

Memories that Cut like Daggers

I try to think of
my favorite memory
of you and I

and I have to brush all the bad ones
away from the good ones
that flutter like moths
amongst hornets

and the one
that emerges
is lying with you
in the car seat
at the lookout

listening to Tom Waits
on the radio

the snow falling around
the car
as if we were in some
Rockwell painting

and our bodies
created the only warmth to be had
melting together
and being one person instead of two-
sharing a heart

and then my mind quickly jumps
to a few days later
when we are in bed together
fondling and nibbling
our hearts once again
melting and beating together

our loins
so fiercely grappling
to intertwine with one another

our minds...

our minds maybe in different places,
yours thinking about your other lover
mine hoping you won't say stop
but our hearts
and loins all the time
blending together
like a cache of paints
pink to purple
purple to violet...

two out of three isn't bad.