

Fear

- Celine Solomons

We are lying in bed
1.5 meters apart.
Sweat coats his skin like a second layer.

His gaseous skin ignites mine.
His iceberg feet touches mine.
“A sign van dood’ my Ouma would say.

He moves closer.
He hovers over my oxygenated lips.
I melt our lips together like two pots of gold creating one.

He moves closer.
I shiver,
not in lust but fear.
Fear that heaven
won’t have him in it.