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Entropy

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Entropy

The water just isn't the same
lacking your hands, without my name
on your mouth, or the wind on bared
arms, but to admit that I'm scared
would require I had a voice
to speak it with; still this white noise
is so damn loud without your breath
in my ear, and it's shocking the depth
of emotion that I witness
when deprived of your caress;
How absurd that just your presence
stirs me, and the lack of laments
on every single inch of my lips,
and each one of my fingertips.

By Allyson Osborne