

Wanting

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This poem only available on Lush Stories . If you are reading it elsewhere, it has been stolen. Soft rains of kisses, The freshness of mellowed summer alights on my skin With each breath that you take And exhale over me. In this drowsy candlelight, My body moves, Gently writhing, Searching through this Sliding on these sheets, Desperately wanting your touch, Craving a kiss Here and there, With the touch of your lips In the curves of my hips. Let the soothing syrup Of your passionate sighs Wash over me, Smooth and thick, With heady, musky scents That cup my breasts and squeeze, Gently, Lovingly, Longingly. This midnight hour is a world away From the harsh reality that my dreams are shattered in. In this silent, honeyed moment, There is only you, And the warmth of your touch. Sweet lover, I wish you held me close And nuzzled into my neck With little sighs of deep content. For I would make you glad That you held me in your arms, With everything I had to give you. And all I ever dreamed of sharing Is held in your grasp, Waiting to be caressed or crushed in the coming of the dawn. This poem only available on Lush Stories . If you are reading it elsewhere, it has been stolen.