



Sensual Diaries

December 13, 2024

Tantric Acquaintance

by Diana Raab

Did you know your name is written across the blank whiteness of my page, a quiet reminder of the magical entry you made into my life in that highway coffee shop where our eyes linked as I marched behind a row of java hunters, while no one else existed on my mission to the table which held you reading that sexy novella with the nude woman on the front, upright in your paternal prowess, black jacket and ribbon of kindness in gestures under your neckline as you stood upon my arrival, a greeting rarely performed by a twenty-first century man. I figured you were properly raised in the hills of France, goats in one hand and a bottle of Burgundy in the other as without hesitation and probably without your knowing, you quickly pierced and piqued my psyche in a way you could never take back as without you knowing I jammed that moment into my designer purse slung on that coffee shop chair and then after sipping java I stared into your brilliant blue eyes wondering if you were the man of dreams or of the imagination I am accused while all the passerbys held on right beside your six foot frame as I wondered if you really read the words in that book while I dove into your arms, the ones which tangled me in their desire inside the magical encounter in our very veneered world.

<https://www.sensualdiaries.com/post/poetry-by-diana-raab-phd>