

Becoming Adam's Rib

Allow myself to lose myself in him
What could be the harm?
I yearn to be his Eve,
Seduced by his serpentine charm
I'm no saint; it feels damn good to be his sinner
A fiend for his opium words
No need for food...
His love alone,
Is my breakfast... my lunch...my dinner.
I am...a full blown addict...
A lotus eater of his desires,
I eat as much as he will feed
Lust shamelessly borders greed
My mind, my body, my soul- absorbs into him
Until...
Until there's no longer a 'me'
Lost in the velvet cage,
The sweet, intoxication of this 'we'
Where I am programmed to think,
No,...I believe...
That this is how love's supposed to be

Symphony

Lovely...

He whispers, sweet mouth open over

Smooth neck

Thank you...

She gasps, delighted in this respect

Paid to her sexual intellect

Art is made, a song created

As moist kisses trail down collar bone

These musical notes rain down

Across bare chest...

An operatic hum rises from her throat

As tongue suckles breasts

Nipples rise in gratitude, neither ashamed nor shy

As reckless attention is paid

Explicit beauty explored and claimed

II.

Even the mosquitoes know the sweetness of these thighs, hunh?

His touch acting as calamine to their ' love ' bites

Smoothing to the cocoa richness of her skin

Long thick fingers strum their beautiful melody

She becomes a painting brought to life; magnificent swirls of color

An O'Keeffe drawing, she is the slightly open clam shell

Her pearl revealed, all of her waiting

III.

And in all this...In awe of this

She will simply tell him...Yessss

Desire sighed discreetly in his ear

She is dripping in his scent

Melts against the broadness of his chest

Is this what was meant when asked,

"Are you wet?"

Followed by a gaze that challenged,

"If not, then we'll see..."

Because this moisture collected and released

The flooding wrought by liquefied heat,

Deserves more than those three little letters

In that simplistic word

To describe something so intense, more complex

Mash Pedal

You are the pestle to my mortar
Grinding, pounding deep, pulverizing...sweet
Words momma wisely said when I was 12
Are unwisely forgotten years later
Invert her meaning so that
Legs become loose-leaf, light and open wide
While the mind squeezes tight, shuts down to thought
Passion dims my brilliance
When I willingly become his slave
Subject myself to his dickmatization, as he,
The key to all this madness
Suffers from a severe case of pussification
Marked by a mouth spewing gibberish
We both cry out to God
A prayer of sorts for that chaotic pleasure
Thanking Him for that little death

An Artistic Dilemma

Is there a way to be an artist
A visionary with nouns and verbs
Painting dreamscapes with every third word
Without sounding as if your art is too high,
Too lofty to truly be heard
By mere mortals, like me, who are humans just being, letting themselves be?
Going through an every day existence in an ordinary world...
At least that's what you see...
Why can't it be enough...
To give the gift of laughter
Full...
Wet...
Robust...
Expecting nothing in return
Without having a desire to save the whole world?
Without thinking that my vision is the only one there is and that it's the best?
And in doing so, saying, oh so eloquently, blatantly 'Fuck the rest...'
Would it help to claim an open mind,
To love love, to honor honesty and protect peace...and yet...
Sing a different tune when faced with those who hold more simple, more mundane beliefs?
Who don't take your eccentric at best concerns seriously in the least?
Would that make me more of an artist compared to you?
If I were to adapt such a pompous view?
Then please, please allow me to explain a thing or two:
I know that I am a child of God, but I am not Jesus Christ
My words are the only thing of value that I have to sacrifice
What I say, reflects what I do and glows in what I write,
It won't save a soul, though it may inspire you to save a life...
Yet at the same time...
For me it's not so heavy, not that deep
Being a modern day Savior is not the solace I seek
I rather see pleasure in the crack of a smile until it's full grown, showing bright white teeth
Or the lines in a furrowed brow lost in thought,
Lost in wonder at the inner workings underneath
Either expression works for me
Proof of a deeper synergy,
Birth of a sparking thought's energy...
Of reading between the printed text
Seeing things that are there, but
More importantly what are not
This is my artistic dilemma...
Not yet won, but still hard fought.

Earth

You plant your seed in my soil
Hoping that if you sow deep enough
Something will take root
A feeling of more rather than the empty that's been given
To fill up the pretty vase set in your living room
Each cycle you wait, watching for signs
Signs that your efforts will bear fruit
Ripened in the sun, ready to be plucked
Yet each cycle passes with nothing taking hold
The ground gives way, no new life begun
My soil is barren, dried up and overused with nothing more to give
Cracks show in the surface, crumbling at the touch
From lack of tending, of caring, of nurturing
Slow death at the hands of a neglectful gardener