

Dirt roads, desert towns and you

by wist *Monday, Jun 28 2010, 10:05am*

international / prose/poetry / literature

New moon rising

with every slow turn
of the throttle
i feel your arms tighten
around my waist
your body pulling closer to mine

almost full throttle,
a twist of the wrist
the screaming wind
the roaring road
a sleek
machine
the two of us

your head tucked perfectly
between my shoulder and neck
safely behind me,
your breasts pressed against my back
our bodies secure,
entwined, sharing
forcing old enemies,
life and death,
to confront each other
and seek an impossible
alliance/resolution,
neither daring to separate us.

ghost towns
desert bush
played host
to young abandon,
youthful frenzy
and leaping love.

wet with love
we danced
and played
till dusk
the city reluctantly
demanding our return.

on those excursions
(unknown to me)
you burrowed deep into
my being, to the innermost
reaches of my soul
and made yourself a home
never to vacate
though your earthly lease
has long since expired.

they say (some) memories
are able to curve time
so lucid they
become,
almost tangible,
scented;

they are unaware
your spirit
resides alive in my being
emerging to play, sing
and steal me
from
the pettiness of the world.

a familiar fragrance
and muffled laughter
pervade the air.