

We've/ing

'Your silken skin, wet to touch

Shimmery with honey

Silvery, sensual and soft, intoxicates me'

'Sit on my sill

Quicken your pulse

Slow your breath

to mine'

In elegant design

We weave between sheets of steam

We interleave

We navigate our ships of every wish for love toward ports of unknown destinies we build

desire and want, we

sail with a breeze of

serenity and grace

ropes of strength and

vigor, though slack for

lack of forceful winds,

they sailed you into me

'these waves. tall and wide as our ships dock side to side not wishing to collide then sink us

both below rising tides. these sails. light and dry.

for no storm has brought you near. no storm has brought us here but by every circumstance
we met 'neath big bright moon
and soft blue stars to challenge
the world to take notice

This passion

This unshaken passion

is the whole

foundation

once the color of

pavement, I have learned to be

as bold as a honeycreeper,

once shaking with

anxiety, I have learned to be

still as a quiet sleeper on the

way to a restful awakening, on

the way to a pleasant

reinvigoration of thought,

breath and presence. I am as

warm as you are pretty,

I am as cool as you are here

I am engrossed by your

demeanor

rolling with the waves

I am rolling in the mud
made from mixing me with

you

I too, am rolling in the midst of all of you
Forgetting what it's like to be anything but beside you not of necessity but
from a conscious desire to be here, a willingness to share this undying love
with who I so long to be with. I am here. Like waves to this vast openness
inviting a rolling serenity, I am here.

And I am here.

With each whispered word that winds its way round each page I turn I hear – your breath,
your willing grip that led us both to big, pale moon in deep, soft arms

No longer gray, gray, gray –
soft eyes the shape of icicles
that hang from heated veins: I
am icy hot and honey coated
no longer singing center stage
that my love cannot be strong
enough to hold anyone nor my
own bitter reflection – I can
shout backstage: 'this love I
wage (I now wage love) has

strength and vigor,
withstanding any torrential
rain a stubborn stain, my love
has soaked through every fiber

Your love has soaked me through and through

Your eyes have pierced me with a tide pool hue

I fill and am ready to take flight when you are near/ and when you are away, I anticipate and wait and wait and wait for your eyes to quietly meet with mine, for our skins to meet again 'neath soft white light and any kind of weather – you have me tethered and I swim in trancelike ecstasy, ecstatic, awaiting your return, in wait and in rapture intoxicated, captured willingly, with joy, with love and an utter devotion to it all.