

Tomorrow

by Adam Sifre

You hold me now, and pay attention.
Everything is new.

But love is all seasons, and there is always a fall.

The brush of hand against skin.
the quality of nights shared.
The declarations, vibrant in our spring, soon dead in our winter.

These I will miss.

Now, we love.
entwine
We give each other everything.

All we have today,
I will miss tomorrow.

