**Passion**

*October 18, 1992*

No thoughts save now. The perfect lust.

The loins aflame. None but the need.

Nothing warms like the heat of must.

No power like the egg and seed.

Breath so sweet. Full of fire.

Pheromones twine. Pulse to pulse.

Feel the flow of pure desire.

Skin to skin. Nothing else.

Ah what joy to merge and blend.

Open. Enter. Release. Receive.

Time has no meaning. Start or end.

The ecstasy. Euphoric peace.

All the struggle flows from this.

To it. For it. Natural bliss.

From time primordial to the distant door.

Union. Conception. Precious spore.