

distraction

spring in the northwest

creeps in slowly

sun stalking the waiting buds,
bursting eagerly at the first touch,
fingers of light and heat trigger
bursts of color, tart yellows, juicy purples
sweet scent of honeysuckle and
persimmon-pink roses
smelling of strawberries and
grandma's perfume.

then, inevitably, thoughts of you
slip back into my head,
delicious ache of muscle and gut,
the hairs on my skin
like lazarus, rising.



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phantom
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