

the misty morning  
has washed away in one blink  
the illusion of the blank night

left over on a white bed

from inside this willing  
around words half spoken

mistress of a moment

queen of the imaginary  
shaped in an absolute ass

I fell without landing,  
entwined by juice of roses,

pinkly warm

jagged whirl,

delicate cradle

twisted within irresistible lips

thinly morbid and yet full,

looking at me back from the sexiest beauty of the moment,

saying a word upon my mouth

which waves on its softness

legs open

orgasm coming

clitoris sparkling on my random life

wow

