Ecstasy

Fingertips etch an invisible line up my rounded calf to the milky softness of my inner thigh

ecstasy lives in the soft

untraceable kisses you leave

on my lips

my neck

squeeze my waist a little tighter

for fear I will float up to the clouds of

pure bliss trace my every curve

with your eyes and remember every detail

the feel of my shallow breathing in your ear

my grip tightening on your back

and every sigh's beautiful airy pitch

as it escapes my lungs

how my eyes close with disbelief

and the warm radiation of heat

that creeps from every pore

Love Identity

I feel like a spinning top without a grip on the string. You hold my power. Empty and still strange in this new land that once had a name I can't remember. I am an untouchable, an achuta, massacred and left in the field, rotten. I do not belong here. Your hand under my skirt, fishing for a heart. Bitter regrets fill every breath of ecstasy. Wishes or fantasies filling the time in this place, dimmed and loud with the noise of your voice. Your words come easy and fall over me, a hot shower, soon wincing as the drops hit. And after, the mirror where my face was, is blurred. Nothing here is comfortable or certain.

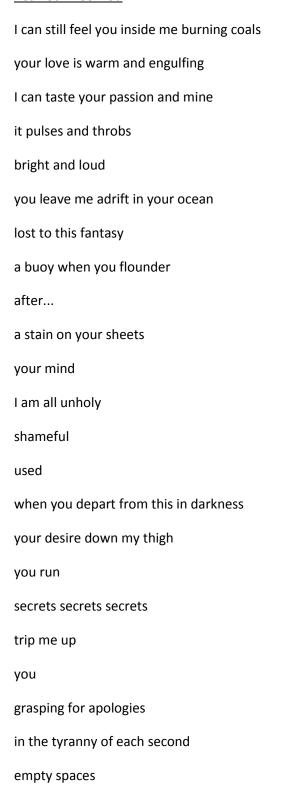
We Are Earthly Lovers Lemon rind sun above your eyes green the grounding of me my eyes blue lifted to the prosaic sky when it rains we both get wet beneath an encompassing silver light that reflects in the darkness I breathe you in as the air nectar sweet coating my tongue in rapture your words drench sheeting the leaves of my rooted tree extendin to experience your carnal light and dizzying breath

through its branches

Set Fire to My Prairie

Set fire to my prairie, wild flowers, your mouth breaks me and my wind cries, bitter sweet and baby's breath. Rest your head in my ashes and inhale my surrender, dust to dust, until I am nothing but you. Food for hungry roots searching for stable ground. You pull at my petals, a game to find the answer. Truth lies in the bare stem lost and wilted in your hand. Your rain floods my scorched, broken land. Your words defeat me, pile up and fill me until I cannot move. In the mud we are stuck, without commitment, without release. In this impasse, the impact is our despondent effacement.

I Can Still Feel You



in my fractured life with you