Darkness of Lust

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Darkness of Lust
Walking with no purpose.
Endless sidewalks that hold no reasoning to why or what I am searching for.
Nearer I feel to something that should be around the next corner is getting farther and farther from me.
Waiting for something to hit me and wake me up from the endless wandering around,
But
My feet keep on walking and walking like I am forever lost within the abyss of nothing.
How can this be?
When will it come full circle?
Entrance of shadows of haunting my insanity with voice that I can’t sake from my memories or heart and soul.
Why do I hear this haunting voice in the dark calling out my name?
When or when will I find this haunting call upon the winds of destiny?
A single touch.
A single glance is all I need.
One single kiss would set soaring into a reality.
Beneath this trembling flesh, I long to be alive, so can this haunting voice please, oh please show me some mercy and set me free to dare everything with it.
No light.
No substance I can touch.
No air to breathe.
Why is this darkness swirling around me like endless dance of nothing?
What is it keeping me from seeing or finding?
I hear you.
I feel you.
Damn I know this is something I must surrender too,
But
Its so damn far away from my reach or sight.
The hallow touch of coldness is floating around me.
The trickling of sorrow is weeping my longing lingering in the shadows for one single touch, one

single kiss, why is this lost from reach?
Face of mine has no reflection within the shadows of darkness.
I am real
Or
I am dead wishing to be alive.
What is this strange sensation my body feels, what is this tingling with my heart, how can my soul be jumping like a wild dance within me?
I don’t get it.
I turn and turn.
Each time I walk, I feel something is lost to me that needs me to find it,
But
What is it?
I pause.
I fall back against the wall.
My hand reaches out.
I feel the need the raise and dare, my body jerks, as my hand reaches into the shadowy mist in front of me.
Warmth.
How can this be.
My fingers grabbing.
My hand needing to touch whatever is out my sight.
No longer will I be manipulated to feel lostness, I take deep breathe.
I hear you.
I know you are there.
Please oh god please, take my hand now.
Let me live.
Touch me.
Kiss me
Caress me in ways to make soar from this darkness.
No more lostness.
No more wandering alone.
I know you are meant to be with me, as I am meant to be with you forever.
Heavy swirling of emotion.
Diving into this wicked and strong passionate feeling.
Hunger that was once just a endless need to wander about is now a ignited to raging purpose to reach out of the darkness into the warmth.
Expose is my heart and soul to overwhelming need to grasp upon the hand that has taketh hold upon mine.
The need inside is growing like wild fire.

Shadows that once illuminated around me screaming and pulling me back.
I whimper my pain, as the hand pulls me, as the shadows pull at my body.
I scream.
I grasp hard upon the hand.
Tears fall.
I reach with my other hand to grasp upon the hand holding my another hand.
Squeezing.
Praying.
Hoping.
The hand will hold and rescue me from this hellish hallow existence within the darkness.
Burning with desire.
Wanting to be free.
Aching.
I fall.
My eyes opens.
I see haunting green eyes looking at me.
He smiles.
I smile back.
Our lips consume each other’s lips like hungry beasts.
Now I am free.
Now I can breathe.
Now I can see what I was calling out to me, it was always you.
Now you are always loving me.
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