

## **Lover**

Strawberries and a finger in a mouth and the feel of your mouth on my hand and I want to push you against the counter, the cupboards, tasting the fruit in your mouth. Cold spring water in a creek, looking at rocks, one the color of the skin right behind your ear that I love to rest my lips on and this one the color of the skin that lies by the line that curves around your mouth and I'm looking for one that matches the colors of the eyes that can skewer me from across the room. But those colors that boil, rolling over me can only be found when my eyes meet yours when I'm sitting at the piano after I've let the passion purr out of me that is kind of like the passion that you call forth with your hands and your mouth and the length of your body pressed against my side.

Root beer floats and Tums and rain and pansies and we're sitting in almost-damp grass and I am making you dandelion jewels and the wind whips your hair around your face and it sneaks its way into your mouth and I can no more stop myself from touching you than I can stop thinking about you even when you're not with me. We are joking and trying to push each other off into the mud and I am all the while thinking of how I would lie in the cold puddle, soaking myself to simply have a kiss from those lips that so easily destroy me, especially when they are fluttering, hovering over the skin on the back of my neck or in between my shoulder blades or pressed into the palm of my hand or opening a bit to envelop a fingertip in the heat of your mouth.

Bad handwriting and massages and little sisters and bunk beds and when you stepped out of the car that night and looked up at the sky from a place you'd never seen it from before, the night a mouth, open wide enough to swallow the world, and when I saw you looking at

it, I wished right then that we could be lying in a pasture of soft grass, grass that had never been cut and when we lie upon it on our backs to look at the sky, it gives off the sweet smell that accompanies the crickets and cicadas. When we are lying on our backs I would see the underneath of your chin tilted up towards the stars and I would lean over and kiss and soothe the skin with my mouth and my fingers. And I am thinking that again when we are on the bottom bunk, and then there are your hands, searing me and an edge of your knee is grazing my side. I want to tell you right then when I'm reading a poem that is scrawled on the page that my breath catches on every line because your words are powerful and so are your eyes that are watching me read and waiting anxiously for my reaction. If I lifted myself off the bed my knees would falter and I would fall down because that is what you can do to me and that is what you do.