

## **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.