# No metaphor

I miss you

(I’ve told you that so many times)

the distance between stars feels less

than the hour and a half between us

and we are kept apart by more than distance

but even in missing you

I enjoy compensation

I remember last night

and memory fills the empty space

I have no metaphor

no simile

no analogy

I speak in plain english

come to me and take me again

in the softness of your mouth

swirl your tongue around me

breathe me in

I will never be more yours

than I am at the moment

of precious release

and as I hear you swallow

I know

that though I may miss you in the coming days

tonight the universe is mine  
and there is no room for improvement.

you have given me the gift of selfishness

and not for reciprocity’s sake