

S

BY EMMA CARROLL

I softly settle against you,
sparking sweet nothings,
slowly saddling up to you.
Your smooth, sun-kissed skin
scintillates in the space we share.
Swift kisses,
strong arms.
Your heart sings to mine.
Their chords strum
at the same time.
Sweating bodies slide together,
spiraling and stirring into
a sacred S.
Life lines strung together
by a sweet,
sublime,
soulful
string.