

As...

Early mist wakes in the air...(falling)
no memory of sun sleep.
Bethany's voice just
falling.
Eyelashes crease at the meeting of chest
Strong arms root me.
His sweat kisses my lips as
breath on my back
hugs love.
No memory of falling.
Life sings from breath to sleep
as the
rising and falling waves of frozen protection
surround me as I
sleep.

