

TWANG

By Chris Lee

I felt the strike before
the sound;
your gesture, love,
the target
found.

My love, profound,
submits; surround
my ardor with your breath.
Indeed, love feels
like unto death:
your bosom,
hallowed ground.

Draw and pull,
aim, fulfill:
let my passion flow.
From your bow
the only sound a
twang!
before I fall.