

Desire

Diana Raab

(In response to: "Love Sonnet XI" by Pablo Neruda)

I lust after every part of you—every one: your mouth—that lake where we met—and your eyes brilliant as its waters.

We walked slowly on that lake's edge, afraid to leap in too fast, afraid to dip into dangers living in its depths.

You kissed every fingerbreadth of my body. Even my scars enchanted you—oh, and how another human could be formed

with those stitches that hold me together.

Was there one part of my body you didn't cherish?

Your tongue slithered— a tiny snake—up and down my aging body. It sang under that spell. You loved my years, a twinkle in each wrinkle.

Your cerulean gaze lit my crevices
all at once limp and tense
with desire. I watched you mirror my lust.

Such tantric waiting! We waited and waited until I could no longer keep my hands and mouth away from you.

And I remembered: just allow, be with it—once again we were brought to desire's edge, before reality grabbed us back.