

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

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

