

i wish kisses weren't passed around like  
cigarettes on a rooftop at midnight  
ashes of longing sweeping up and away into  
the icy wind  
mouths pass over the other  
just barely there, a brief brush of lips  
meeting once, there and then gone  
a laugh, a sigh of smoke and  
submerged in clean air

i wish kisses were like trading cards  
fingertips grazing across gentle planes  
a whisper of we'll meet again  
a rustle of what we'll become  
a murmur of something rare and tangible  
"do you see this? this is incredible"  
caressing what they've just received like  
treasure from the sky or shore  
glistening and warm

i wish for the kisses i will welcome  
and the kisses i will gift to be  
passionate and devouring  
but in the sweep of your lips  
there is something gentle like the  
susurrations of death through the graveyard  
and lazy pecks turning wide and content  
while the smoke from the waffle maker  
consumes our senses but  
there is no worry, not when  
i'm with you

i wish kisses were something to  
cherish like seashells found stranded aground,  
pretty.