

Like ripe years
they rushed into cavity of treasure

diving not dipping
out-past-curfew-not-gonna-get-caught

running through every room in the house

quickly found the heat
went right for it
curtains left on the windows

camping out
squatter's rights

cellophane chord whispers
drift down the hall

beckon to
tucked crevice
soft-sided rooms

Dawdle in petal folds
yet to be discovered

linger with lust hangovers

abalone tapetum
slow shutter speed