

Hunger

Daniel 6

D. A. Cooper

I feel your breath upon my neck—the heat
and dampness of each sigh, the way each pant,
each lungful pulls at me. Your eagerness
echoes throughout the lonely dark. A fear
expands into my chest and penetrates
my soul. I feel your touch upon my back—
your body's overflowing warmth consumes
me, fills my heart with an uneasy stillness.
I lie here next to you, afraid of you,
afraid of what you are, of what you'll take
from me when hunger overwhelms your sleep.

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