**Loves Call**

*June 8, 2013*

Life Love is a dreamcicle.

Sweet to the core.

Cool and delicious.

Yet One always craves more.

As though such fruit be so luscious.

Nectars taste to Loves tongue.

Nere true satisfies. Sates.

So soon Passion restores.

As so One knew before.

With burning needs of the young.

Call of Ardor.

As Bee drawn to Honey One craves longs thirsts yens for Ones Mate.

Hunger for just.

A caress. Intimate touch. Velvet Embrace.

Gift of Tender Access.

Cross delicate soft secret door.

Open flower as bud blooms with dew from within.

Threshold of down to hot silken nest.

Pray do enter and then.

Please do so know my favor again.

My warm soft parlor of Precious Heartfelt Desire.

Hearth of private needs embers.

Carnal Flame and Fire.

Still aglow. Still burns. Still Yearns.

Hear my Soul Spirit so plea.

May Thee so grace.

I so need.

Welcome such.

Old friend. Firm welcome guest.

Heart to Heart.

Breast to Breast.

Face to Face.

Call of the must.

Bouquet of rare musk.

As two Paramours.

Dance. Couple.

Lye Abed on Cupids Couch of Yes.

Join in waltz of Amour.

Though the Moment at hand may so find.

Our Clay Vessels be apart.

Leagues so distant.

So far. With our Love and Trust what live safe in the Heart.

Our Plythe of the All in the Mind.

In the Eye of the Self we so give to Each all such Love and meld merge and twine.