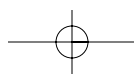
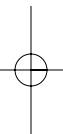
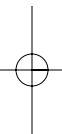
*Triumphal Entries*

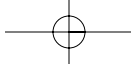
Near morning bursts  
a sudden dawning—  
day's renewal  
in golding sky.

Slipping from misty dressing gowns  
pine tree torsos  
pose boldly framed  
through bedroom window.

Blue jay bards in erect missile cedar  
overlay  
the good morning  
song of the sparrows.

As a beautifully blossoming rose  
you softly slide over and open to me.  
Smiling — crinkly nose to nose  
we breathe a mutually whispered request—  
again please.





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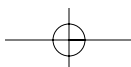
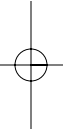
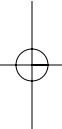
*Poetry Floats*

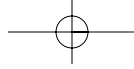
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*Wistful Union*

To see you  
only for a moment,  
to touch you  
ever so slightly—

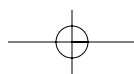
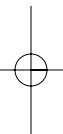
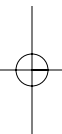
Pictures of propriety  
overlying sweet souls  
cautiously keying  
telegrams of desire.





### *The One Vital Sign*

When I imagine You  
I can scarcely breathe.  
My consciousness lies  
in a shambles of hope,  
and my unconscious  
is so deliriously happy  
to find and feel thoughts  
of You in my heart  
that my lungs are left  
to shift for themselves.  
Yet my blue lips beg  
no need for air inspired  
but for a last tiny puff  
of expiring air to flow  
and waft these words—  
indeed I do love You.  
I'll be home in a minute.



## *Remains and Reminders*

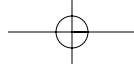
(I am so lucky)

We finally peeled apart at five.  
You have to go back and  
work one more week. Then  
we are married together for the  
rest of our lives. Praise the Lord.

Beautiful long sienna hair curls  
contrast to bathroom sink whiteness.  
Sexy red lipstick smudge hugs  
seductively lipped kitchen glass.  
Scribbled yellow pad note  
commands doctor's appointment  
for my own good—

Life signs reminisce the blessing  
and beauty of true caring  
you bring into my life,  
never there before, and the joy  
of my promise that I will give all  
to constantly care for you *even more*.

Our committed souls and  
joined hearts yearn for  
time to fly and distance to die.  
We ache to show that  
declared devotion and great sex  
growing through daily expression  
are all — are all that really matters now.

*Best of Both Worlds*

She'd be loveless passion  
my taunting intellect insists—  
declaring unsolicited  
needless judgment.

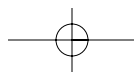
Passion pleases,  
powers,  
passes—  
love lingers,

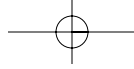
lives of joy  
unite forever—  
a rational ranting of  
hollow holy words.

O I could  
fall to my knees  
and beg for love  
properly, puritanically programmed.

But today—  
the love call twins the passion cry  
and soon — for the rest of my life  
I want to burn again forever  
even for a moment—  
with those native sensations  
that never last either too long  
or too short to matter.

---





## *You Want to Kiss Me, Don't You*

Flesh flash points explode  
spray all consuming passion fire.

Come hither — sleepy song of  
awakened sweet lips seeing,

teases to adventured play  
fulfilling hot high noon's desire.

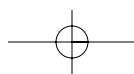
Cover tangling all night delights  
press again sweet lips smiling  
in the next new morning's light.

Ready willing  
spark, light, fire of true true love.  
Love like no other. We come  
to mold. We come to please.

Seizing wondrous chance at  
brand new start  
mesh perfect match heals  
long broken hearts.

Having had so little  
hoping for much  
willing to risk it all  
without reserve—  
for a forever love  
we both deserve.

---



*Scenario*

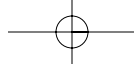
Horn roll of night thunder  
heralds Director's call for action.  
Crackling fire fish  
flip in the fireplace net  
light striping  
the cloud soft comforter nest  
bowled on the branches  
of the oak plank floor.

From soft side shadows  
two hungry hands reach out.  
Fingers touch.  
Palms press in passion's perfect clasp.  
Bold breath bodies flow  
natural loving—  
pleasuring each other.

Two people  
loving each other  
more  
than we ever thought possible  
through  
a long perfect night  
of forever more.

Cut and print are fine.  
But  
"let's wrap it up and  
put this baby to bed" — is  
totally unnecessary directing.

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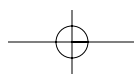
## *As We Know Our Life Should Be*

This weekend  
you came into my house  
and now you are gone for a moment.  
Every room is marked  
by your presence, your comment,  
your pleasure, your approval,  
your question.  
It will never be the same.

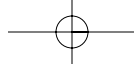
A few months ago  
you came into my life  
and now you are gone for a moment.  
Every soul space is marked  
by your presence, your comment,  
your pleasure, your approval,  
your question.  
I will never be the same.

My physical house and my spiritual soul  
cry out for these moments you are  
gone to cease because until they do  
the tracks and traces of your  
presence, comments, pleasure,  
approval and question will trample  
us with the joy pain of longing  
for your return to us forever.

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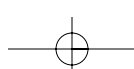
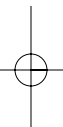
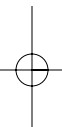


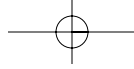
*And the Two Shall Become One*

We are—  
interchangeable, inseparable.

Merging pangs cease.  
The joining is perfect and complete.  
No buttons, no zipper, not even  
a seam.

An exciting new life  
of learning  
to use and enjoy  
the power and pleasure  
of the newly birthed being  
is just beginning.





*An Inch Away From Susan*

Time came to me and said  
be bold — and I did.

Time came to her and said  
be bold — and she did.

And now we are.

The resounding joy so resonates  
that we step back  
from the echoing ecstasy.

But not for long.

because an inch apart  
in mind, body, or soul  
is a Grand Canyon's width,

and the reverberation  
becomes singularly unbearable.

