Laurie Favarato

Hold

Coffee-stained breaths
I pull myself into
the comforting wetness of your mouth.

My hand falls on your waist your body is so familiar yet I have never known you before.

I could stay a hundred years With this aura of warmth Its amber hues remind me of what it is to be alive.

"Hold me tight" you say and my fear is I will not live up to the task.

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