

Fever



SARAH ADAMS

Charcoal outlines a horizon.
Silver beams stroke clouds
come to gentle rest on a windowsill.

Sheets are worn, the bed is empty,
dressers soon to be hallowed.

Exposed womanly beauty,
naked softness of skin and flesh
illuminates in silver light
chills born from the hungry night.

Your touch was of
the desert,
of bright sun.
I miss my fever.

Wait at the window
cold with moonbeam
and long for
the desert,
for the
warmth of day.

I will try to recall times
underneath checkered blankets
and unfinished ghost stories,
ice cream bowls,
of blushing and sweet laughter.
Then,
I know we were happy.