

Grounding Oneself

Pretty Words

Put your hands on me.
I can hear my voice echo inside my head,
tempered by a low, vibrating anticipation.
Let me feel you touch me, just a little.
The waiting has almost crushed me
beneath its heavy, velvet darkness.
My hands grope against the weight,
pressing and pulling and shifting,
looking for release from that moment,
a place of not knowing, of feeling too much.
I experience myself expanding with warmth
as you reach to me.
Heat emanates from the tips of your fingers,
your nose, the gentle curve of your neck.
I can feel you before we touch.
You're brimming with life and strength
and I can draw it from you,
filling myself with your energy,
the moment of being, and after
leaving you still as full as you were before.
You give me everything I need
and keep none for yourself.
I don't know how to thank you
for helping me find the ground beneath my feet.
I lift the edge of my velvet blanket
and invite you into my bed,
enclosing you in my arms and stolen warmth.
Wrapping you up with my future.

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