

Kiss

A kiss is barefoot ballet, the swinging wrecking ball,
silent ground fog tasting of lollipops. It's an unguarded
border with flashing lights, unbridled first bite,
understanding's glimmer.

A kiss is a connection lost or saved, poet's broken pen,
melody of remembrance. It's electricity's spark,
tasting tomorrow's promise, the first lie of longing,
light in blackness, an abandoned trail.

A kiss is a hurried explanation, smoke of California's
wildfires, an emergency exit, the promise of maybe,
sand in your shoe, punching the gas pedal, soft rabbit's fur,
a finely sharpened knife.

A kiss is empathy made real, desert rain, champagne's fizz,
the sorrow of climate change, your taco's hot salsa,
speeding into an intersection, velvet sky littered with
stars' pin pricks, shattering glass, one step to healing.

A kiss is a match's flair, unasked for acceptance,
Tesla's summon feature, the scar we hide, infant's
first scream, diamond's sparkle, fearful beginning. It's
certainty laced with maple syrup, and a shoe's stiletto heel.

A kiss is a soaring kite, foghorn in the night, tangled braid,
fateful crash, wave's rush, unwritten email, clanging alarm,
interstellar transport, radio's static, iridescent nebula,
melting ice cream, spring's first forsythia blossom.

A kiss is liquid sunshine, iceberg calving into frigid sea,
cotton candy, mask during a pandemic, excuse to forget to
brush your teeth, cherry blossom petals in the wind,
and the absence of a safety net.

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