

The Deployment and the Heart

By SyrianGurl

Published on Lush Stories on 27 Jan 2012

Separated by duty and distance

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/love-poems/the-deployment-and-the-heart.aspx>

Laying in my bunk feeling the paper between my fingers Knowing your every word, connecting us through time and space My thoughts drifting to a peaceful time of bliss Dinner, sheets, and passion running its course Our laughter filling the streets as we walk gazing at the sky My eyes fly open, the Sergeant yelling orders, adrenaline spiking The weight of the armour, the smell of the field, the weight of the gun, anchor mind Against my chest I still feel you there, folded up in my pocket A tie to you through the miles that separate us My defense against the sights in front of my eyes, the deeds of my hands Wiping my face, is it tears or just sweat? The roar of the helicopters, the smell of the fuel, like reapers in the field taking us back Back... back to the bunks, back to the tents, back to the maintenance on weapons Back to staring at your letters, writing my own, and the waiting... To the restless sleep, the dreams, maybe this one will be different, maybe of you Your hands on my body and mine on yours, the pleasure of the evening not yet over The feeling of being full, the smile on my face, the curling of my toes Feeling your lips on mine, down my neck, on my breasts Back arching, hair a mess, body sweating, glistening in the moonlight The grin on my face as you flip me over pinning me down Tingling rising inside of me, my muscles contracting, withering under you Looking into your eyes, the waves of pleasure overtaking me, I can't hold back With a scream the damn breaks, the ecstasy washing over me, pulling you tight to me Holding you close, feeling you inside of me, that fullness, that safety Holding on to that moment... Back to the field, the smells, and the sweat The dust in my eyes, my labored trudge, through the valley The gun, the pack, the armour, the orders, all keeping my mind in the now The paranoia and fatigue, the hot sun above, the desert wind... Yet I reach in my pocket, feeling the paper, knowing you are still there Doing the same job as I, though flags may be different, countless miles away Feeling my paper, knowing my words, our only connection Until the next time we meet...