



Those Lips

Tory Fox

I'm sure I will never find bees
making honey with sweetness to contend
with their supple hue;
or take in a horizon
holding a sunset with bend or brightness
quite as resplendent;
in the most pained places of my heart, I hold
that no Painted Gorge, no natural rock structure
eroded by the colored winds
into the stippled stones, canyons, or statues
can take the place of those etchings,
those miniscule indentures.