

## **Honeysuckle**

If I could,

I would suckle on her lips forever,

tasting the sweet juice that pours from her soul

her spirit

for when I close my eyes

the sun's warmth hits my skin

my feet running fast

on the gravel of my dead-end street

where I roam wide-eyed

Wild.

I feel her dots of pollen fall

on my nose

her warm skin on mine

melting into the worst parts of me

I blossom.

