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The Fog

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Kisses in the Dark

ELIZABETH CROZIER

It's not as easy
as initials carved in the park bench,
secret phone calls in the night.

It's cocksure caresses
rather than slow dances
in the gym—
arms straight, feet avoiding feet.

Condoms and keys in the same pocket
where she used to keep gum
and unfinished love letters
written in a language
she didn't understand.

But lips are strong
and not plush
as she pretended.
They taste warm
and slick
like bath water.
And they come
with more than teeth
and tongues.

A wordless speech
spills out of split, chapped skin
and into her mouth;
she adopts the new language.

The Fog

SAMUEL ROPER

a Thin layer of fog resides beTween Them
each looking upon tHe same moment
thE fog distorts the momEnt EvEr slowly
timing is off and heRe becomes theRe
likE touching fog, try to touch rEal

Indlgo black
SecondS paSS

a milliseconD ago
the fOg was real

to gRasp a moment in time
is lost to Each othEr
definining what is reAl
but unablE to grasp that
In each moment
when The fog clears
realitY is onlY between them
concealed with a kiss!

But lips are strong...