

Knowing

by sweetflag

How much do we need to know to be sure, and how sure are we that we need to know.

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Chapter 1 of 1

How much do we need to know to be sure, and how sure are we that we need to know.

I know his hands; I dream of them during the darkest nights.

I know his fingers; I imagine them brushing my skin.

I know his wrists; I can almost feel the pulse flickering.

I know his arms; I wish that they would embrace me now.

I know his throat; I study each swallow avidly.

I know his lips; oh, how I stare and watch them move.

I know his voice; I have stolen it from the very air between us.

I know his face; I lose myself in that enthralling visage.

I know his eyes; I long to see my image in their depths.

I know him; I yearn to know his name.