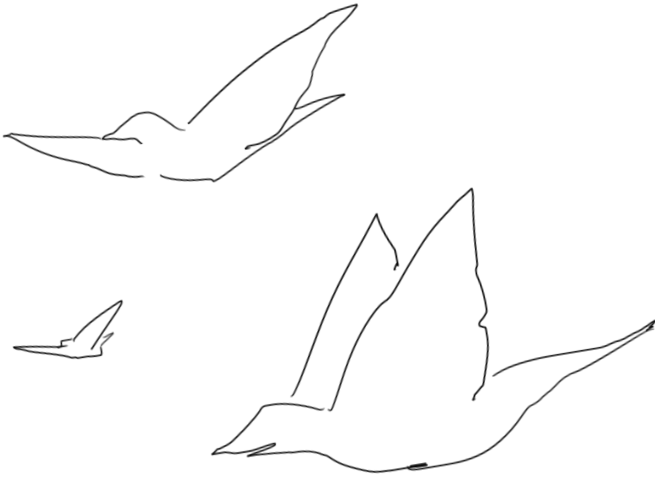


III.

who i will be



Embers

born of a night
like this
burn so good.

They glow soft and sweet
[like sin]
like the kiss of fingertips
to snowy skin.

They press together,
like quickened breaths
or bodies with only
friction
between them.

They dance
in the palm of my mind,

And they come alight again
By your lips.

by J. Diego Medrano