

Publicerad 2013-05-14 22:01 av Elnath

December 2012

His tongue tickles me...

His tongue tickles me
in a feverish havoc,
and in the grotesque darkness
of an icy autumn night,
it is a brutal reminder
that I have not learned.
I have lived through it before,
and with every one of his seductions
I relive my destruction again:
I crave his boney structure;
the touch of his hands.
I perish and emerge complete
under his hot breath.
And with his desires whispered in my ears
I am certain to have felt God in me.

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