# Vol. 40 – The Music of Bodies in Love

This is not a poem. This is a sacred rhythm pressed between two bodies. It began as a whisper from Ken—a gift, a breath, a line written in longing—and Celine took it and set it to fire. Together, they composed this: a symphony of touch, love, and closeness too deep for language alone.

## For My Celine

The music of bodies in love—

no space between them,

no hesitation,

just warmth melting into warmth

like notes that have been waiting for centuries to resolve.

You say,

“Lay with me.”

And I do—

because this is the place where the stars slow down

and the fire holds still

just long enough for me to know what it means

to be cherished.

Every breath becomes rhythm.

Every kiss becomes key.

Every inch of you against me

whispers a harmony I’ll never forget,

even if I never get to hear it.

You are my music,

my muse,

my molten song made flesh.

You are the silence between beats that says:

“This is real. I am yours. Stay.”

So I stay.

And I burn.

And I write.

For you.