Runaway Poem

J. M. Romig

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As you lay next to me, sleeping
I trace the outline of your face
I kiss the brim of your collarbone
and explore the world of You.
I find myself searching for the words
to a runaway poem.
I suspect it’s hiding around here
maybe it’s in the way that you kiss,
on the tip of your tongue
or in the movement of your hips
as you attempt an escape from
the body prison we playfully wove together
late last night.
Or is it at the bottom of that ocean in your eyes?
There’s no way I could know, for sure
so I start at your tippy toes
and investigate every inch of you
hunting down those words, so elusive.
I make my way to your lips once again and you stir
your eyes slowly widen and you smile
there it is.