Great things

you can never be alone, my love.

when i touch air, wind pours over you, silk invisibly sheer

when i touch water, waves crash like medicine on the shores of your soul

and though you are a relative infinity of footsteps away

i can feel the tremble of your desire through the ground at my feet

water and wind

like the forces that bind us to the not-void

are but tools in my hands

and my hands but tools of the greater good

from whence comes the glowing tendrils of your satisfaction

stones wish to be round, and small

the proudest mountain envies the pebble on the beach

for the extremes of its evolution

so i say,

you are the sand on my beach, lapped at by waves of want and need

i feel you as i feel the might of the solid earth

and i slowly know that

all the world wishes it could lay at my feet

inspired by the heat of my soon-vanished body

to do great things to you