

CLARET AND SAPPHIRE

TONI SCORSESE

night whispers a crisp sigh
skimming the bare skin
at the small of my back

drop chain and natural stone
the singular garnish there
delicately graze my spine
as I glide through the ball

my exposed shoulders
invite an organza kiss
and a bead of oil
at the nape and ankle
broadcast on the silky breeze

a trumpet sweeps around my legs
the train is smooth against
and gains hint I am
unpainted beneath

3/7/2023
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