

Robert Beveridge

Crescent

It was the way that, asleep,
you'd curled into a crescent moon.
I couldn't leave for work
before I leaned down, drew
my lips across yours,
felt your smile against them.

Image of Cari Fairs 17May98

How you pirouetted, slow,
on one foot, turned your back
and pulled your shirt
over your head, revealed
your flawless freckled back,
the curve from shoulder to neck.
Bent your head to slip
on the red plaid bra. Smooth
slope of neck it takes all
my willpower not to kiss.
You turn, seem startled
at my stare, smile:
“Look at you, all eyes,
watching me change!”
For now, to watch is enough.

Intaglio

Horn arises
from the omnipresent darkness,
visible only at its extremes.
Mottled, smooth, inviting
caress in its stately coolness.
Horn reaches.

Ivory arises
from warmth, sun, clouds,
the low rumble of construction.
Rooted in stone, ornate, built
with an eye toward eternity.
Ivory reaches.

The gap between
less than a finger
wide as a dream.
They strain forever,
never touch.

Stay the Night

I whispered to you
as we stole our few hours
from the rest of the world,
cuddled under your favorite
pink blanket. Stay the night.

Such simple words to say,
and so brutal when we know
it cannot happen. Yet still
you smiled and kissed me,
and my arms around your waist
gripped tighter.

Two Months

Erosion
is not a certain process.
Waves lap, water trickles,
thunderstorms carry
stone to us.
Hands joined, we lay
them together.
Close, firm.
Solid.

Robert Beveridge makes noise (xterminal.bandcamp.com) and writes poetry just outside Cleveland, OH. Recent/upcoming appearances in Dime Show Review, Communicators League, and Mad Swirl, among others.