Her

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This is how I feel about my love.

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

I think of you glistening, wet, standing in the shower like Boticelli's Venus

And as I think of you my eyes close and I feel my hands on your body

Sliding up from your beautiful hips until they cup your magnificent breasts.

I can feel your nipples harden as I brush them with my fingertips,

Pushing out in desperate urgency as if I might forget them otherwise.

I feel my body pressed against your body; moulded together, skin to skin.

My hand starts to travel, slowly, downwards until it reaches that soft mound below.

My fingers trace patterns in that hair and gradually move to touch the outline of your lips.

You turn your head and kiss me gently and I respond with little bites to your lips.

My fingers now have found their goal and one, then two, slip inside you.

My palm presses and caresses as my fingers slide together,

Your nipple hard between the fingers of my other hand.

Selfish pleasure and awareness of other mix deliciously together

And you feel my manhood pressing against your moist warmth.

Slowly I push myself inside you in one long movement until I am buried completely

Our bodies fused in every way possible.

Together, joined as one, we stand with the water cascading down on us.

Ah, my love, what ecstasy you bring to me in every word, every look, every thought.

For even when the dream breaks I still feel myself inside you.

I still feel your breast in my hand, your erect nipple in my fingers.

I still feel your breath in my mouth as we kiss so tenderly.

I still feel the awesome wonder of your love for me.

I still feel the incredible power of my love for you.

And even when I only think these things I feel a consummation

And a sense of total one-ness with you

For I love you in body, in mind, and in spirit.