



# The Woove

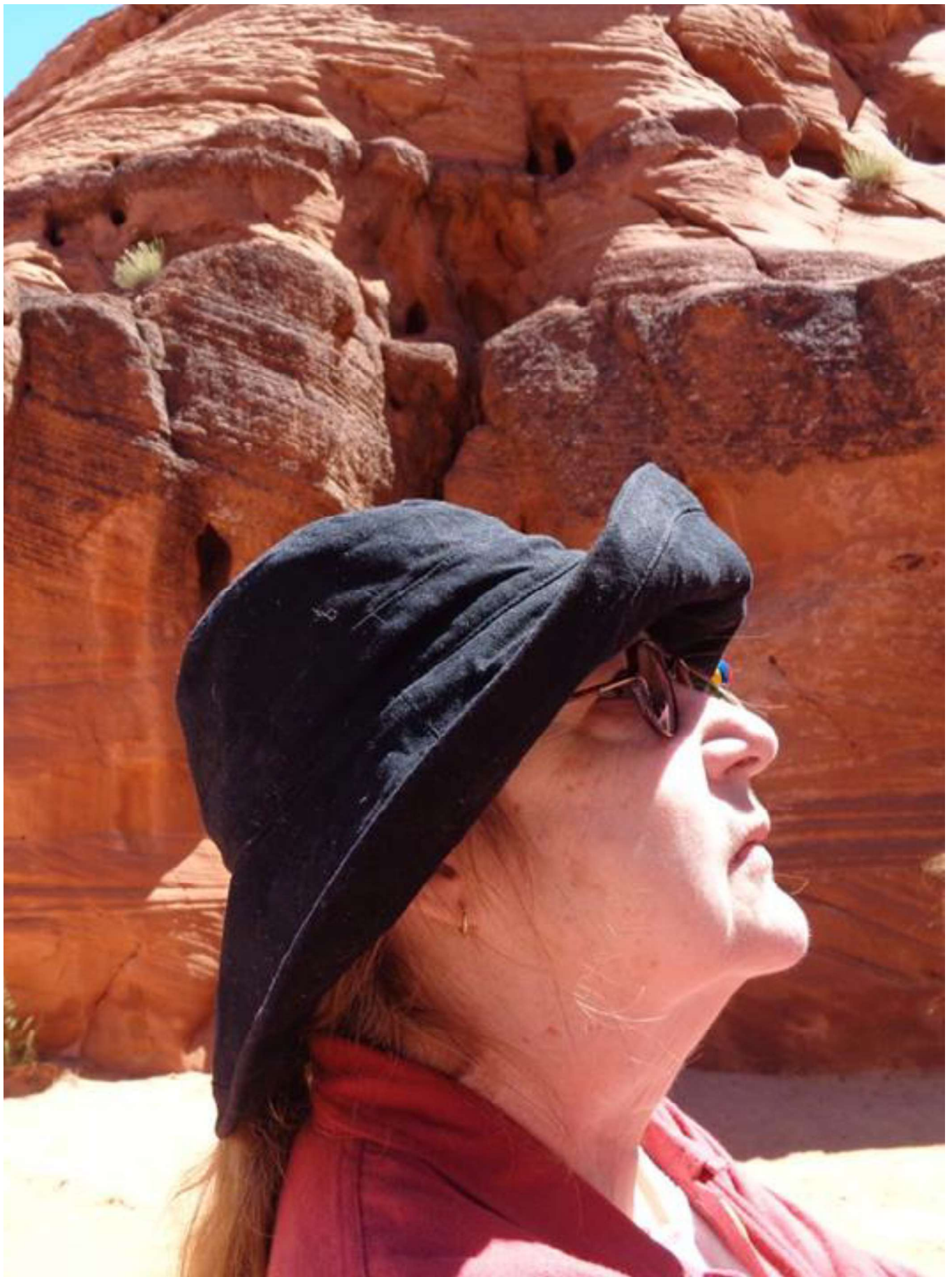
February 2018




## *Lovemaking*

It is not the hot and heavy summer  
But rather the first cool breeze of autumn  
That is not to say that it is cold  
Rather that it carries the promise of a future  
filled with fireplace and hot chocolate warmth







