



Our candle grows, as he reads
me, just like our flame
always has me revealing all
I long to feel gripping while,
his running fingers reopening
envelopes, some nights I can hear
him turning ear bent pages as he
breathlessly reads, teasing exclamations
by accentuating every syllable before
those same fingers damping corners
licking pages...will he notice as I
I follow his winding sentence, between
the climax of our next long distanced
invocation—despite these miles, I love
the way we softly trade words, always
undressing me in skin lines, I can feel
our bodies rhyme without touching—
I love the way he addresses—has me
forever dripping like a candle reigniting,
legs uncrossed, my dotting eyes imagining
him rolling r's, in my mouth, now I tease, slowly
accenting every letter, loving the way, he
reads me, his voice my flame reigniting
the way he parts each lip, despite the space
my love he always finds—my softest opening.

by: Adrian Ernesto Cepeda

Exchanging Lines

