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The Awakening

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The Awakening

I pour myself over you--
A bath of bread, milk, and honey
entwined between your fingers, slipping
into the ocean of your eyes, falling
against the sweet stem of your soul.

Desire cradles me in lethargic kisses
embossed across my spine. Sliding
into your skin and filling
sugary-coated walls with nectar

Our bodies ebb and flow
keeping time with the high-tide at moon's pull

me into the depths of your hunger Bursting
open primal fever, unleashed and sacred unto ourselves.

--Heather Ruffalo

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