

1000 Rooms

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Published on Lush Stories on 14 Feb 2013

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

<https://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. june 30, 2012