



Sensual Diaries

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Our Temporary Universe

by Diana Raab

On those days when we lie together—
me on your barely shaven chest

sprawled upon the hotel's crisp white sheets
with our legs snaked around one another,

I feel our universes woven together
beneath the skirt of my life

and sunken into the ethers you and I share
during our effervescent moments together.

We get lost in our sense of euphoria
mingled within our after-sex delight

pushing away our own personal boundaries.
All this, right up until the moment I turn my head

towards yours, fingering
your salt and pepper flecks upon our pillow

and during that window of ten minutes
after love-making, and pose the question

every woman wants to know
during the moment when we are one.

You gently place a kiss upon my forehead
and firmly squeeze my right deltoid

referencing my rhetorical question,
all the while your kisses arrive in buckets

suspended from the silken blue skies above,
as I feel our hearts beating as one

while time snakes ever so slowly
around the temporary universe we have created

right there, in the cusp of our hearts
held firmly in both of our hands.

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