

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.