

# And Do We?

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Published on Lush Stories on 01 Nov 2012

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This poem only available on Lush Stories . If you are reading it elsewhere, it has been stolen. And do we wonder what the other is thinking? Who sits at the window into this glaring world Of flirtations and cyber smooching And pictures of fucking couples? Does it mean more If the images are black and white, Subtle hints of intimate moments Snatched across the seas of pixels With a lens in moody, shadowed rooms? Or does it mean more To bombard a profile with Sixteen pussies and a bucketful of cum? Spunky penis here, Gaping chocolate starfish there? Who types these words And says them aloud to the screen Of that private album? Who wishes the written caress Was real, And the letters we grow were softly breathed In the ear of the one For whom our hearts jump high? Would the heart jump If the eyes saw the cliff it was falling from? Would the spirit leap If the ears heard the panting of sexual hunger? Would the soul crave If the skin felt the heat of hot breath in reality? Here we sit, Knee to knee, Forehead to forehead, Palms to palms With the wish of our mouths meeting And the confusion of the unknown Boiling and bubbling up and over the fantasy Of what may or may not be ours to grasp. Does your picture to me mean what I might hope, Or do you just offer in harmless fun? Do my words to you bring a gentle smile Of warmth and longing And a thrill of "I wish..."? Or do we slide down this labyrinth Of electronic love and flirtation, Never having that pint with our mates, Never sharing a last cookie with one whom we felt meant more? And shall I lay my silly heart On my e-sleeve? Shall I write you epistles of how I never saw the depth of this emotion ocean coming? Do you snigger because I wrote "coming" in my poem, Or because what I write could be real? How many tears have I cried for you, The yearning and hoping that You might watch for me by night And write to me by day in your mind, Aching for the keyboard to have your say And my reply? Or does that miraculous wanting Fade to nothing when I turn off the power at the socket? Does my tongue kiss the back of my teeth, Wishing it was petting yours for real? Do I wriggle the pillows closer as I read Your last messages in my midnight bed And wait for my own warmth to Give me a whisper of your longed-for presence beside me? Do I wish you did the same When I sent you the hug smiley? Is it a game, to make you love me As deeply as I can, To make you wish you could hold me for real? Is it only a game if you really do, Or consigned to a game if you really don't? Are my fingers yours As they slide

into my hot hole? Is it you who smears My own liquid lust over my lips And sucks it hard from my fingers? Is it really my tongue-tip That feathers up the base of your hard, throbbing shaft, And my little fist that Takes your width And pumps it fast and tight? That breeze on our necks... Is it the desire we feel That stretches across the miles and minutes and hours To let each other know we fit together In this pixel world As well as this earthy realm? Will we speak to each other With fucking in our mouths And selfishness in our hearts, Or speak with intimacy And feel with passion? Or shall we mix them all And grow this flirtation to a bed of sunflowers? Do we fear the reality And crave the fantasy, Knowing none of these questions make sense Or reason? Or do we sit at the window into this glaring world Of flirtations and cyber smooching And pictures of fucking couples And have a quick wank After we pass the time of internet with each other Just because we're there? How do you feel about me? And do you wish to know how I feel about you? Let us continue with our contemporary choreography, Until the principle dancer leaps forward With their un-sent e-mails clutched In their sweaty palm, And declares it all ends at dress rehearsal, Or that the houselights are up and The First Night begins. Who shall go first? You or me? This poem only available on Lush Stories . If you are reading it elsewhere, it has been stolen.