

I told him to kiss me on a heavy night
when the clouds were heaving down the neck of the hills
his breath an oscillation of doubt through my throat
the uncertainty of his hands
made an ego of the eve
when the stars bore no witness
and the moon winked asleep
a budding rose lay bed in my mouth
his caramel tresses sighed with the wind
and a flood of warmth came with his tender caress
the cool winter air became a stranger to my lips
as I lapped up the summer in his smile
the canopy fell free to let the lights dance down
and the lakes spat up in flames
the world around me fell apart to the noise
our collision of kisses had made
his passions pressed against my padlocked palms
the grass tickled timid yet firm
as the chains fell through my fingers
and the shackles met their makers
we rolled through the green
with the pull of the earth
and we fell with a push like that
the wilful and the wild
became the eager and the child
we found our grounds within the night
as the sky buckled beneath our knees
and as the breeze blew our houses to dust
we lay home our hearts
in the heaviness of our hands
on the night [when I told him to kiss me –](#)