

This ghost of your kiss

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Published on Lush Stories on 26 Jun 2012

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/love-poems/this-ghost-of-your-kiss.aspx>

and now, sweet... I am taking this feeling – this ghost of your lips – to feather my dreams to light my soft slow breaths and this insistence, sweet... I am gathering this touch – this flutter of your ethereal fingertips – to dance my swelling sighs to cry my wishes crystal and then, sweet... I am drawing this flow – this brush and ken of your body on mine – to fire and twist and gleam and lift my vision to stroke and stir each hanging gasp and this tightening, sweet... I am spinning this pulse – this crashing keen whisper of your voice – to tumble my groaning pant and howl to sink my throbbing fantasy and now this sweet then fading this ghost of your lips on mine