

A Goddess In Leather

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Homage to the Goddess, tribute to the Muse.

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/love-poems/a-goddess-in-leather.aspx>

We met on the dusty crossroads,

Of a nameless, silent town,

A place by fate forsaken

When the full moon wore a frown.

She was a leather goddess,

An exile from the abyss

With eyes of living fire

And sweet venom in her kiss.

Her lips the colour of fury,

Her skin, in the manner of old:

White as the billowing towers

Of cloud in the heartland of cold.

I tasted flesh opalescent,
Violet and crimson with life,
And therein raged unrelenting
The forces of storm and of strife.

That night we both drank the nectar;
The salty-sweet essence of lust.
She matched me measure for measure,
Returning each kiss and each thrust.

Her eyes alight with the embers,
Her limbs incandescent with flame
Invoking all that is pagan,
Calling the storm gods by name.

I loved her fiercely till morning,
Riding her untamable steed
Through boundless lust and through laughter
Until all our passions were freed.

I awoke in expectation
Of sweet love craft, rare and unknown,

And of beauty glowing before me,

But found that I lay all alone.

I then searched every corner

Of that fate-forsaken town

But found no trace at all of her;

Best I let my sorrows drown.

Fading marks upon my body,

Visions that linger in my eye

Are all I now have left of her;

These and the swirling, spectral sky.