

Grounded

Intimacy
without
touching.

Thick skin
undressed
feelings.

Shivers like
ice pellets
tingling.

Precious
awakening,
only you

Open arms
tree limbs
grasping.

Pristine heart
filled with
longing.

You are the
master of my
unravelling.

keep me
grounded
worlds apart.

Untouched

The sun sets and rises
lavender skies melting
into specks of golden light
into pools of darkness.

A plane in the distance
leaves a trail I can't follow.
My thoughts start pulsing.
You are missing.

At night I walk in circles.
Dirty dishes pile up,
calls go unanswered.
All I do is think of you.

On one hand, I count
just enough reasons
to keep a steady mind
though I rarely feel at ease.

Inspiration plays games
of catch and release.
When it's my turn
I write for hours.
You are still my muse.

Even in my sleep
I am untouched.
Unbothered
by other bodies,
I only reach for you.

Touched

My northern winds
are screaming

love me like everyone is watching.

In the kitchen,
a tea kettle whistling

leave traces every time we're touching.

Every light
in the bedroom dancing

just to witness your heart blushing.

I wear your name
on my hips all evening

and I feel nothing less than stunning.

Confessions

Your love pours
over me
like holy water.

I try to catch every
sacred drop
before it fades away.

A single touch
is a blessing.
A single word a prayer.

Static heart. Work of art.
Purify me
with a dirty tongue.

Bring an atheist
to her knees
and make her call out for god.

Set a blazing fire, godly lover.
I don't need church
when your body is a temple.

I can bury all my confessions
in the corners
of your collarbone.

It's a teasing taste, angel face.
Grab me by the hair
and shut the golden gates.

I will master
the art
of worshipping you.

Lucid Dreams

There is nothing gentle

about red lips, soft skin,

frosted lace over porcelain bones,

lucid dreams that leave you

d r i p p i n g -

starving for a flavor

of forever; dangerous

desires and nothing more.