

## Desire

I stepped outside the chapel and stood  
beside a bush, lit  
the wandering mind's synapses  
with my last cigarette.

You walked out the door behind me;  
I could feel the catch of breath  
hanging in between us--  
I turned, you smiled and left

me pondering how the eyes will  
settle on the soul's desire.  
And then each leaf stood on its branch  
and spoke in tongues of fire.