

The painful poignancy of desire
(Postromantic poetry)
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Dream

Eyes sparkling deep
Lightest of sleep
Mouth full of kisses
All that I'm missing
Hands that explore
Lips that adore
Don't hesitate
Forget your regret
Delve into me
Swim in my sea
Ride on my waves
Find all enclaves
Richest of life
Passion and strife
Full of emotion
To and fro motion
Flow like a stream
Color my dream
Show me desire
Lift me up higher
Take my breath away
With your gentle sway
Give me a pleasure
Beyond all measure
Shine from afar
Explode like a star

Invitation

*Concentric circles of expanding emotion
Fluttering wings of butterflies in motion
Light breath hastened by excitement
Trembling hands eager to find you
Soft body seeking your touch
Fine hair leaving waves in the sand
Warm lips melt your shyness away
Tears of love invite you to stay*

My voyage to you

*Delicate lips
Quivering under
My touch
The moistness I seek
Embraces me
Inviting and warm
Flickering tongue
Absorbed in the
Hollow of mouth
Lapping the shores
Of these lands
Made for love
I let the flow
And the movement
Of your breath
Warm up my life
As wondering hands
Explore on their own
Adored and familiar sites*

The sweetness of your words

*Give me the sweetness of your words
With the tip of your tongue
Let them glide into my mouth
Smoothly, wetly, generously
Let me savor the flavor of your thought
In the tingles that run through my being
In the feelings that condense into tears
Unarticulated, overwhelming, dense
Molecules of emotion too large
To flow through the pores of my skin
Pent up inside, but ready to burst
At your most delicate touch
At a barely whispered word
Into an unbearable surge of desire
Into the secret poetry that only
Our two bodies strained with the effort
Of an almost forgotten, soothing motion
That suckles the honey, the milk, and the spirit
From the sweetness of your words*

Honeysuckle in the spring

*When I was a little girl
My favorite season was spring
The breeze brushed
With its flowery scents
The dew off my skin
And my face bloomed
With an irrepressible smile
As I ran, greeting the wind
With all the joy I could express
Through the flowing
Uninhibited movements of my body
Out of breath, exhilarated
I would stop to touch the flowers
Breathing them through closed eyes
Bending over my favorite ones
Those little white stars
Twinkling among leafy ivy
Whose nectar I would suckle
Gently, smoothly, furtively
Pressing them between my lips
Savoring like a forbidden pleasure
The unforgettable taste, scent, feel
Of honeysuckle in the spring
That now, my love, only you can bring*