

Absence

I miss your company.
Straight.
Forward.

Yes, your lovely eyes drowning me
In their infinity.

Yes, your smooth toes under my hand
Under my lips
And a scented special smoke
Of your centre.

Yes, your grasp of me in a time of kissing
Eyes big and mine under my gaze.

Yes, your long legs silken over your arched toes
Sliding lubricious over my thigh.

Yes, our bellies struck in a chord
Of passion and a long love.

Yes...

But also you,
Your company
Straight.
Forward.

And the peace of your arms.