

WATERS OF YOUR BATH

I wish I could be the waters of your bath  
I would surround you with mellow warmth of liquid love  
Like a frolicking wave on a sandy shore  
I would dash and break upon the sweetness of your body  
Engulfing and moistening all the heaveningly places  
I dream of

If I were the waters of your bath  
I would memorize your every inch and every muscle  
and being liquid I would take your shape  
Moulding myself to your every curve and contour  
I'd roll on, over, and off your beautiful, creamy  
satin skin

If I were the waters of your bath  
I would send parts of me to gather lovingly in the  
deepest recess of your navel,  
there my temperature would rise to match yours,  
and like plants of the sea,  
I would move your private body hairs in and out with  
the tide created by your sensuous movement

Playfully,

I would slosh in and around the inner depths of your  
thighs; reaching up, tasting, touching, caressing and triggering  
off your womenspirit, feeding and satisfying my aching manly yearning

If I were the waters of your bath

I would cleanse you  
as my ancestors, the river niger cleanse  
your ancestors

But even more  
when you leave me and pull the plug,  
I would defy the natural order of things  
and stay,

and await,

for your naked return