

# Ritual

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*I was challenged to write BDSM poetry a while back.*

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

Ritual  
Side by side, perfectly measured and matched  
She works by feel as much as by sight  
Candle's flickering tongue turning her into shadow  
Only her voice remains, and the outline that is etched  
Into memory, perfect curves stealing breath  
Each sure touch captivating  
A prayer, silent, balances on dry lips  
As she begins, taking each wrist  
So carefully and yet there is iron in her grip  
Cold and unyielding as she binds me  
Her prisoner  
With cords of love, unbreakable and eternal  
A present adorned with ribbons and bows  
Wrapping paper long since stripped  
Revealing so much beyond flesh and blood  
Bound by love and trust, flush  
With desire, a flower open, the blush  
Of spring, scented and sticky sweet  
The taste of honey on swollen petals  
A symphony of opium fills my lungs  
I breathe in her words  
"You are mine."  
Another painless death, so unlike the little lost boy,  
Who plucked wings so needlessly,  
Tearing them in tantrums of rage  
She binds them to me with rope  
Erases the scars with kisses so hot they leave burns  
I belong to her, like the night is owned by the stars,  
The howl by the storm, calmed as the winds  
Blow themselves out against the cliffs, the same ones...  
The same ones against which angry waves once broke  
as I once broke, the pain of my soul as so much greater  
Then the one of my body, As ribs gave way  
The memory is gone as she traces them one by one,  
her touch healing  
"You are mine."  
A different pain washes through me, cleansing  
The bite of each needle, white hot steel  
Pure and beautiful, punctuated by her whisper,  
As they slowly pierce my bound body, each one  
accompanied by a single word, she repeats the mantra over  
And over And over  
Until I am nothing but pain.  
"You. Are. mine."  
I am hers, body and soul, my words trapped by her hand,  
Translated by rising hips and the sheen of sweat upon my nakedness  
My moans prayers that take flight, offered freely  
As are the tears that course down my cheeks  
I am, at last, set free.