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Petite

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Petite // Ashley Colón

I'll dance upon the ivy

down your spine.

Rest my tongue on the small of your back.

Your hips lull me not

into sleep.

Twisted sheets.

Sweet honey knees.

You've got freckles on your calves.

"My hand and your thigh must be having a real nice conversation"

My lips

tell your ear lobe.

I'll tickle your collar bone with my nose.

Graze, like something soft, down your invisible breast plate.

You never look more petite than when you smile that way.