

SHERRY CLARK

She said he tasted like rain

The day she ran her tongue down his neck.
Sweat forming at his temples
Maybe she will stay here, this moment.

Outside the maple tree, sap breathing in branches-
She thinks she will lie here, leaves on her breath.
Letting him touch the curl of her hair.

Inside the house, Momma making breakfast
the pans musical as she taps, taps, them on the stove.
eggs sizzle on the eye.
Biscuits rise and the dough begins to brown.