

# “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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