The Woove
February 2018
Lovemaking

It is not the hot and heavy summer
But rather the first cool breeze of autumn
That is not to say that it is cold
Rather that it carries the promise of a future
filled with fireplace and hot chocolate warmth
Okay
The sweetest rose’s hue
And the words of a poet,
As if liquid gold,
Remind me of you.

Smiles split hearts just as easily as faces,
Yours tears me in two.
Hearts race faster than a man on the run,
But your touch turns me to a fool.

Fill my soul with golden light,
For even though I already am bright,
With the luminesce of you,
I would be a whole new hue.

Remind me of love.
Childish and free.
Because when your leg brushes mine,
With you is all I want to be.
sunday afternoon
my fingers crawl
across my bedsheets
between my
thighs
they search
for you
you never come

Mary Desmond
Contributions

Conor Cadra
Rachel Hargrave
Jess Potter
Cameron Brown
Mary Desmond
Molly Graham
Megan Herrup
Stephen Moxley