



This guy, he looks like someone I'd know
in the smoke and drunken haze of the bar
and he's leaning in, invading my space,
bearing gifts of tequila and lemon wedges
the burn and sour on my wet tongue
shots of sexual tension from tongue to belly

In the basement of his room, my mouth is dry
and there are no more lemon wedges, only
dawn breaking through the small window,
and him, with an arm over my shoulders, asleep beside me

There are no hugs, no kisses goodbye,
but he finds my other black sock under the blanket
as I stand there, in my khakis and black bra,
late for work, looking for my dignity, for my shirt
and in the living room, my jacket on
I stare past his shoulders at the wall, and say goodbye

Andrea Steele

I swim in a sea of hazel
Trying to drown but am unable
For tender pink lush lips intervene
Encompassing mine and taking them between

Olive white snow skin softness
Like an eternal flower that blooms and blossoms
Which my eyes lips and fingertips
Caress so often

Entranced by this mystic goddess I am seeing
Craving to explore the expanses of her being
Beautiful breast covered by my hands and face
Upon my tongue invading my senses exist her taste

Nocturnal silent sleep spent under cover
Two figures are dormant each immersed in the other
Lungs breathing hearts beating simultaneously as they lie in slumber
A luminous glow enlightens his face as he realized that he loves her

Anonymous