

But A Whisper Away

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Leaning back into the cushions, I blink and yawn. Watching yet another movie that I won't remember. The hour grows late, as it's wont to do, But my heart glows with happiness, thinking of you. "Insanely amazing," your voice whispers in my ear, And my lips rise in a contented smile. It's well after midnight, and I wait for you, Knowing that shortly your long day is soon over. In the darkness to my left, my cellphone lights up, And I giggle as I hear your familiar ringtone. I open your text, "I miss you" it simply reads. My thumb scoots over the pad, "I miss you, too." We met on a whim, a well-placed personals ad And my insomniac ways; I clicked, and you made me smile. I lit up with your response, and numbers soon were traded. Since then, we've talked daily, about everything and anything. It's changed, and now my body stirs when I think of your touch, Lips tracing mine, fingers curling into my arms, and I glow. My arousal grows with each soft, chaste kiss, And I can taste the hunger in your lips. I long to cling to you, skin on skin, taking that next step into our future. I can tell by the way your fingers trail along my arms, and your lips seek mine That you feel the same, that you yearn for my quiet signal. Slightly frustrating to me, that you can't hear it in my sighs, see it in my eyes. I long for your intimate possession, the thrusting warmth that your heated blue eyes promise. Your hands gripping into my hips, your lips wrapped around turgid peaks, The strength of your thighs quivering in restrained lust and emotion against my flanks As our mutual groans and sighs of pleasure filter into the moonlit night. In that moment, no longer will we be two single parents of precocious little girls. We'll go from that identity, to that of completely another ... Sweating lovers, panting and straining toward our peaks of desire, A couple entwined in love, and lust; heady emotions overtaking our bodies and minds. Hearts flying into the heavens as our bodies lift and tighten together, Our pleasure soaring into the cosmos, as two are made one. Pounding heartbeats race in staccato syncopation, Breathing fluttering sweaty strands of hair. You nuzzle oh-so-sweetly into my neck, your beard rasping my sensitive flesh, Palms coursing my sides, feeling me quivering in the aftermath of our love. Finally realized, you lift slightly away, and gaze down into the deep eyes that drew you in. "Insanely amazing, amazingly mine." ~ ~ ~ Though he won't read this for some time, this poem is inspired by, and dedicated to WS.