

A Year In Your Web

I remember your skin
tawny and strangely smooth
and your long, dark
watery gaze across the table.
How you looked up at me,
a willing and delighted
prisoner in your web,
spun with dizzying flattery
'til my hot skin was pressed
against the cool wall of calm obsession.
Your limbs wrapped me,
and whispered lies into my pores
'til the gluey threads of your game
were my world, and I
choked on your kiss.

-Melissa Warner

In the mist and haze
The chatter of insects rolls across the
landscape
Bright shadowed light
Hovers over delicate flower petals

-Christine Hardy