

# I Wonder....

By BigRod

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*Poem*

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I wonder what she thinks of me.. This woman posed in thong.. She dresses dark and quietly.. After being together all night long.. Strangers met and huddled close.. We teased and touched in idle play.. Our eyes beheld the one we chose.. Wanting coupled passion without delay.. Lips so soft and begging more.. Fingertips mapping erogenous zones.. Bodies twined like no one before.. Mouths and tongues amidst our moans.. Every move intended to please.. Each led then followed when given turn.. Quivering flesh in liquid release.. As orgasms mounted when fully earned.. The night grew long as hours passed.. Urging each other to greater desires.. Seeking the magic to make this last.. Until our passion could go no higher.. Yet story told in future time.. A life together in just one night.. She rose and dressed in silent rhyme.. Then left the room and out of sight.. I catch her scent every now and then.. That night forged from memory.. She stunned my heart I tell my friends.. I wonder what she thought of me...