

I Wish I Could Stretch the Night Out



Miriam Manglani

like taffy so we could lay in it longer,
a hammock for our naked bodies,
nestled crescent moons.

As the sun rises and spreads
its fingers of light
over a sleepy night,
thoughts of you leaving me
and the warmth we've created
darken the morning.

I run my hands through
your hair where wild fires burn,
stroke your warm dark cheek,
dive into the green pools of your gaze
where I drift in waves.

Between waking and dreaming,
I pull a corner of the night,
stretching it out,
to cradle the infinite stars we create.

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