

## 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.

