# The Kiss

we would eat each other,

given half a chance

for what else is a kiss,

but the desire to place onself

inside another, or to engulf

but that is not the chance

we are given

when my lips meet yours

our bruised reds

are the wild badges of courage

the flags of need and want, planted loudly

in a front yard, where all may see

when my tongue meets yours

slippery words, arranged

in motions of desire

slide willingly from one to another,

snakes winding down a pole

carrying messages encoded in

the fine wine of passion, when aches

the body, for unity of being

for I know

there is a deeper communication

in the chemistry of fluids that mingle,

making us one entity

in the only place that matters

I will reach down your throat

find the quiet humming of love

fill your lungs with the subliminal

and place the imprint

of my teeth

on your heart