

Sucrose

By. Rebecca Avakian

She is rose scented
wind twirling at hips
evergreen strands and pursed lips.

Near my ear is a sweet sound
whispers of confirmation
and passion abound.

Imagine holding her hand
lined softly with calluses
scratching against skin.

Nails trimmed perfectly
adorned with emeralds
like peering into her eyes.

Imagine inhaling her air
her lips sweet as sucrose
and cup her smooth neck.

She still wears it
a simple necklace piece
the gem filled with airy waves.

Imagine laying in bed
and its half past two
with her close.

Reach across the bed
to hold her hand
but reaching air.

Really, you're with him now
equally rose scented
perfect hips and lips.

Both whispering in the dark
and amidst the light
bantering jovially.

Really, half past two
inhaling the same air
his lips sweet as fructose.

Holding hands
two rings to show
admiration.

Life's too short
to think about maybes
but it's nice to imagine.

How could it be, Sucrose?
But life's still sweet
with him.