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September 30th ... Day One

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September

It begins, starts, ignites,
With
A look,
A touch,
A passion.

Smoldering,
Beneath
The Surface.
Waiting, tempting,
Arousing.

This touch of yours, it
Leads
To another, and another, and another.
Oops, is that a kiss?
It couldn't be--but
It is.

Tease me, Taunt me,
Use me, want me.
Want us--to be
Together.

Didn't my
Mother
Warn me
About...

People
Like
You.

The seduction of
Words is seduction
Within itself.

The soft caress
Weakens that
Once strong
Reserve.

And don't get me started
On the touch of the
Tip of your tongue.

This poem would remain
Incomplete.

Take me from the Heavens
To which you've driven me.
Drop me into the depths of
Hell.

Oh,
You won't?
Well, then, it is time
for you to pay.

My hand moves
Lower
And then you moan.
There's a taste of your own
Medicine.

How does it feel?
On the other side? Wait,

Don't answer.
I know.

Exploring and exploiting
Each other's crevices.
Pillaging and plundering
Each other's senses as
Medieval troops would
storm the proverbial castle.

Make, share, have
Love
With me.

Turn me on,
Turn me up,
But,
Don't turn me loose.

Keep me, imprison me,
Hold, Hurt, Seduce, Slap,
Just don't
Let me free.

We twist and
Grab. Who will
Win this
Intense struggle?

And as we
Come together,
And apart,
And together,
And apart,

And together,
and apart
The outcome
Seems uncertain

Suddenly,
Overwhelmingly,
It comes together as
Someone's reserve
Begins to crumble away
And finally shatters.

Soft rain falls,
Brushing the soft, lush blades of grass.
Plummeting,
Into the abyss of the ground below.

There is no sound, no movement.
Merely,
The scent--the scent--the scent
Of fresh rain, dancing upon,
Staining, caressing,
The fresh dirt.

The sun shines now.

--- *Elisabeth A. Counselman*