



DeeOnna Denton

Moon and Sun

Champagne Lips

—Akejah McLaughlin

Whether it's in urge
or awe, ours tongue brush past each other
as bristles of your beard
caress my chin.

Cotton seams carry our sin. Wrestling
with fate. In eagerness,
we kiss our friendship goodbye.

Only your umber brown eyes
and the slits between white bedroom blinds
blanket our secret.