

## **And Still I Shiver**

By Michael Alves

And still I shiver

at the passing mention of your name

What time has passed between us

I cannot even say, but I,

cannot deny,

This state of passion which you seem to dominate

Within your sight,

I know no means nor force of will

could quell my pulse-

My lips run dry

my fingers tremble, mind succumbs

To webs of paths and patterns

bound in branches of old

neurons twisted into trees

of memory-

Your gentle touch  
Or your soft hair against my chest  
Your enigmatic smile  
Or the confession of your blush

Though, no reverie could mend  
a broken trust, a disposition  
sourer by that acrid powder  
you adored  
it seems,  
much more than me.