

## Craving You

*Diana Raab*

*(In response to: "I Crave Your Mouth, Your Voice, Your Hair" by Pablo Neruda)*

I crave after every part of you,  
from your perfectly aligned toes  
to your balding head with snowy flecks.

This morning, you stand at your shower door—  
peek as you enter under water droplets,  
I peer through frosted glass and yearn

for you to hold me, lift me up  
and twirl me around, like the ballerina  
we loved at last night's show.

I want to do everything with you:  
watch you place two steaks  
on our barbeque, baste potatoes,

and lick ice cream drips from your cone,  
and sprinkle me with kisses. I want  
no sunrises and sunsets without you,

but long for fleeting rainbows to encircle us  
and shooting stars, the guards of all our wishes.