

Resist or don't

by I. R. Thibodeau

In faded plaid
pajama
pants
she puts herself
between me and the cushions, nuzzling
into
my
shoulder,
candied rivulets and spirals of hair tickle my neck.
And when her soft cotton tee shirt
slides
slightly up her
side
I move, press my mouth to her ribs and trace
a line between her breasts with one, sticky
fingertip.
She
closes
deep
brown eyes, chest filling beneath my hand
as I alternate tongue, lips, eyelashes across
all
of
her.
And she'd pounce.

