

Diana Raab

The Dance

It's as if we dance through clouds
each time we make love.

Please be the one
who tucks me in at night

and warms me
in the morning's chill.

May I watch every sunrise with you
as we share a new day's blessing

Can I hold your head in my hands
when worries suffocate your thoughts
and nobody else seems to care?

Oh how you send longing into my green eyes.
I love the way you run your fingers through my hair.

Then, without words we gently move
into our first love-making pose,

as our hands sweep slowly
along each body part—one inch at a time,

then we both beg for more:
each in our own special way.

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