

Come Back

by nadie_hp

The representation of the seduction and the sensuality of the thinking before and during the ecstasy of the act itself...

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Chapter 1 of 1

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From the shadows that death threw past us,
The distance cannot be longer known
And the enthusiastic fragrance
That our body drew along the exuberant figure
Of the lonely library shelf,
Now withers with the dust.
My wishes can be heard,
The desire of sharing those moments stolen away,
The heavy thud of ourselves getting inside one another,
Your hands searching for the eternal ecstasy of pleasure,
Forever losing consciousness in intimacy,
Careful to waste kisses without selfishness,
Making amends with what we lost,
Chasing the unsettling future behind our steps,
Our life's hanging between the corridors of retribution our liberty wasn't able to grasp.
I repeat momentarily what we have been overdoing these past years,
"Come back to me" and my eyelids made me rest heavily

Persuading my body, to let everything drown once more away from you.

-v.p-