

Taking You

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the taking of a lover

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When I touch you with my lonely fingers, will you know what words can't say? When I taste your lips with a kiss that lingers, and my hungry tongue begins to play, and you feel my roaming hand caress your breasts, will you know that I am hunting? Will you know that I'm a man who never rests until both of us are grunting? When you feel my starving mouth sucking your nipples will you know what I am craving? When you feel my body grinding and the ripples rippling through you and both of us are raving in the madness of our rising lust, and you feel the wildness of my thrusting and we're going where we must, will you give yourself to me with trusting, and when you feel the coming thunder of my taking, will you give yourself to the fire and the power of my plunder? Will you know I want you screaming higher, your body trembling, shaking, almost breaking, urging me to fuck you beyond knowing, and you are mine for the taking, that's when, my love, with our wetness overflowing, our panting bodies gasping from the burning and the hunger of our yearning, we will know the holy wonder of our giving and the miracle of living.