Okay

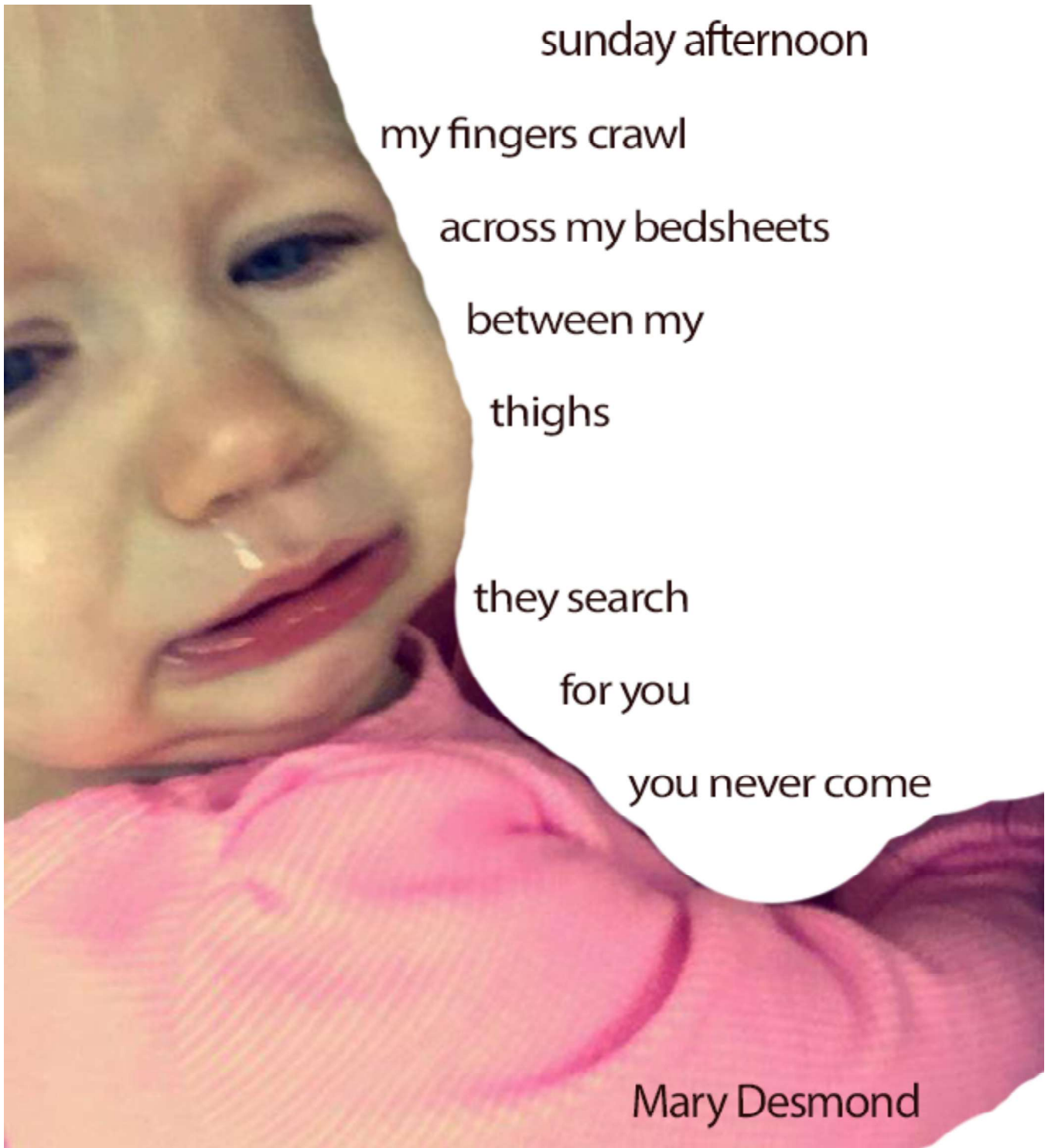
The sweetest rose's hue  
And the words of a poet,  
As if liquid gold,  
Remind me of you.

Smiles split hearts just as easily as faces,  
Yours tears me in two.  
Hearts race faster than a man on the run,  
But your touch turns me to a fool.

Fill my soul with golden light,  
For even though I already am bright,  
With the luminesce of you,  
I would be a whole new hue.

