

# Shaken not stirred

*by Adam Sifre*

The warmth of the sun

no

The fresh abandoned sheet, nothing colder  
a kiss a slap a scream a sigh

The silence which follows a kiss an enticement or chasm  
slippery like dropped punctuation  
candlelight and the promise of torches

Chihuly glass perched on Jenga of moments  
the back of her head, leaving or lust  
the grasp of air or hair  
taste of promise, sweetness of lie

our world a cheap waterbed on shaky foundation.

