The ecstasy we felt
in November also roams December like
a starving attraction, eroding my memory
of watered-down bliss, whiskey in the winter, and
the monotony of your secret faulty bravado that sometimes leads
to unintended kisses and honed consequences.
Your broken, bedridden eyes
let me know that your leverage has not died
 redirecting and vexing with each
simple sentence. You say "Stay here" in a way that
turns me back to your bad habits
and halts any self-imposed distance. Our held
measured gazes easily reflect the prolonging of time
misspent. In the Age of Epiphanies and manic moments of
clarity, we sometimes forget our achieved maturity-
that it isn't to be outdone by a paralleled dependency
on adrenaline. The pretext of it all looms and loses effort
when all I can think is that
the mattress has expanded in your absence.