

A love-themed anthology

Smitten



VARIOUS AUTHORS
COMPILED BY QUILLKEEPERS PRESS

Desire

The minute you do what you
really want you feel a sense of joy,
fluttering between your heart strings
as bliss overcomes like a cat
who just found its mouse
scrambling full force around the barnyard,
or the way a homeless guy feels
when winning the largest lottery,
or the way a school kid feels
when blowing his first gum bubble
or the way a lover's eyes
glow in the dark under the neon moon.

It's just this really good feeling,
embodied in every neoplasm
of your body like
when you see your lover naked
for the very first time
or you realize that you make your own joy
and can do what you want to do
whenever you want to.

Love's Awakening

What began as an urge to have you,
something primal and needy
turned into a wanting to be one with you.

I blossomed at your fingertips,
I lost myself in your wet kisses
with soft and firm way you held me

walking through the parking lot
to our cars, your grasp which told me
you promised to never let go.

I opened myself to you
like a lily when daylight arrives
and closed up when night sprung forth.

Behind our closed doors,
your manly motions warmed me,
all your movements of love

and how you gave me pleasure—
careful strokes about my body
as I became more vulnerable
under your sacred spell.

Like a rhythmic dance
our bodies became a delicious delight
of magic as I watched
your joy meet mine

underneath our moonlight
which together we watched settle
so many more times
in a lifetime we were never able to share...

One With You

I want to saturate myself with you
be the sponge for your words

earth to ground you
pores of your skin

elastic stretching you
coat that warms you

scarf kissing your neck
icicle melting in your hand

air that embraces you
space between your shoulders

wall which encircles you
covers that cuddle you

pillow you lie on
phone you answer

voice which soothes you
plate you eat from

eyes you pierce
last one to make love to you

one to smell your final breath
sky which you drift into

and first to carry
you to your final resting place.

Twisted

Night time has fallen,
as we collapse after hours
snaked about our naked body parts
while a bottle of cab sits empty in its ice.

In silence, I pull you towards me
to taste your sweaty sweetness—
Heat flows from your toes to your mind.

Sweet moans blended with cabernet,
outside rain falls upon closed windows:
beside places we made love—

Once on our treetops
once in circles around sofas
once on a stairwell
once on that heaven we called ours.

Twice on your table
falling into bed upon shimmering sheets
pulling one another close
over and over and over again.

I'd lie anywhere with you,
borders bare naked,
if you keep serving me wine
and continue your tantric touching

in places that have never seen day's light—
on empty paths before of us
stealing our bodies

until we are zip-lined into that reality
that eventually tears us apart.

Dictionary of Eros

aflutter: what her heart felt when she saw him step onto the sand

capricious: as the sister of unpredictable, she knew this to be part of the enticement

elegy: the reflective story she wrote after their four-hour romantic encounter

ennui: how she felt when she was with her lover

ephemeral: how she summed up the nature of their rendezvous

fantasize: what she did when she couldn't be with him

faux pas: what he made when he'd asked if she had liposuction

fervent: how she felt once they climbed into bed together and snuggled under the heated blanket

fortuitous: the nature of their chance encounter on a nude beach on the day where no one else showed up

lascivious: the way she described his lust; a praying mantis closing in on a new found bug

maxim: the general truth was that it was all a dream

muse: his effect on her creativity whenever his eyes slipped under her skin

nexus: the center of their orgasmic moment seemed to last for an eternity

nidget: what she called the person who said they'd be sexually incompatible

nugget: the lump of firm gold found in his pants

orchid: the beautiful showy flower which in Greek describes his testicle

purple: the psychic color uniting their spirits

rhetoric: his word choice at the right moment sending her into an **orgasmic frenzy**

serendipitous: their midnight encounter which was meant to be

tenacious: the determination of two kindred spirits sharing orgasms

sticky wicket: a situation where there is no way out

vehement: their panic at the know of the door

wanderlust: a strong desire to travel



Diana Raab, PhD, is an award-winning memoirist, poet, blogger, speaker, and author of 10 books and is a contributor to numerous journals and anthologies. Her two latest books are, *Writing for Bliss: A Seven-Step Plan for Telling Your Story and Transforming Your Life*, and *Writing for Bliss: A Companion Journal*. Her poetry chapbook, *An Imaginary Affair*, was recently published in July 2022 with Finishing Line Press. She blogs for *Psychology Today*, *Thrive Global*, *Sixty and Me*, *Good Men Project*, and *The Wisdom Daily* and is a frequent guest blogger for various other sites. Visit: www.dianaraab.com.