

Poetry

Love's Awakening

Diane Raab

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.



At the Père Lathuille Restaurant
Édouard Manet