

Two Months

Lovely essences,
Autumn's
Final death throw
Before the coming winter.
Wicked-cool essences
Mingled
Bite-mark bruises tattooed like
Hummingbirds on the soul.

And one forgets
The discarded empty cup;
Its worn edges rough with use,
Its stains a map of time.

Such words,
As only words
Can be, when whispered
From lips kissing lobes
Such words,
When spoken,
Signify something greater;
A dream within the nightmare.

Still, one forgets
The details of the dream.
Its subtle caresses
Haunting the back of the mind.

Breathless passion
Weeping
Out of arms' reach
But embraced in thought.
The sacred secular space
Of the now,
Shared quietly as snow
Melted on quivering tongue.

Please, don't forget
Please, please, please
Don't regret
The eternity of two months.

-L. Z. Hill, 31-Jan-2012