

Bliss

by sweetflag

A look back on what was spent.

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Chapter 1 of 1

A look back on what was spent.

Candles cast a creamy light over the pale sheets;
Wrapped in silk and shadow, a woman sleeps.
Her hair spills over the pillow, dark and liquid;
Her hand rests upon it, the fingers long and languid.
Her face is turned from the light and in shadow,
Her neck is exposed, and the pulse flutters below.
There is no place on her body that is unknown,
Yet the light creates mysteries you wish to own.
Every dip and curve has felt your fingers.
In secret places, signs of your touch still lingers.
Signs that will sting for days to come,
Signs to remind that she came undone.
You have your own little reminders too;
Hidden, but not unnoticed, that she gave you.
Your own heart still beats hard and fast,
Not quite as frenzied from what has passed.
Now, careless time is leeching away the fervour

Of what was done for you and for her.
The walls still echo the sounds of earlier;
You hear each cry and sigh, each whimper,
Each breathy moan, each stuttered breath and gasp
While she shuddered and writhed within your grasp.
She drew such sounds from you, you call to mind;
How easily she made you groan and sob in kind.
You remember how she clung to you, how she cleaved;
How her skin was flushed and her chest heaved.
How her fingers dug in, and her thighs gripped.
How her nails scratched, and her teeth nipped.
How she came apart beneath you and cried.
How you sought your little death and died.
You slip under the cold and silky cover;
Slide up against the warmth of your lover.
For all the emotion so passionately shared
This seems more intimate, to be so bared.
For her to trust so quickly and sleep,
Knowing that this quiet vigil, you keep.
You lie, prisoners in each other's weak arms,
Trapped by each other's touch and charms.
The flame hits the melted wax and spits;
In the guttering light you seek her lips.
Her lips are soft and sweet and return your kiss,
And as the dream snuffs out, you have this bliss.