

Unexpected Love

my mouth
burns
for your taste

my hands
crave
the texture of you

I am patient
I must wait
you're not ready

But I can't
I bite
I tear

pleasure
pain
you in me

satisfaction
a peaceful sigh
my smile lingers

my love
you're gone
that's fine

you were priceless
dear sandwich
you could have lasted longer

— *Sheree Whitelock*