

# Lust

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**I used my creativity to write this. I reserve all rights to it. If you use my plots to produce an adult film, I expect you to fly me in to supervise!**

*A poem I wrote to a lover, to remind her why I returned.*

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/love-poems/lust-2.aspx>

I must take care, pushing it away until the time is right. She gave it to me. It's like a pornographic photo, tucked away in a wallet. Not to be shared with others. Not to be displayed where it offends co-workers. Not to be gazed upon while building imaginary worlds of reckless abandon. Not to be thought of if those thoughts bring about noticeable physical response. She knows it's there. She worries that the image isn't clear. She worries that it will always be tucked away. She worries it might be too big. She worries it might be too small. She wants it to be there. She knows I'm here. Without acknowledging, she unconsciously steps into the pose. I cannot see her and not see it in her. See it in me, see that she has it too. A hug- too polite - and it flares within me. Yet she walks away. Does she wait for me? She smiles and chats and shows her tat. She tells a joke and touches her hair. She does not touch me. 'Though she turns a bit and mimics the pose. The ebb and flow of the tide carries me on. And nature teases, memories to taunt. Smooth skin curves at the waist. Soft hair tickling my shoulder. The heat of skin as I breathe it in. A soft cry of completion. Her body is celestial; of the heavens. And like gravity, the lust pulls me back around. Do I wait for her? She smiles and chats and shows her tat, Quotes a movie and touches her hair. I touch her; the barest caress of her arm. She turns her body to mine. So close - we pose. The memories flood my mind's eye. My body over hers. Her body over mine. Her breasts on my chest. My lips on her shoulder. My hands squeezing her ass; her... Her eyes find mine. She sees it in me. Her eyes betray. I gave it to her. It's like a graphic romance novel tucked away under a mattress. Not to be shared with others. Not to be read where it offends co-workers. Not to be remembered with a lusty sigh while waiting for reality to catch up. Not to be thought of if those thoughts bring notable physical response. I knew it was there. I worry that the story is cliché. I worry that it will always be tucked away. I worry that it might be too big. I worry that it might be too small. I want it to be there. I must take care, now the time is right.