Honeysuckle

Petals softer than skin
cup nectar deep & wait
for the precise moment
the tongue tip
touches
the smallest of drops.

I will inch
along
wooden fences,
climb over the tops of these trees,
even across the shale.
Rooted here
in coolest shade—
I want you
the way
honeysuckle craves
sunshine.

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Tara A. Elliott's poems have appeared in *TAOS Journal of International Poetry & Art, The American Journal of Poetry,* and *Stirring,* among others. A fellow of the Virginia Center for the Creative Arts (VCCA) and a past Poet-in-Residence of Freeman Stage, she currently serves as the president elect of the non-profit, Eastern Shore Writers Association, the director of Maryland's Salisbury Poetry Week, and the chair of the Bay to Ocean Writers Conference. She has been honored for her work in education with two Light of Literacy Awards and the MD Humanities Christine D. Sarbanes Award. For more information visit: https://www.taraaelliott.com

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