Kiss Me

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Kiss Me

I watch you because I want to,
my everything depends on each action,
you blink and I shudder,
the power to break me
lies in each breath you steal
from my trembling mouth
where my soul leaks into you,
and you take it all in,
feeling renewed by the emotion that was mine,
I reach out to touch your lips
still bruised from my aching torture,
my search for the salvation that is you,
hearing the sound of your voice,
feeling tears brimming at the point of no return,
my heart is too full to hold them back,
because I am holding on so tightly,
afraid to release you from my grasp,
so our lips meet once again,
in an attempt to keep this moment alive,
so that I will continue to spill into you,
and it is impossible to tell
where I end and you begin.

--Sarah Crimmins

**The Editor would like to apologize for the misprinting of the author’s name that occurred in the February 1998 issue of the Angle.**