

### Your Voice

is like honey in my morning coffee

sunlight extending across the Pacific,  
a vestal snowfall on a crisp Saturday,

the peeking through of spring's first flower,  
smell of a newborn baby, an acceptance letter,

love sounds in the night, the wagging of my puppy's  
tail, piping hot maple syrup on pancakes,

cracking open your newly released book,  
a majestic waterfall, the regal mountains,

the snapping of an open fire,  
gooey marshmallows on sticks,

the warmth of your arms when you promised  
to hold me all century long, until we see

the next turn of the zodiac when we learn  
we were born and will die under the same star.