

## Meek; Wild

Brooke Waggoner

On your lips you kept her kiss  
And washed it down with lily grass  
You're married to your best of friends  
With good clean love like ice and glass

Midnight courtships on the porch  
You put the proof upon her lips  
And smashed the smoldering ash with fists  
To make it meek and wild with bliss

Eyelids on the pillowcase  
Fabric that you're a part of  
Beneath the folds of her keep  
The must for hibernating