

more perfect patterns

erin st breen

there are rhyming hymns of
ecstasy writhing to crickets and
cicadas chirping out for change
when the three beer bottles
cheers to how in love they are

i'm walking into her lips, his
tongue, and limitless bundles
of laughter - a communal giggle
fit. we are naked, jumping into
a ball pit filled with bubbles
i want to almost pop