

A Mystery

by Gardengrrl13

Musings on a lover in freeform...

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Chapter 1 of 1

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He sings to me.

He does little stuff.

And he touches my face and hair

When we make love.

He touches my body

With his hands and fingertips

And makes me feel beautiful

Without words.

His hands are broad and rough.

Calloused. You can tell

He works for a living.

But when he runs them across my skin

They are warm and soft.

A mystery I have yet to unravel.

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