

## Beard Burns

The soft, the sought scratches,  
a hundred stiff bristles  
learning to yield.  
A cheek will accept them,  
lips, & other places too.  
Certainly the flesh will say  
the rough has a place here, come  
on then, pores spread, melt  
like magma & shine a little  
from what rubs.  
Funny, not to feel scorched,  
the wondrous contact hardly  
leaving a mark  
but for the knowledge,  
good, good, his face was  
that close &  
over, all  
over right  
here  
&  
here.

(Not in print, mp3 available only; also available as poetry-art hybrid)