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Linger

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ALEXIS POOLE

Your shirt—easy-breathing cotton polo—taunts
me with every stitch, every thread that somehow
grazed the warm, tender skin that loves me so.

But it's just warmth

And it's just cloth.

Your voice—smooth, sweet and deep—melts
away my fears, melts away all my nervousness;
it makes me comfortable and free to be me with you.

But it's just contentment

And it's just a tone.

Your scent—lavender, manliness and love—lingers
under my nose, like air itself, bringing with it gentle
memories of freezing nights and your warming me in your protective hold.

But they're just memories

And it's just a scent.

And I've never known you.