

Tango of passion(the hidden knife)

~¤t;~Like a Spanish Guitar~¤t;~

He played the chords of her soul
as he gently but firmly
touched her tensed arms
and held them higher
and she connected with him and danced
~¤t;~The tango of passion~¤t;~
He gently placed his hand around her waist
~¤t;~ close embrace ~¤t;~
and whispered to her :

- You are mine forever. . .

~¤t;~ hooking her leg around his body~¤t;~

- I was born free and I will die free, she said

He opened his embrace and pushed her away
as he kept holding her hand and made her twirl like a bird

- My love, he whispered

as he took her in his arms and bend her
her down until her head reached the floor

- You will never leave me. . .I know, he said

and pulled her back up
as their lips met in a passionate kiss
she sighed from pleasure. . .

- You love me. . .he whispered

She pushed him and crossed her left foot over her right
and said to him:

- I would give everything for a moment
of absolute freedom. . .

But nothing if I become the slave of love. . .

He took her back in his arms and brought her out of balance
and as she leaned towards his arm

he kissed her tenderly and whispered:

- You belong to me. . .

- Never she said and tried to push him away. .
He held her tight;she couldn't move
but she could see the hidden knife in his pocket
- You are mine
- Never!
the knife
Penetrated her heart. . .
the twist of the knife became her salvation
and he kissed her the moment that she took her last breath
~¤t;~From his tears;she emerged like a dove~¤t;~
~¤t;~ and flew away~¤t;~
- Love is a bird. . .

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