Tea Time

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She can not see him, but she can feel him.
His warmth; a stove that kindles her back.
His arm rests upon the handle of her waist.
And so she feels safe in the quiet that comes just before sleep.

He sees the silhouette of her curves.
Her body melts, molding into the shape of his arc.
Her hand rests in his.
And so he feels comforted, absorbed in her aroma, her affection.
These his final thoughts,
Just before sleep.

There they lay.
She goes to sleep thinking of him.
He goes to sleep thinking of her.
Both fixed in a state of unconscious relaxation.
She is the teacup and he is the saucer.
Their dreams are the sweetest of brews.

Do they sleep soundly?
Of course.
Do they wake often?
Only when necessary.
Why is it so?
Because it is tea time, their own private party.

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Alyssa Frandsen is a sophomore in liberal studies. She likes to write and take photographs.