

# Oklahoma r e v i e w

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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