

Decided (11/04/00)

By Anton Luis C. Sevilla

I would not hesitate
not for a minute,
a second,
an instant between
the rising
of a dying breath,
to take your hand in mine
clasping
with a sweet and gentle warmth
of palm against palm
of fingers so delicately
intertwined.

And slowly press
my lips
softly, gently
to yours
that you may
see me,
feel me,
and taste me...

...completely,

yours.

[pauli]