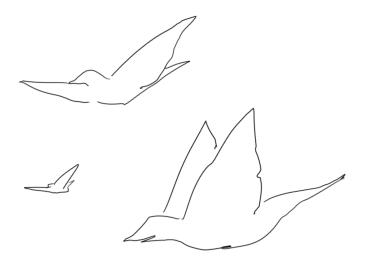
III.
who i will be



Embers

born of a night like this burn so good.

They glow soft and sweet [like sin] like the kiss of fingertips to snowy skin.

They press together, like quickened breaths or bodies with only friction between them.

They dance in the palm of my mind,

And they come alight again By your lips.

by J. Diego Medrano