

Cusp

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A threshold is upon us
A precious wrinkle in time
A fold in our mundane
Daze

A threat
A motive
A means to an end is
The beginning of
Something new

Waiting to be seduced
A fruit to be tasted
A flower to take in

A thousand little electrons
Shooting through you
Through me
Grounded by pain and pressure
As our eyes meet
And our flesh reaches out to test our fate

To taste your touch
To take our souls and
Marry it with this moment