

soothed

a day for history; a day you are honored  
alone amid the luxury of your home  
i spoke 'africy' distracted by the glamour of your town  
i sat down and spoke "progress"  
your fingers massaged the length of my arm before all my words  
were out  
i spoke "the ill-ails we face..." disrupted by your slow sexy  
dance  
"black enfranchisement, black organization..." as your dress  
slipped away to reveal your goddess:  
IRRESISTABLE, helpless i ran my hand smoothly upon your stomach  
before i could protest my shirt was off  
" all the rights we've fought for are..." then your tongue wetly  
glided my arm  
the zipper of my pants gave  
before i knew it, they were discarded  
" the obstructing obstacles we face as..."  
you danced free of the sexiest panties imaginable  
you noticed my state of erection  
came to me and let your tongue trace the muscles of my chest  
over and over you spoke my name while breast feeding me...  
you mounted the stiffness of my revolution  
and our views intertwined to advance---