

Portal

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More than just your picture...

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Lost in the night,
You're somewhere out there,
Flying my dreams like a kite in the moonlight.

I need you.

There are no urges I can satisfy
Without the brush of your lips
On my hungry mouth;
No desires to be sated
Without your strong hands
Kneading my flesh
With your whispers of craving
And darkest secrets
Echoing through my body.

Stretch my soul with your infinite gaze,
Staring through me from the clouds you ride on.
Place your hand over mine
As I creep it down,
Over my breasts,
Squeezing here,
Stroking there,

And watch me.

Watch me...

This mass of pixels is not an image,
It's a portal through which you watch me breathe
And dream
And reach for you in the darkest hours,
Through which you smile with my sunshine
And dance through my showers,
Through which you comfort me
When I need your sighing kisses.

See me...

The deeper you stare into my hazel-blue eyes,
The hotter you scorch my skin.
Blood pumping,
Heart pounding,
Lips throbbing
Above and below...

Your hand over mine
Creeps us down to my mound,
And you push on me gently,
Feeding my ache...

Your fingers atop mine
Slide to my desperate pouting
As my swollen lips try to suck on you.
Finger on finger,
You slide between me,
Wetness engulfing all I surround,
Hot juices flooding
The air around us,
And I wonder if you can smell me
From your seat in the stars.

Smear me...

Sliding, wet, slippery,
Gliding fingers on fingers
Rub over my inner blessings,
And I wonder,
As you watch me through your pixel portal,
Do you want to lick these fingers
And suck them dry
As you pound into my slick velvet?
Do you wish I watched you too,
As you stroke your cock
And spurt your dreams,
That my lips wrapped around you
And my trembling legs pulled you deep?

Fingers on fingers,
Pushing inside,
Richly ripening,
Throbbing thrusts,
I stare into your eyes
As I feel your hand guide me
Across the dusky night,
And I wonder...

As I stare into your eyes
On my bed,
Alone,
Feeling the whisper of your fingers
Over mine as we spread these swollen lips
And these scalding sweet juices,
Can you taste me on your skin
As my breath washes over you
With hungry, searching need?

Do you watch for me in the night
As I call you, spirit to spirit?
I desperately hope and I pray to the stars
That these phantom fingers are your joy,
And not my desperate, broken fantasies.

For to lose your reality
From the dreams I hold dear
Would be to edge me to ecstasy's chaos
And not let me fall.

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