

Rest

I want my head
resting in the nook
between my love's shoulder and chest;
my fingers playing with his wild, black curls.

He wrote me a Haiku.

"They are easy,"
he said:

"Pine needles remain
Even through cold harsh winter
So too is my love"

-Tricia Stratman

Kiss me God damn it for
Pete's sakes
I've waited seven days and seven no
Eight nights
And My God
it's Only a kiss
so why the hell are you
Looking at me like that?

-Brea Thomas