ODE TO MY FEMME

I’ve seen not near a beauty as the one beneath her glow

I think not my eyes will seek another one to know

This favored moment time elapsed residing in the core

Sharing spirits as we collapse, swells crashing on the shore...

Deep brown eyes chromatic sea, an instant need in time

Both ensure an equity, the campaign is sublime

A jocund scene in chamber does measure not the depth

Effusive words eulogized, kidnapping all the breath...

Handmade silk from India lay flat across the lace

The rest is bare like the desert air moments of foretaste

Wander through the silky web, pursuing where to start

Alas, in awe, the ice will thaw, find refuge with the heart...

Touch and loiter North than South, linger long below

Pleading words come from the lips, no one else will know

The cadence of the carnal act sails slowly bow and stern

Continues past the morning light with a raging fever burn

The journeys end once more to rest upon what may prevail

A moment lost in triumph and virtues of the male

With a scented smile projected aura on my femme

See her as a goddess pure I will surely yearn again...