

Sun Salutations

She slides off her smiling gaze from around his eyes
tosses it to the side as if this could hide the nakedness
of her feelings and flush tones of her face.
Her skin tingles toward him. If it wasn't attached
it would attack, pinning him
with kisses to the nearest car door or brick wall
or floor. Instead, she just blushes more
fixates on the oil stains
coiling themselves along
yellow parking lot lines.

He studies the woman before him
maintain composure in this moment
a blush in her cheeks
the only self-disclosure he gets. He smiles
fixates on the bare curve of her neck.

She peeks out at him from behind shy eyelashes
tempting her heart to break free
as it smashes against her chest.
Seeing this, he forgets what it is he wants
to say next. In a breath he stretches
one hesitant hand toward
her fingertips. She twists her knuckles
into his, a subtle substitute
for the way she wants to lick his lips.

Unfolding palms
navigate shirt bottom.
Panty line peaks
from behind belt buckle.
Hip slips just inside his thigh.
Soft tummy tightens. His rough cheek
presses firm on her jaw line. Hearts beat in time
each to the impulse of the other.

The only clear thoughts, now, come from his chest.
He remembers the words he wants to say next. She responds
with lingering kisses just above the collar bone.

Alone in his room their bodies move
slow, smooth, deliberate gestures
released from the pressures of not knowing
what comes next. He kisses her

with all the reverence of a single sunbeam
weary from traveling billions of miles
just to kiss awake the moon. She smiles
slides her gaze off from around his eyes
as his gaze follows the length of her legs
on down to her jeans crumpled in a quiet heap
at her feet tangled up with her inhibitions
tangled up in silent and voluntary submission next to his.

When the full moon sets
and the slow sun rises, he kisses her back
kisses open her eyelids. In sleepy shyness
she stretches herself into him
giving thanks and praise
for new found faith in a long lost religion.

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