

Souls Fuse Bright

Lips part
like brown spotted
robins wait
for first worm

Lips seal
like purple bumped
starfish cling
to barnacle rock

Hands sample
like nervous
squirrels appraise
a luscious nut

Bodies squirm
like new born
kittens search
for mother's milk

Souls fuse
fire bright
within them
burns

Bodies rest
like bright eyed
owls await
a darkened sky

Hands squeeze
like hungry
boa surrounds
tomorrows lunch

Lips exhale
like sky born
eagles sail
the moving wind

Lips join
like crooked smiled
oysters seal
tight the pearl.