

Desire

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A poem I wrote long ago, about lust and longing

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What would it be like to touch you? To pull you close and hold you? The desire makes my heart burn. Yet, I can not. What would it be like to feel your breath upon my cheek? To hear you breathe, the whisper of your sighs? The thought of this excites me. Yet, I can not. What would it be like to undress you? To expose your breasts to the light? To feel the soft skin, the firmness? To touch them with my lips? My palms sweat with the thought, my pulse quickens with desire. Yet, I can not. What would it be like to feel your warmth? Your body pressed against mine? The feel, the sight, something for every sense. Fully engulfed by you, within you, IN you. The thought inspires a desire unmatched. Yet, I can not. What would it be like to see you? Alone in your ecstasy? To know the thoughts you keep inside, expressing them only to yourself? Yet, I can not. For these my dreams, my hopes, my desires. My fantasy, perhaps never to be fulfilled, never to be forgotten. For you belong to another....