

Present, Focus

The only time I'm truly present
is when I'm here with you

--body and mind--
--this is now--

my mind always wants to wander
but the sweet shock of
skin on skin
zeros my focus,
narrows the field
until I couldn't miss my target if I tried.

Every moment is right now.

Sweetly entangled, the
past and future rolled together
in the perfection of the present
where pulse-on-pulse
is the only thing that matters.
This moment is where we exist.
This place between memory and dreams
where you expand
and I contract,
where our inspiration occurs

inspiration
and exhalation

inspire
exhale

inspire
exhale

And then the moment passes
and the present flees with all the grace
of a virgin late for curfew
and I cease to be aware of anything
that hasn't already happened
or has yet to occur.

Why can't I live every moment
in the moment
like I can when I'm here with you?

...my shamelessness knows no bounds,

but not everyone is so lucky...