no warning, no sign
other than the moon

we knew it not to be disappearing
oblivious, lost in a moment
me holding your fingers
burned with calluses
you having helped your dad lift
and carry all summer
all the while our time never paused
neither did it slow

once we realized
searched the stars for more
cried until tomorrow
until nothing was left
love would never be the same.