

Us

I am the whiskey on your tongue,

the sunlight burning in your eyes.

I am light and love and orgasm.

I am a soft rose, untouched and in full bloom.

I want you to pluck me first,

open me up and water me

put me in a vase on your nightstand so I am always close by.

I drown in my flaws.

Emerging only when you say,

I am a golden goddess.

Hair thick and natural, skin smooth like butter.

I am the rocky edge you stand on before you jump.

You are a glimpse of heaven,

the midnight craving I indulge when no one's looking.

You are soft snores and wandering hands.

A heartbeat pounding in my ears.

Your scent lingers in my room,

It smothers me until I breathe you in

Fresh mint and home.

Your arms wrap around me,
cradling me and soothing the panic.

We are waves crashing and unsuspecting,
seashells and starfish on a desolate beach.

We are love woven into two forgiving souls.

You are wrapped around my neck,
caressing my voice in the palm of your hands.

You say I am ripe and sweet,
the first bite of a peach in spring.

Yet sometimes a wild fire, flames dancing in the sky.

I burn you,
and you emerge unscathed.

We are ripped buttons laying on the cold floor.

Snoozed alarms and pleas of five more minutes.

We're innuendos in poems crumpled up and thrown away.

We are the daydreams that stay still when we return to reality.