

Comfortable Night

The silk of her skin glides over me, the pillows of her lips caress me
and I am gone in an instant, traveling to a place deep, deep inside
traversing the mind, the heart, the pounding blood, the electric rush.

Even holding hands recalls the first crush, the first touch, the first kiss
until I am lost in the depths of her eyes, lost in a sea of sighs,
and dreaming of all the days, all the ways that we have shared.

We met dancing in the dark, picnicked in the park, drank wine
like we were drunk on love and life and the music made us spin
as we did it again and again, never wanting it to end.

And now, spooning her, the lavender scent pressed against me
her breathing creates the rhythm of our lives that I can feel and see --
I am drifting away, dream-like into the warm, comfortable night.

-John Koetzner