

Before Dawn by Crystal Senter-Brown

The sound of your breath
on the outskirts of a dream
flies high above me/

thick with hours of
night, rest and love, in the dark
your lips find mine. The

hour is before
dawn, before the first stretch/ first
yawn of good morning.

The warmth of you wraps
around me, my soul sings your
glory/ you light the

night with love/ peeling
away the grit of the day/
our renewal/

a web, carefully spun,
each and every morning
like this one. We still

don't need words/just legs
around waist, breasts against back
we beg the sun for

a few moments more/
our love is simple and
divine, you are my

air/ my breath/ my soul
my everything/ you are the
reason my heart sings...