

Croissants

Mario Stone

I close my eyes and lick
your sweetness from my lips,
thinking of your powdered skin
beneath my fingertips.

I wet my lips to taste you
once more—and once again
the yearning grasps my aching heart—
once more would be a sin.

And so instead I write these words
for you to always know...
I savored every second twice
to never let you go.