

Elizabeth Stauffer (McGraw)

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Poem: Agora 2017

The Eternal Need;

This need must be met and fed.

He is the feast that I am seeking.

Tender gaze that meets hungry eyes.

I need him like air to my lungs as I sink beneath the sea;

The waves pulling and tugging at the very being of me;

He is all that keeps me afloat and sinks a pulse beneath my chest;

The inspiration of my heart and the peace that begins my rest.