

# Everlasting Laboring Love

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*In the darkness of the night...*

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In the darkness of the night, Under the full moon and stars above, I lay watching her breathe as she sleeps, And thank God for her everlasting love. The rise and fall of her mounded chest, Inhaling and exhaling softly its perfect peaks, Shows the beauty of the life laying still That has often left me momentarily weak. The silky paleness of her soft skin Illuminated gently by the hue of the moon, Glows softly the tenderness that only she gives Like a baby still in its mother's womb. The gentle contour of her smooth sloping mound, Highlights her personal line of loving affection That only she's ever opened to me, For us to share that one and only loving connection. But when she wakes and looks at me, The beauty I see just steals the scene; The smile, the love, her whole being, Makes it easy to show what she means. In the darkness of the night, Under the full moon and stars above, We sit holding each other in a tight embrace And thank God for our everlasting laboring love.