

Towering Smooth

Laura A. Tausch

Towering smooth
figurines
dripped tears
from
the
sky.

Sprig greenery spied
upon us.

Carrying my palms upon
his.

His eyes travelled the
paths of my mind.

I stretched my
heeding heart
out to
reach his.

I was falling.

My stomach being left

above my head.

Slowly sailing on
whispers -

- until I floated down upon
his warm body.