

A small box,
In bottom a button,
With its shiny blue butt on plastic.

Firmly encase in a pinch
A small percentage bare
Pass your lips
And gnaw,
With your teeth chomping around its rim.

Now eat,
Weathering its synthetic wrapper,
As its pale blue shavings drift and float,
Down the pharynx, larynx, and creeping in spirals,
Your stomach.

The texture
Reminiscent of her blue blouse,
Still shining up at me on the berber floor.

This button was once two,
Both fleeing the life on my vest.
It's counterpart I re-sewed with accuracy.
The needle, the hole, the trailing thread.
Intimacy.
The same intimacy I felt with that blouse-button.

Here and now,
this button,
for some strange reason,
tingles my tongue through my eye
and excites my teeth through its touch.

Button,
Box,
Serenity,
Stillness,
Important urging intimacy.

Zachary Wheeler