

One Kiss
by Tia D. Miller

A salty teardrop slid down her pale cheek and dropped, leaving a tiny circle of sullied whiteness on the satin pillow.

A rough finger followed the path of the tear down the smoothness, his touch light but deliberate, though once its hesitation had feared to disturb perfection.

His warm breath grew warmer as he brought it closer to her face. His eyelashes brushed invisible streaks on her forehead.

The tip of his nose rested between her brows. Skin on skin, it caressed down the line of her own nose until both lay side by side. Two sets of features matched in mirrored places.

A nervous tongue moistened dry lips. They reached out, found their home and pressed warmth down. He closed his eyes at the sweetness, daring only a moment to linger in it.

His lashes touched hers as he looked again at the face he loved so well. Another salty drop slid down her alabaster cheek, leaving two tiny circles on the satin pillow.

He breathed softly, his sigh drying the glisten his kiss had left. Then he stood, ran a hand across his eyes, and tenderly closed the casket lid, resting one damp palm against its mahogany wood.