

bundled and bound by limbs and hope

Lauren Baljian

A breath,
your lips move slow;
warmth lands on my cheek,
your hand on my head, fingers in hair.

I melt,
body melding into yours.
I don't mind being consumed by you
bundled and bound by limbs and hope.

Keep still,
my beating heart withers in your open palms;
it pulsates in sync with your
fingers plucking its strings.

It hums are low,
like the booming voice of God.
It's enough to shatter existence
just as you have mine.

A breath,
a kiss, a slow refrain,
keep still and
keep me close.

Baljian