

June Embers

Between my patience and the tides of evenings, I held your hands; and you held mine.
Between tree branches and neon lights I carved out my sleep,
and from it I sculpted your laugh.

Boys wipe their noses with the sleeves their hearts will be on when they grow into men-
But my sleeves are stained with our starry nights.
Days melt in your winter fire,
the embers of June upon your crown blazing our midnights alive.
My fingers are calloused from its touch.
I scorch my heart upon it-
but I am oh, so grateful.
It keeps yearning for the burn.

My ribs swell with water,
my stomach whispers with angel wings,
and I am waist deep in your arms.
My throat is full and heavy with the weight of a thousand sweet nothings-
for you.

The kaleidoscope behind my amber eyes
chooses you every time.
I think I must have bought it in my sleep.

Between my dreams and the moon, I looked into your eyes-
blue, yet warm;
soft, yet
bold.
And with every glance you give me, I am taken.

Between our farewells and midnight colloquies, I dream of you.
And I keep holding on.