

Will

Leo Luke Marcello

Last night I saw you for the first time,
sleeping in the warm bed,
curled up and breathing heavily,
stretching as your mother adjusted
the covers and kissed in the way only our parents can.

In the sometimes cold rooms
of complicating lives,
kisses may lightly graze us,
filling the emptiness like cups
we sip at slowly,

sometimes sweetened,
sometimes so hot
we have to wait or blow
gently to prevent the tongue
from scalding numb.

The thrill of it, Will,
the slow kiss worth
the wait, when no longer
so hot you scorch but
still warm enough to radiate
the body, head to foot,

to take away the chill
to bring the taste
to its perfect moment

any of them, those

delicious moments
of being loved when
we turn in bed, asleep
like a child, a kiss
that does not wake us

but which we feel
even through closed lids,
the head on our shoulder,
the lips that touch our faces

as we grow and turn, Will,
the thrill of it, maybe even
the embarrassment later of it
when someone tells us
how we looked that first look
asleep, child of our friend,
kindred who looked upon us,
called our names while we slept
even before we knew ourselves.

