

# The Fabric of Your Skin

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This poem only available on Lush Stories . If you are reading it elsewhere, it has been stolen. Those tears stream down, Unseen in the the pouring rain. Salty, scalding rivulets That trace channels in Your lined face. Is it pain, Sadness, And suffering, Or bitterness, Fear, And anger That crumple the fabric of your skin In creases that surround your eyes? Do temptation and betrayal Squeeze a tormented soul That flies up into the howling gales, Shooting through the leaden clouds To thunder through the tempest? Eyes so stormy scream into The reaching ears of my heart And the sorrowful, cold-bleeding depths of grey Pull me from my hidden dwelling and Fly me up into the storm with you, Caught up on your back And burned with the lightning cloak of white fire That flays the skin from your soul. We stand oceans apart But a kiss away, A tiny breath of longing, A need to wrap our hands Around each other's broken spirits Like the candle's flicker on the walls of darkness at midnight. I stare into your storm cloud eyes, Screaming back at your screaming, "I know! I know! I know!" But not a word can calm the roiling, Not a salve can ease the ugly That tears and gnaws and devours you from within. Do you stare at me and blame me? Have I flayed your heart with a scourge of devastation And resurrected monsters that you Once thought dead? Do you hate the one who wishes to offer you Comfort? Because I stand here in this howling storm Of your gaze, And my arms burn with Craving to hold you, To wrap my arms and legs around your fear And wring the pain away. But all I can do is Take your face in my hands, Kiss your lips softly, And lean my forehead against yours. My heart hears your worry and confusion, Pain and fear, Hidden toils trying to cling to the earth Instead of the glacial stars a world away. My lips are throbbing with a hungry ache To suck the abyss from your soul Through your passionate mouth As my tingling fingers cup your face And release the man who is trapped and weighed down By the terrors of the screaming skies. This kiss should be your freedom, But I fear it will be your undoing, For freedom has been burned away And sings its mourning through the skies of loneliness. We stand in this rain, You and I, And words have no place here. A single kiss And sweet embrace Is all that I can give. It cannot change reality, Nor calm the raging storm, Nor speak words of comfort, Nor bless the crushed and sorrowful heart. But it can be your companion Until your storm abates For just a moment. And in that single moment, That fleeting,

feather moment, The torn part of your heart, And the torn part of my heart, Shall beat as one for just a breath And love each other dearly. And for just a single moment, Before it slides away And the storm rolls back in, As we step away from our embrace, The creases around your eyes Are not pain, Sadness, And suffering, Or bitterness, Fear, And anger. It's just a single glimpse of joy In the fabric of your skin. This poem only available on Lush Stories . If you are reading it elsewhere, it has been stolen.