

The Nature of Love

Laura Nejako

If there is a pinprick of light left
On the corner of Malatalia Boulevard
Then come to me and breathe slow
Promises of sweet honey between
 My ear and yours
And when you wilt under seasons
 Meet me at the corner
 And I will love you
As you love the lilies blooming
 On an autumn night
 Not quite gone
 But almost.