Remind me of love,  
Childish and free.  
Because when your leg brushes mine,  
With you is all I want to be.





sunday afternoon

my fingers crawl

across my bedsheets

between my

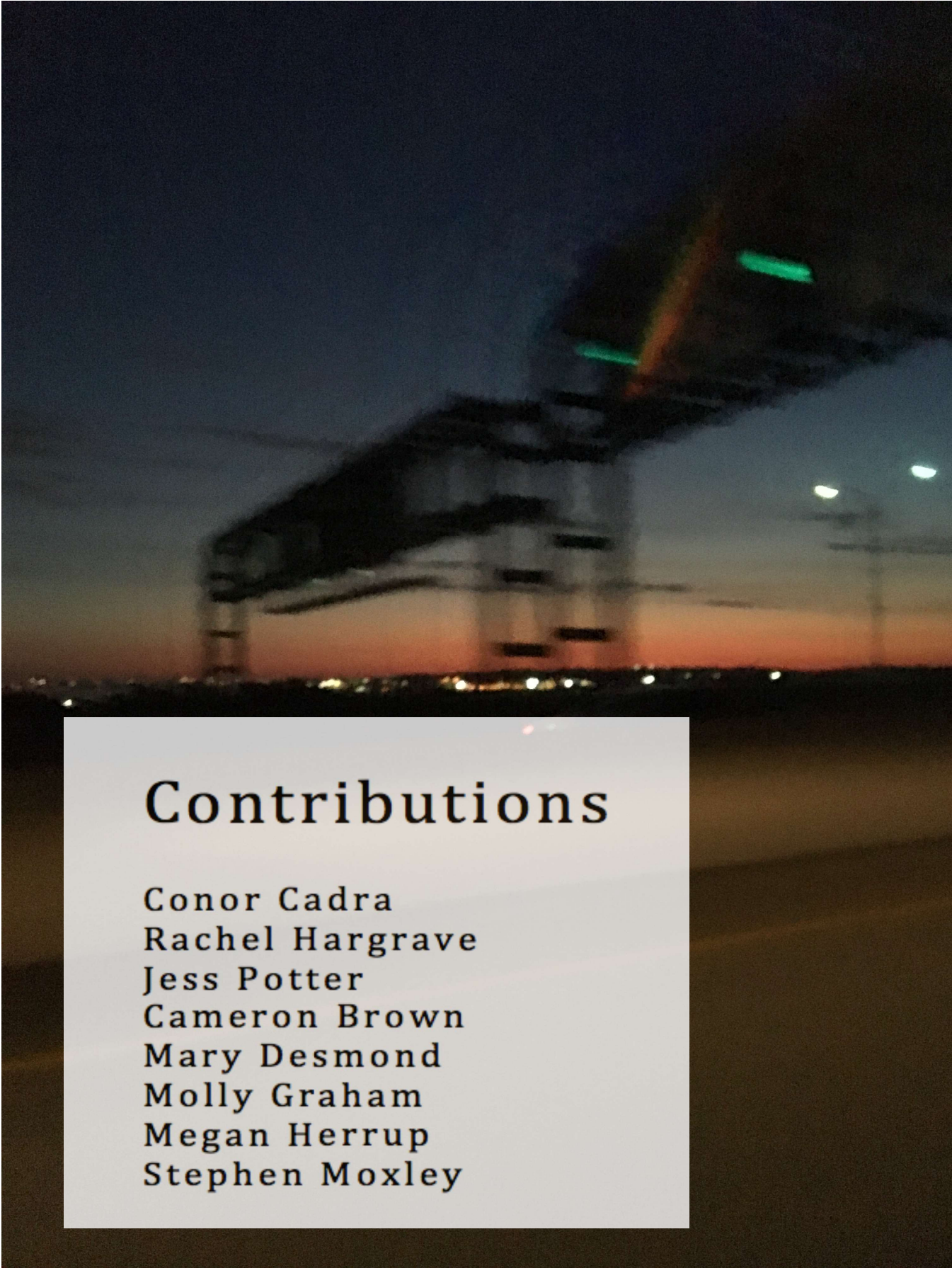
thighs

they search

for you

you never come

Mary Desmond



# Contributions

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Jess Potter  
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Mary Desmond  
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