

“Tide of Skin”

By Mary Margaret Park

winding
down
into the oasis
of his eyes
the smooth mocha
of his skin
as he folds me in his arms

I catch my breath
sheltered in his scent
he is my haven

the feather of his lips
drenches me in buttered warmth

this ebb and flow
a tide of skin
on skin
he is my
x-rated vision

upon my skin

wisdom
in the depths
of his libido

x
a manner
akin to my own
a gentleman

to this docile urge
but more than
x
more than love

eternity

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