

**WHAT IS IT ABOUT YOU, MY DEAR,**

that I submit to,  
strip my clothes and reveal  
scars from the battles of my life?

What is it that creates lively currents  
I shiver from—  
my spine, down  
through my inner thighs  
my toes?

What is it about you that has  
me feel so wonderfully  
young  
alive  
sensual?

What is it that draws me to want you more,  
more than I've ever  
wanted anyone before?

Your kiss? Oh that sweet kiss  
that melts each cell  
as I surrender to who I've become

with you, while seekers  
continue to search  
for our magic.

*Mahalo* for freeing me of judgments,  
of game playing  
and name calling,  
free from all those  
daily tears at our nerves,  
I cannot thank you enough.

You're all that illuminates—  
warmth on the coldest of winter nights,  
and from moonlit waves, you arrive

placing your gentle mind's eye on  
the softest of pillows. I am one  
with you by my side  
fantasy  
and  
reality.

Still, I continue to wonder, what is it about you?

- *Diana Raab, Ph.D.*