

My Lovers' Kiss

by GratianaDS90,9/07/11

It comes unbidden,
Desire awakening again within me,
To feel your warm lips on mine once more.

Gazing at your lips seeking my lips,
My lips ripen, redden at first blush,
Quivering in remembrance of our last kiss.

Your lips brush mine faintly, gently,
At first touch, a hint of manly stubble edges your lips on mine,
My lips eager for yours and their fine grain sand paper feel.

Our kisses become more urgent,
Opening our selves and our lips for eager trespass.
Our tongues and lips intertwine with luscious abandon.

Soft, firm, seeking, wanting,
Our lips speak the language of love.
But nary a word is spoken.

And then, our lips are not enough.
For our mutual desires awaken,
And our kisses transport us to bliss.

