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How do we bridge the gap between desire and reality?

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How can I want more when I already have everything? Greed and desire, Can I tell the difference? You, who have been my friend, My everything, Can I really ask for more? When I have cried, You have cried with me, When I have laughed, You have laughed with me, When I say I love you, You say it to me too. When I am alone, You remind that I am not. When I am near my end, You remind that there is still more ahead. Can I really ask for more? Dark nights alone on a sofa, Others seemingly so close to me, But you know how far away they are. Sounds of others breathing in the night, But you know my breath is unheard, Unfelt. But you feel me breathe, But only in words and images. You make the sounds that break the silence, But they are the sounds of the heart and soul. More. You are everything to me, But I want more. I want your touch, Your hand in mine, Your hand upon my flesh, Stroking and caressing, Exploring and enjoying. More. Do you remember Tuesday morning? Yes, that Tuesday, Driving nowhere together and my hand upon Your knee and my hand taking your hand And placing it... you remember? More. Did you feel more? Did you feel the pulsing Hardness and the energy of More desire running through the Veins filled with blood, Blood running hot, Blood engorging and filling and More? Did you want more? More. Do you remember that Sunday walk? Yes, that Sunday, And a hand boldly touching the round and soft Flesh behind you, touching you and giving promise Of more? How can I want more when you give me everything? More is never enough with you. I want it all. Your heart. Your soul. Your body. I want more. When I say I want more, What will be your reply?