

Farewell Flight, First Encounters

Tiny ions bounce off one another, making fluorescent light
Mind the gap as we step on the elevator, where your skin is milky-white
I am your night off
I am your drive home
I am the cool between your sheets
I am your first pick
I'll be your last kiss
In my arms, you'll never know defeat
I am your elegant, life-escape procedure
Hear me out
Hear me now
Pushing 20
Approaching 60 at the on-ramp
Feeling sheepish at the signals I sent
I'll meet your fingers at the gearshift
Your palms are sweaty
It was done with the fullest intent
Tiny ions press into one another, as your lips press into mine