Leanna Covalt

Pagosa Springs

Your crisp morning air
brushing my shoulder blade
raising the hair on the back of my knees
with your breath.
Filling me
from ice fingers to clavicle to womb itself
with your star filled sky
and snow drenched mornings
your Colorado sun in the skylight window.
Your fingers drew my spine on my skin
brushed your lips to my thigh
and rested your head on my stomach.
You wrapped me at night
and covered me,
your skin slightly dimpled where the sun
has melted your surface
has trespassed on my land
pushed my very boundaries
and when you were done with me
I was changed

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