

Cinnamon

Scott Matthews

Your warmth in the cold
Lingers with the scent of cinnamon on my clothes
Our bodies radiate to the bone
To hold you near as December retaliates

We can wait
Tomorrow will change

Your breath in the sun
Cools like the rain breezed in and cleansed everyone
Our bodies free and overcome
To hold you near as July breathes headily

You're you in me

Savour our senses of love
Not a drop goes to waste
Gave her the scent of my touch

Her kiss leaves a taste
To calm my thirst

Starlings murmurate
Like clouds of cinders up in smoke
Our bodies shadow play the role
To fly without fear as we mirror their silhouettes

Savour our senses of love
Not a drop goes to waste
Gave her the scent of my touch
Her kiss leaves a taste

Under cover of trust
All our fears turn to dust

Your warmth in the cold
Lingers with the scent of cinnamon