

Maybe...

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broken heart

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Maybe it was just a dream.. but it felt real.. how my heart pounded so hard in my chest as I knelt over you.. the way your eyes stared up at me.. telling me everything I needed to know without words.. the way the buttons of your blouse felt in my fingers as I slipped them through each casted opening.. Maybe it never happened.. but it felt like it did.. the way your breasts swayed freely as I opened your blouse.. how you lifted your hips as I pulled your panties from your body.. the quiver in my fingers as they traced you.. somehow sending your image to my mind... Maybe I wasn't really awake.. but it felt like I was.. watching that lone trickle of sweat cascade between your breasts.. and settle on your stomach.. the way your lips tasted as my tongue searched and probed.. hearing the soft moans echoing in your throat as my mouth sought and found the wetness of your body.. Maybe you were never really here.. but it felt like you were.. the heat of your soft naked body melting me into you.. the twining of hands.. arms.. legs.. tongues... into a single sexual moment.. with all of the secrets and privileges offered to each other.. the moment lessened only by the need to make it last as long as possible.. and maybe.. now that you're gone.. I don't hurt so bad I want to die.. but it feels like I do...