

## When the Wind Whispers

I got the morning paper while it was still dark.

The air weighed heavy.

It smiled like Florida, and I thought of you

Warm.

Moist.

Thick.

Sensuous.

Air that clung to my skin like your breath on my neck  
until the breeze blew it way with your salty kisses.

I heard the sail flap

I felt the waves thump;

And I saw the water sparkle as it rolled off your back.

I shivered and went inside.

