

# His kiss

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His kiss, my kiss, his lips to mine. The touch mind blowing, the passion divine. His caress of my body, his breath on my neck, His eyes locked on mine, we're frozen in time. The energy he projects, he makes me want more, a dramatic affect his love has formed. I want him, I need him, his heart and all. He opens up to me as we fly over spring to fall. Time has now been lost, all in his kiss, his touch, his feel, my every wish. Through this act, we speak aloud, he tells me of his love and his darkest cloud. He speaks of this cloud being his heart broken, he speaks of the storm being love fallen. He once held back, but then let loose, I've gained his love and devotion too. His kiss is his way of giving all to me, his kiss is his way of making his plea, his kiss is his way of giving his heart, his kiss is his way of establishing our start. I'm truly happy now with my final love, his kiss is the world and all the stars above.