How Must It Feel?

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How must it feel
To have you wrap your arm over me
As I wriggle backwards
To press my bum against your hips,
Teasing innocently and blithely
As I get as close as I can?
How must it feel to be
Covered by the duvet and
Enveloped by your hot, magnetic presence?

Clean, fresh cotton sheets,
And naked skin to naked skin;
Hot chocolate and a plate of fresh cookies
Grow cold by the candle
As our heat begins to rise,
Whilst the icy rain lashes the pane
And the lonely wind bemoans its isolation.
How must it feel to be with you?

If I sighed my happy-noise sigh,
Will you smile in the knowledge that
You make me happy?
How must it feel
To be gently cuddled by the
Rumble of your chuckle
As I sleepily tell you,
"I proper love you, I do"?
And how must it feel to have
No reply,

Save the reaching of your heavy arm
And flexing hand
That kneads my naked breast,
And the hot, moist whisper
Of the growing depth of your breathing
As my body awakens yours?

How must it feel to let you turn me over
To lie on my back
And let you see into my scared, but hungry, eyes?
One large hand kneads the other breast,
And a leg slides over and between mine,
Unlocking fear-tense thighs
And binding my soul to your purposes.
How must it feel to be in your sight and your hands?

Hot body climbs onto hot body,
Deep passion stirring below,
Feeling this moment
And pounding thunder through the velvet darkness,
The birthing of a universe
As the stars burst out of the void
And the earth spins from Empty
And becomes Something,
A teeming creation that grows
Beyond the creator's flexing hand.

Slick, cinnamon-salty skin
Slides in the pressure cooker
That broils fervency in a vat of honey oil,
And all sense is lost in the darkness
Of that passion,
Growing countless forests of spiral galaxies,
Infinite gleaming treasures of almost-pain,
Pleasure so heavy that the body is crushed
Senseless and careening
Against eternity's open heart
As the creator pounds inside his art,
Filling the new world to overflowing,

Giving and taking away in deep strokes
And thrusts of rigorous longing
And a need to have his art love him back.

Held breath on the last universe-rending thrust
Holds the world captive in buzzing suspension,
The single moment before
The starbursts and roaring weight of molten lavafalls
Pop, spark, sizzle, gush and rumble-thunder
Down the vast mountainside of invincibility,
Tearing all reason and sense out of the living,
Removing all that there ever had been,
Laying waste to all the old and
Making pure space for the new to Become.

I wonder how it must feel.

And I wonder if you will ever
Show me.

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