

# Night Love Redux

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Published on Lush Stories on 14 Feb 2012

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/love-poems/night-love-redux.aspx>

The rush of water in the flushing toilet breaks the late night stillness. I hope it hasn't awakened you, and I wish I had closed the door. When I come back to the bedroom, you are lying on your side, Peacefully sleeping. Your left arm is bent beneath the pillow, and in your right hand you clutch the covers Tightly beneath your chin. "Are you cold?" I whisper. The child in you sleepily replies, "Uh-huh." I slide back into bed, beneath the covers and snuggle my hips against your ass. My flaccid member fits in the cleft like tree root growing from a hanging wall. It belongs there. I gently rest my elbow in the hollow where your hip and waist meet, And lay my arm along your side, my hand on your shoulder. Your torso and my arm meet full length, and become as one. Again, the warmth and softness of your skin briefly marvels me, As it always does at first touch, and I smile to myself. Bending my left arm, I grab the sheet and pull it down Between us so that it shields your back from the cool draft. "Thank you," you mumble, still mostly asleep. "I love you," I say. And we both drift off again.