

# Sacrement

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*The second of my BDSM poetry challenge.*

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Sacrement Awater color sleeper softly floating where she lays arms stretched taut trapped within gentle reminders of who she is, and what she is, the edge that separates night from day and want from need a stained glass cathedral upon rumped and stained sheets light falls across the watermark illumination on a still quiet face pain washing over flesh like summer rain a lullaby of serene silence muted cries collected in a golden cup mixed with blood and love and earthly flesh, so frail a love letter upon her back inked red, and etched each letter scripted by a sure hand a careful hand precise in number, neither too many nor too few. there is beauty below the surface even when there is no reflection the moon, the stars, the sun you can see them in her eyes drowning in love.