

From my Heartwood
(A Nod to Walt Whitman)

If you were to love, would you not choose the perfect subject?
Beautiful in structure, lean, flexing muscles
Shoulders, sculpted, disciplined by inner fibers, pulled tight with yearning, reverence
I dare not let my eyes linger too long
I dare not remove my eyes from such a marvel
My fingers vibrate with anticipation, savoring your exquisite graze of plump lips
How I love, with heart and soul, poised, with scrunched toes, clammering heart
I long to see flakes float towards your face
melting on warm, taut cheeks or those smoldering lashes, dripping purposefully towards
Cupid's bow
Delicately strung, as though nature itself knew of its eroticism
Warmth envelops me, I shiver, breath quickens, drawing shallow,
Language exchanged through vaporous silent breaths, scorns articulated sentiment
Tensions arise palpable, how they slacken at lover's caress
I melt, I am the graupel that frosts, faceted
How I love, with veins cleaven, oozing scarlet
Skin, but a rind of past sins, bled out upon lovers light
How my head aches, your taste afflicts me, restoring nature's aches
Oh but a blotch of the soul, be bound, in my cheek, your cheek
Cheek to cheek, intertwined, warmth radiates, curvature of mirroring parts,
Would not an imperfect lover, perfect love alike?