

## Atlas

by Kelly Schwantz

your lips are a soft petal pink  
I like to trace the shape  
and the up turn of your mouth

you create ideas when you talk  
a whirlwind at your fingertips  
hands build images in the air as  
your mouth tries to keep up with  
your words that spill so fast

your arms around me  
I lie on your chest,  
hear your breath, heartbeat, and  
words all at once  
blood races air through veins  
so alive, you pound in my ear  
your arms tighten around me

your skin is a soft terrain I explore  
my fingers in your soft copper hair,  
the sweep of your brow,  
the curved arches like valances  
green ornamental eye beams

I wander in the valley  
of your palm  
I polish and rub my fingers  
up and down,  
then find the path to your stomach  
for my hands to graze over muscle ridges  
play with the fluff of hair above  
your seashell navel  
and follow hair bristles that grow  
in a smooth line downward  
to the tender places on  
the boundaries of your skin

your kisses, long, slow and wet  
like milkweed flowers sticking to  
my tongue and lips

the tide rises from my feet to  
head, my pores open  
and you break through the gates  
and you flood me



## **Bent Foundations**

*by Jonathan Travis*