

The Bottom Drawer

Lucas Hines

Her eyes were fixed
Her clothes molted off her body.
She whispers in my ear
The wind nearly knocks me off the bed.
My wrists shackled with her warm moist palms.
She dislocates the beat of my heart
She removes my jeans, her breath bellows against my thighs
The heaving of muscles tightening and twisting produced a slippery
perspiration.
Like running your abdomen down a fleshy corridor
And bracing your elbows for twenty six minutes.

Her hair poured from her scalp like clouds against a heavy wind
The dryness of our mouths, quenching with each other's tongues.
Our lips nearly bled biting down in ecstasy.
Nine deep gasps let me know she was almost done.
Her face crumbling against the sweaty suburb of my chest.