

Making Sense

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Does love have a meaning?

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If ever love has sought a meaning, the simple case for love is this: your brown eyes in the half-light grinning as, stirred from sleep, we bend to kiss. Drowsily we drift together and, seeking sense in love's commands, write our truths upon each other in wordless poems, with our hands. Slowly.... slowly.... time and distance fade and languid limbs commence summoning with sweet insistence needs that have no future tense. Each tendered touch of grazing fingers draws from your lips complicit sighs that guide my hand that flows, then lingers so lovingly between your thighs. Faster now.... dismissing reason, our bodies merge to one intent: if love's owed sense, this act is treason, each end exquisite punishment. Salved, we sleep and, at our waking, in each other's eyes know this: if love has sense, it's in its making or, better yet, has none, but is.