

## Clear

He has this way  
of talking. We're on the phone  
but I know he's doing it.  
Feet spread a little more than  
shoulder width, weight  
shifting left to right, hips  
swinging back and forth. His hands  
teasing the air, fingers  
bending, trying to explain,  
moving like they do when he puts them  
against me. His movement  
causing mine. I have to shove him  
away from me; the pleasure  
unbearable. He laughs. His eyes  
crinkling, my will  
melting away, his fingers again, his  
hands, his entire body suddenly makes  
everything  
clear.

*Becky Fox*

When he said  
I want to make love  
To you forever  
I knew he wasn't  
The one.

*Jessica Wills*