The Longing

You make me want you. My shyness born, from a prolonged absence, creates our distance. Observing your features as though it were against the law of nature. There’s not a speck that surpasses my attention. Not a memory that escapes my senses when I think of your fragrance. My comfort lives in the avoidance of approaching you. To be patient in suffering within my manic delusion. Thinking that the reward will reap a most beautiful orgasm. A release inviting relief.

There’s not a sound that evades my spirit. How I recall the thunder of your waterfall, the crunch when I would bite into you, the bellowing sounds of your joyous laughter. Not a sight that escapes my daydreaming. You revealing your wondrous landscape. Your glorious mouth agape with head tilted back in euphoria. Your natural colors hypnotizing my smile in a freeze frame.

You did, in fact, made me forget the weight of time. The stillness of my limited motion when I struggled to find direction. I don’t escape to you, I leap into you. Immersing my senses in the crevasses of your splendor. And no one is around but the two of us. You are my liberation from the monotony. My reason to persist being. The nourishment I long for in these junkyard times.

My longing stems from your enduring absence. And your absence is a result of my going astray. Perhaps my willingness to be driven is a necessity. An attempt at avoiding the cacophony of low-level souls. Whose first reaction is that of concerned pessimism. Communicated through anger with confusion and intolerance. The limits of their understanding are stored in the mirrors that surround us all.