Marshmallows of Chernobyl

By Daniel Carrasco

I've yearned for this creature's company as long as we've been acquainted

A beautiful thing that one is, though I'd love my view to remain untainted

I supposed myself a mere nuisance if I was significant enough for second thought

I dreamt of a grandiose, permanent sort of confession, but have yet to take a shot

My aims are not nearly so sophisticated as my language

My wants are air conditioning, oxytocin, and permission to be mawkish

There we were, bidding farewell according to a well-worn routine

But I was swallowed by an embrace and shown how to feel serene

Nuzzling against my cheeks, burrowing into my heart

In that moment, I crossed into doting, which I'd forsworn as a black art

What to say of the temptation to make a peck on the cheek

I thought better of it, lest I be remembered a presumptuous freak

The disintegration of my resolve in that moment has left me changed

The hyper-dainty protocol of my heart can finally be engaged