

Afternoon Nap

I dreamt of you today, your face
Before me, the depths of blue-pool eyes
Searching for tender hollows to place hands,
Tracing pathways for the mouth
To follow. Breathing fire and passion
Into a love-starved soul.

I think I saw the beauty of the soul
At that moment when I ached to face
The tanglements of passion.
I saw the gleam of you sapphire-soaked eyes,
And the curve of your sweet malleable mouth
That I swear was crafted by the hands

Of artist angels. I felt the need to place my hands
Upon you and feel the velvet roughness of you soul.
I wished for you to feel me touch, tingle, tease, your mouth.
I hungered for you, burned to taste the contours of your face
With my fingertips, caress the lashes of your eyes--
Drench themselves in tears of passion.

I waited long to feel that passion,
And craved for the feel of hands
I could not have. Your fear pulled me into your eyes
And I saw the sadness of your soul.
You feared that you would face
The pain of your mouth
Mingling to my mouth
Like colors on a palette, only to have the passion
Fade like it had before. I saw the faces
Of different girls mock you as you held my hand.
I felt the pain in your soul.
You saw the pain in my eyes.

I look into different eyes,
Now, and mingle to a different mouth.
But I cannot change the contents of my soul.
In my dreams we can feel passion
And have no fear as our hands
Can at last caress each other's faces.

I wait to nap to see you face and kiss you mouth,
Behold your eyes and embrace the passion.
It is in my dreams beneath your hands that we shall find
our souls.