

Love by Elly Day

I want to pour
you the last cup of weak diner coffee
raise bucktoothed babies
who delight at the grain size of white sand
versus red
argue which record to play on a snow day
argue in front of those kids
they'll run away when we kiss
and when you sweat in my arms at night
kiss every last bit off your back

dream of you when you're beside me

the greatest gesture of love is to hold my hand as we fall asleep, rub your thumb on mine
my skin is softest at
lower
back
you know this.
but still you polish soft circles on milking muscles

There is no future with us
a long full body stretch from today
and the tomorrow's after
a present in which your kisses taste like persimmons
tempting me each time to world wanderings in your arms