1000 Rooms

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This was written the day the drought broke last summer. The analogy seemed fitting.

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/love-poems/1000-rooms.aspx

1000 rooms

 rain is finally falling, I can hear it hit the ground above me.
thunder and lightning roll across the sky
fucking each other relentlessly.

their sweat falls from the sky
cooling air and earth, quenching thirst, washing air.
the early morning thrum on the roof launches 1000 beds

 charged with

electricity thick in the sky, thick in her cries
she urges thunder to crash harder,
pound louder keeping up with the crack light & raw energy

 and

thunder catches her unaware
pressure explodes in his grip the sonic rip
unleashes awesome release. ice falls from the sky.

1000 rooms catch rhythm and flow,
windows glow from sparks and fire
in 1000 rooms as passion crashes around and through
heated cool relief.

perfect porn painted across angry skies senses
pierced and purring, slow rain descends

as lovers decide what violent act is next.

bruised and swollen grudges
barely announced thunder circles an impossible prey
she dances with fury and raw aggression
bent only by him

yet,

inextricably linked fire and ice coalesce
emotion unchecked as adrenaline crackles
across the sky;
900 beds are still twinned with the storm.

circling in on it self unchecked
the calm center emerges
time slows space stretches
infinity envelopes lovers
as rage and love weave ecstasy...

WHIPCRACK!

she strikes thunder relents,
power starting to ebb
her fury unleashed fully as she strides to take control
taking at will her power from him.

500 rooms still keeping pace as
fury becomes passion becomes sultry becomes sweaty becomes
mixed with each other as furnace becomes slowfire.

swollen skies give way to soft drizzles
steady waves of after math ebb and flow
the rhythm is still there and
200 rooms wont be left today.

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