

Hot Pressed, 2003

This padded embrace. Warm with a tenderness and soft with the thought of ever holding you – forever the fool for this ever-growing love.

This full caress of all of you seeming utterly timeless leaving me open to all of my most vulnerable traits.

In your sight, in my sight, we bud then bloom to have our pollen dissipate spreading our sensual desires over an open sea.

I say this to you in all honesty.

Clutching you lightly, your thermal skin, causing me to find new touch, to track my wonderment at loving you this much.

I watch your eyes go deep inside me, letting you in to hope you never leave. To trust what I believe to be the truth in you that you've shown to me.

This passionate embrace. Causing reverberation in both ears, in this heart, your ever-calming voice – our loving, smooth and grounding dialogue.

I firm my grip, to hold so close, without pressure, and with so much pleasure to find you this near to me, you are this dear to me.

Outstretched palms, arms, our bodies lie above these cool white sheets, cool from the subtle breeze that breathes into me.

I do not hold back. I walk the only path that leads to every side of this circumstantial grace, as my fingers lightly trace the patterns of the web that shimmer in the way your eyes do

in this still rain frozen with the heat of letting you inside me.

Dumbfounded by the ease of this unconscious, unselfish need to please and be pleased with all we have to share what I once thought was more than I could give

My thoughts engaged made the streams turn to rivers as my skin lightly shivered from wading so long in anxiety. I breathe you into me. extending. extending.

Opening up with insecurity to all I hope to be – your silver suede, soft to touch in a patterned throw of love.

Scattered seeds that ride downstream toward any muddied ground to grow, to grow with ease on banks of possibility.