

## Wishing

I don't count sheep to sleep, never have.  
Lately though, I fall to sleep while gently,  
firmly, kissing each one of your vertebrae  
from Cervical to Sacrum as you lay  
the curve of your lithe back against  
the yielding softness of my bare breasts warm,  
my belly pressing into that  
achingly sweet small hollow  
curve of your lower back,  
my hip bones hugging your jutting  
buttocks, as you snuggle in

You sigh into me as each kiss lands  
without impatience, rhythmically floating  
down to the next like your spinal bones are prayer  
beads I roll between my lips:  
suck deep and count, breathe deep and love  
C1 you sigh C2 you breathe in C3 you moan (7 total)

I kiss Thoracic (12 each), and Lumbar (5), and Sacrum and Coccyx  
where somewhere there you must've turned  
and kissed me so deeply I think  
I've fallen to sleep, the trace of your kiss  
stunningly still vibrating on my puffy lips  
as I wake on the floor naked, wishing

Lara Slavtcheff  
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**Juror's Choice Award #4**