On the Beach

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If I could describe
the velvet blackness of thy sky
with its dusting of firefly stars
that winked down at me
and shot jagged streaks of light
along the horizon,
and the moon
that left a watery dripping path
on the tranquil lake,
then maybe I could tell you
how my toes curled and dug into the sand,
how my flesh raised with goosebumps
from the chill of the air and from
his fingertips that were butterfly wings
against my skin.
I could tell you
that his eyes were smoldering blue embers
as he tenderly took my body
deeper into the still, quiet night
and the friction of our souls
ignited more than kisses and parted legs.
If only I could describe
how I arched my back
and embraced my own surrender
as we traveled as one
to a place where there were no doubts;
only our blazing intertwined spirits.