

# Twain

*by Philip F. Clark*

The ways we open and enter  
each other -- with hopeful lust  
turning the locks; the mouths  
we bare, for the solace of a single  
stone kiss.

What is more beautiful than  
these paltry embraces of two  
visitors to the body's hard-  
won, if transitory, realm?

The push and thrusts  
we take and share; the clock  
of lips, timing their avid omens --  
wet breaths sparring for  
a few mournful tokens.

