

Sweat

You blame your medication,
say that it opens your leaky taps. Shyly you apologize
for the intrusion, that perma-palmslick perspiration.

My dear, what will it take for you to realize
your slip is sacred here.

I too, wish to congregate at the nape of your neck
wet with the salt of your flesh. But do not fear,
the sight of your dew dripped brow wrecks
my resolve. When you remove your hat
in the August sun, strands of sable cling in swirls
above your eyes. A matted shine of dark hair that
begs my hand. Darling don't hide, let me trace the song of soaked curl.
Look at your pint, beading frost-humid pearls and think
only of how it tempts, so bring to the lips and drink