

What emerges from
a cocoon?

Butterflies are fluttering around
about Cordelias entering my stomach.
Tis you who causes these mysterious
convulsions which penetrate my
lonely heart. Dont flinch my love.
Our touch is fearless. Our hearts
collide by the way of pulsating
syncopatic rhythms. Conjoined in
bliss. Tis you my dearest feel
my soul touching your secret
garden. Dont Rush. Go Slow.
Dont panic. Deep breaths. for
passions sake. Allow the nectar
to flow freely. No interruptions.
Dont speak. feel. taste. inhale.
The line has been penetrated.
In the pursuit of unity, my
heart. Your touch. Our kiss,
love making, my life. Conjoined
in you.

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