

Dim the lights of our one-room shack.
Languid gloom propels me to your body and heart.

Divine, yet brimming with black art.

Rapt around like twine,
nestled deep in body's shrine.

You can't hear music like I do.

You can expect to be kept
in ravenousness and passionate dreams.

Elusive, you are my favorite
illusion to chase.

Racing through my memories still.

Chasing specters down
the curves of your body's elegant shape.

Our kiss, long and slow.

Lips effortlessly flow
to cut through all my woe.