gravelortian part 8

by Chad Smith

She waits for something there My eyes can fondle her From the reflection I am able to stare Her body unwrapped in mirror blur

Lips show sweet kiss in reverse Hair pours from her head, soft black My flesh is hungry my mind perverse My hands touch her neck and back

Her shoulders and curves are strong Penetrate her soul dark and deep Legs part briefly, they seem forever long I watch her as I sleep

She is closer, I feel her take a chance Her tongue rolling covered in cream Her brown eyes give a backward glance Wake from the dream

Dream of the quake The sun shakes, my face feels the heat When I come to we are by the lake He waits and listens for my heart beat

His square stone hands hard on my breast Wet from swimming, naked body bare He pulls my head forward to his chest Muscles bulge brush back blond hair

Everything is clear no longer sleeping Arms squeeze tight unable to break the grasp

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Grab chiseled thighs look for secret keeping Force with which he takes me issues a gasp

Look deep into blue eyes, his face in my hand This will not help stop the fire I slip away pouring out like sand A silent wave of rumble desire