

Permeated

Lecture is bare skin scratching,
Barely interested in surroundings.
Others sleep, stare, or sit quietly.

Questions hang in the air.
Non interest refuses the breath needed
To push an awkward answer forward.

Pious student in your shirt of rage,
Soaking into the back wall-
I am realigned

When I hear your voice.
So powerful, yet humbling. I wonder
How I had looked past you.

I wonder how the sweat
On your shoulders
Tastes.

Would I ever be given the
Spotlight of such passion?
To be your belief.

I rechannel, but one more glance
Feeds faults and doubts.
They conjure up some other person for you,

Who squishes thoughts of parallel
Worlds where I would pursue you
With a reverence to the need.

