



Sensual Encounter

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Touch is my dominant sense

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Cradled in my hands, it is safe for you to let go, To follow your true nature. I begin to toy with you, preparing for our evening together. Though gentle, my touch is firm, my intentions clear. My thumb presses into you, exploring your depths, Learning your form, controlling your response. Ephemeral resistance abandoned, you gradually succumb to my desires. At first tender, almost timid, my movements soon build to a crescendo. Squeezing, pinching, stroking... Pushing, pulling, slapping... Teasing, tweaking, rubbing... You yield to my ministrations precisely as I knew you would, And you are better off for it. Afterward, I return to a delicate touch. Lubricating my fingertips, I give you a light rubdown, And lovingly cleanse you with a damp sponge, Pleased with how you responded. Then I tend to my hands, the instruments that effected all this, So they will be ready to do it again — At our next encounter... * * * Cover art can be found at ceramicartsdaily.org