

Andy's eyes

He spoke of chainsaws and blackberries,
this man who is a friend of a friend twice removed.
Mated but fated to cross synapses with me;
to murmur softly as we sipped coffee at opposite tables.
From behind the scrim of my gaze I drank, as well, from the dark brew of his;
slaking, for a spell, my thirst for you.

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