

Indescribable

Butterflies.

The delicate creatures that illustrate a picture of beautiful excitement.

Clammy.

An unappealing word to most, but nonetheless, a word that is used in imagining the condition of one's hands.

Thump. Thump. Thump.

The sound one's racing heart makes which, at the time, seems audible to all.

Sigh.

The breath of bottled-up air is released after realizing how comfortable one is to the other.

Deep breaths.

Nervousness is shown through the shallowness of the breath ;so, concentrating on one's breath may be a good idea.

Lips parting.

Two pairs of pink flesh glide and slip through and over one another.

Hands traveling.

Binding one to the other is simple, separating them will be a daunting task.

Mind to mind.

Perpetually destined to be by one another's side.

Love, from beginning to forever.

Stained Glass Window

The soul to my heart, and to my mind
My eyes see all that is true and blind
When your gaze met mine that day, I just couldn't bare but, to
look away
That gaze pierced me like the morning rays on a Sunday

Since then I've been in a daze
It's been too hard to shake off your grip
My heart is lost in your eyes, stuck in a maze
Every step is taken with caution, so I don't slip

My eyes are a stained glass window:
Elegant. Entrapping. Erratic.
Making it harder to look away.

Douse Me

Douse me in your unimaginable love

Kiss me with lips fueled by a fiery mind

Hold me with arms built for only the most unstable things

Kiss me again, so I can awake from this dream you put me in ...

I'm a Part of

What I have is not artificial

What I have is real even though

It feels like the best dream I've ever been in

I'm a part of something different

I'm a part of him, and he's a part of me

How lucky we are

Together we are old parts,

broken parts,

being gently glued back together to make a more whole,

beautiful structure

This structure may not be perfect to outsiders because

of its cracks and uneven surface

Unannounced to the outside world is a breathtaking inner

surface

As light streams in through the cracks of this (*my*) beautiful

structure,

the inside becomes a kaleidoscope of scattered colors all

mended

as one

Others are not able to experience the magic that occurs on the

inside as

They are too busy trying to adjust their eyes to the

imperfect outside

Oh, how lucky we are.

Oceans

Warm breezes passing by on a cool Saturday evening

are your whispers,

Soft waves gently crashing on my toes

are your touches,

And sweet nectar from the most exotic fruit is the perpetual taste
left on my lips

after meeting yours...