Butter Cream

She walks
like soft cake
butter sweet
and light

my appetite whet

the day
cold
snow

I was seeking
her spring whirrs
hums like the land
black and wet

inside her sanctuary
I stand stare
nervous windows sweat
to spite the cold
blackened trees
bare branches
etching
the grey, grey sky

I dream of
curling curving
into a cadence
take her in until
we occupy
the same place
the same space

cressing her
I touch myself

I feel delicious

rose chiffon light
echoes off my skin

brushing close
she says through
Cheshire grin
“if I like it,
I lick it.”

bouquet of
myrrh sandalwood
wafts and billows

faux ming vase
bursting of cattails
and pussy willow
tease in the corner

atop
the big, big bed
royal purple
gold sheets
satin raw silk
gregorian chants
whisper lusty devotions
my mouth goes dry
my eyes wide
damp palms grasp
headboard slats
for hands to hold

“breathe”
she says as
she parts me
“breathe”

her breath warms
I am made soft
wanting wanting
dancing on my skin
I stretch/contract
clutch pillow
to the place
she tastes me
I hear the color red
feel golden and sun
piercing through
eyes sliding back
fluttering behind
closed lids

“open your eyes

see,”
she sighs
I ride and ride
surrender deep
into eyes reflecting
rain and fire and all
that is song

I ride and ride
her breath
my breath
my breath
I try to catch
in earth cracks
and breaks
lava spews and
monsoons and cave-ins
and rapture
revelations
jesus
coming
coming

outside a pewter sky
flocked by crows
mirror our black bodies
rising