

Missing

Phantom lips that seem to trace against my skin,
Curving along my back,

Touch as sweet as peppermint
With chills that are from a blissful cold.

A touch that holds my own
Intertwined with blankets and sheets,

A desperate heat that seems to follow,
Summer that seems buried in winter's gift.

Frame of frame, we dance together.
Touch of touch, we linger together.

My eyes closed as I try to match the silhouette
Curving my body, your sensation guiding my own.

When my eyes open,
Only one lingering kiss remains.

— *Zachary Winniestaffer*