

*Holly Feeman*

## **Getting Lost**

The road ahead,  
shrouded in darkness,  
leads to unfamiliar territory.

The trees clustered here are strangers,  
uninviting to outsiders  
who try to see through them.

Suddenly they swallow white tails,  
startled by  
the unexpectedness of headlights.

Merely passersby, he and I have no desire  
to learn anything about this unknown place.  
We seek only the familiar warmth and comfort  
found in the other's kiss and embrace.

Alluring light brown eyes,  
usually so stormy,  
soften their gaze.

With a satisfied smile,  
and a husky voice,  
he says, "Come here".

His lips, warm and gentle,  
press sweetly against mine,  
in these woods, our paradise.