

Poetry Series

Summer SpokenLove

- poems -

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Summer SpokenLove()

A Moth To A Flame

Intrigued by your most common features, Your brightness shines through. Your eyes sparkle, and your chocolate skin glistens. I am wanting you, more now than ever. Dreaming of our bodies touching one another. I'm attracted to you, A moth to a flame.

Your my desire, Speaking of forever wants, needs. Letting our hands speak for us, no words dare escape. Your mouth touches mine, along with other places, I dare not to name. Finding your touch so exhilarating, leaving me wanting more. I may have bitten of more than I can chew. Our sexual escapade only leading so far. Wanting to feel your tongue travel across my nipple, or your manhood jump unto my inner thigh. Pleasing me, in the only way you know possible. Wanting for you to want me sexually, mentally as I want and need for you. Reaching my sexual peak as your baritone enter my ears and say my name. Loving the way it sounds, loving the way it rolls off your tongue. Raspy voice, hypnotizes me. Sends me in a trance. Visualizing yourself on me, as I release my frustrations after hours, Touching my mound. I'm the moth, and your my flame; However, I constantly ask myself is it the other way around. I picture all of this, and I can only wonder and hope that we paint the same picture. This here Davinci couldn't see, A Moth To A Flame is what its ought to be...

(September 2011)

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