

you raised an eyebrow.

i was settling the first slice into a
freshly baked one, and the nibbly
nippy skin on your arms turned charged.
it's hard to cut a pie one-handed.

the lamps flickered, and that was sad
because for one half-second i couldn't see
the glint in your eye that said it's
time for dessert.

two forks, feeding eachother,
a destroyed piece of crust;
entirely edible lust.