

Graydon Pryor

Fall for————

Passing Fall in tattooed cold,
Misted breath on misted grass.
Dew dappled on falling trees,
Dancing shoes over broken shards.

Burnished leaves line damp concrete,
Rejected love letters abandoned.
I want you to feel the same, but—

I'll call you back soon.

Warmth in 5 o'clock dark,
You smell like watching rain fall
In burnt amber light,
With an old movie in the background—

I'm not around this week.

Play with that same flowing vein,
Running between the knuckles of your
Ring and middle finger,
Taste the lies on your tongue—

I've been busy.

Amidst these love letters littered,
Lost in curdled red
I've been busy, too,
Falling—

Could you come over?

Then it's your happiness again,
Lost in bottles and found,
In your uneven smile, sharp teeth,
Your voice, I love the sound—

I need you.