

I Worship You

I worship you –
From afar
And you don't even know.
I steal glances at you
Pretending to be looking out the window,
I could not name anything out there.
I love you.

Your lips
So warm and soft
Chaste and light against my own.
Soft as rose petals
Hot as the sun
Linger at my cheek,
Down my throat
Wet and long on my shoulder.
Your hair, baby fine, brushing against my nose
Dropping softly down my chest
Tickling with sweet perfume.

Your hands
That of a man who could hurt
Amazingly soft
Strangely feminine in care,
Tracing down the curve of my breast,
The curve of my stomach,
The curve of my hip,
The curves I had forgotten
That men never forget.
Everything with tenderness
Such tenderness.

A million things
I would be self-conscious about
And pull you away from me
To find a kiss with eyes closed for once,
Without thrashing tongues,
Or being over-powered by passion that bruises

Always in the morning.
A kiss to savor for the sake of savoring a kiss,
Then the heat of your neck blushing my cheeks
The strength and form of everything masculine.

The feel of you against me
But not against me
Melding to me.
Deep inside me
But not inside me
With me.

A bath,
A romance novel
A vibrator
All dull teachers,
You would prove that with every heartbeat.

Not a thing about you I wouldn't know
Not a thing about me I wouldn't share
The gentle space of words and tender arousal
The rough and dirty and perfectly wonderful sex
But not sex alone
Not all the time
For once
With you
I would want to make love.

I worship you.
Should you find this,
Which you will
Because I will give it to you,
Nonchalantly distributing assignments,
There is one more thing you need to know:
Don't pursue me.
You'll ruin the perfect you
I'll ruin the perfect me.
Boy, you can't live up to my expectations!
And my Dad would kill you.
Slowly.