

Sake

by Adam Sifre

I had the smallest taste.

Liquid heat, gifted from lips.

One long moment spent lost in her warmth.

Fleeting. I should have drunk more.

Would she have relented to one more sip?

One final taste?

“Be careful,” she warned. “It hits you later.”

And it did.

And it does.

Thoughts of hot sake,

a delicious, slow burn,

haunt my every hour;

leaving me drunk, wandering through the day

in search of just a little more.

