

# The Stain

JTM III Nov. 2015

In the early rise

You, every minute of every day.

Your lips, stain mine and

Run around in my mind.

As passion's perpetuation has

Simply become our nature, your radiance,

So staggering, is savored softly and slowly.

Resolute, a broad, loving eye is cast to

An eternal entryway carved from

Ripened whispers and satiny fingertips.

These are the building blocks

In the purlieus pathways of our heart.

In the early rise

Venus has Jupiter's eyes.