

Tonight

by Deborah Oster Pannell

Let's fuck like 20-year-olds, darling
wrap ourselves around each other
and fuck our way to the stars
Let's cross that line between you and me
and the stuff people pay to see
I know pleasure
 and it is this
all over me, you, covering, separating,
discovering, repairing, blending,
 again and again
When we were younger, we moved to the beat
 without thinking
 without knowing what
 we were really doing
blindly stumbling
 into one another
 like cattle on a range at midnight
 dewy grass beneath our feet
Now we know more of what life is all about
seen our share,
been to the barren wastelands
done our thing and been flying,
drowning...

I've got to know if
you understand how deep this is
I need your arms around me
in understanding of bliss

This is not an accident
This will change
 of course

but maybe we can
know the darkness together
keep in step for a time
and let the rhythm
rock us to the stars
for a little while
until the sun of the morning
moves our hearts to
an earthly beat
once again
And oh the ache
of knowing death
pulls at us both
the familiar quiet
of solitude
that is no longer enough
always beckons
always promises
its final silence

my forever is with you

