

**Friction**  
**Chapter I: AIR**

ONE

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**I** lunge into the clean scent of his flesh  
into the taste of first air, crisply come winter,  
I walk into the night he held.

In the shadow of his touch  
I wanted the same as he.  
And all that I give  
when the gentle moon arrives  
in the corner of his mouth  
I shall smile  
down there,

Between that which I keep  
for him,  
for his tongue  
only.

## TWO

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**O**n her belly  
he smeared his hunger.  
Raging and howling,  
the wind roared in his head.

He brooded in a mood  
most lustful.  
With the strength of lions  
he tore limbs.

When he came inside her loins  
the cry was heard,  
the bell on top of the mountain overlooking  
the flesh he held.

In the thrushes of her love,  
he broke through her skin.

### THREE

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**I** am the ghost of whoring,  
as old as the secret closet of photos  
taken in scandal.

I am the justice of beauty,

Here today and tomorrow,  
longer than integrity will last  
in falling,

I am criminal of covet  
into whose hands will falter,

every moral and darkest fantasy.

From altar  
to begging

I am the bend in the break,  
the direction of my heart always floating.

## FOUR

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**A**nd because I have come to you carnal, naked,  
I am even more pleasurable  
to your blind eyes.

With the swirling stars around your head,  
I am even hungrier  
to look at you exposed,

Kneeling on all fours,  
gazing at your posterior end,  
your balls within view.  
I swagger in spells.

I lather at the mouth  
in promises of submission.  
Beyond my belief I think, you clever devil  
you know how easy I please.

## FIVE

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**I** know myself with  
the man who penetrates me  
on Sunday afternoons.

More leisurely,  
I want to stay with him on weekdays,  
upon laying eyes at him.

I mount him from above,  
a forethought before  
I soon hear myself sighing aloud.

To the man who eats me  
lean in flesh,  
not yet am I sucked to death  
by his mouth,  
that which steals my breath.

SIX

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**H**e is the dream in the meteor's tail,  
painting the night I admired  
when he slept closely  
to my breast.

He is the feeling of fundamental and light  
because I have the need of him.  
I have the pain for him.

In the muscle of thought erotica,  
I want all of him  
in simple terms,  
he should not stop to ponder.

So long as his tongue moves inside my body,  
I am born again  
inside his dream.

## SEVEN

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**I**n the deepest end of my lust  
I need his sympathetic nature,  
understanding  
my body warm.

He plays with me,  
melodiously  
are his lips between my thighs.  
His tongue chooses me,  
confuses me  
with moves unimaginable.

The air I taste is his mouth.  
Without him  
would I be  
an unholy place.

## EIGHT

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**S**weet surprise!  
my incredulous eyes,  
when he shows only cruelty  
by tongue and taste.

He has gravitational pull,  
which draws short my breath  
in the bread of flesh, in my breast.

Too naturally,  
I take him into me,  
to the means of my experienced  
mouth and methodology.

My aim is to spoil his control,  
before he blows too soon  
the horn is heard, inside his head screaming.

## NINE

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**I** discovered mystique under a mossy stone,  
where clearly none had been before  
to this place,  
just one stone underfoot where I stepped.

And the cold outside,  
the frigid air  
cut my oxygen, so sharply  
I coughed.

When first sight I took  
of his glorious eyes and lash.  
Such an aquiline nose and mouth.

Come to my lips, please now, my love.  
I want to love you as the wind  
stirs my soul.

TEN

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**H**e is the dipped, red rose of sculptured thorn  
in the garden of loving hand,  
his lines run straight  
and curl on his side.

To his bristly bush,  
my fingers and tongue  
are now both suddenly there.

Between the dry dust of barren legs  
and roads, I drive him to the end  
of blindness.

He cannot see  
nor focus,  
beyond such a spell of thrashing and glory.  
His limbs, his nerves  
now barely able to feel.

## ELEVEN

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**I** sleep with the restless,  
an unsavoury taste remaining in my cup  
drinking to the last bitter drop.

While crows talk of love and cold  
are the hearts of the alone  
who are without  
another tongue, another mouth.

To want suggestively,  
to dirty thy body  
I shall respond like fierce winds  
rushing in and taking over.

All in my path will topple,  
be blown, be ripped into two minds of one heart.  
To lust or love: does the soul know truth?

## TWELVE

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**W**inter in my bedroom,  
colder breath seen to sleeping  
better I dream of him  
than touch his flesh.

Weaker than my will  
to refrain from foolish taste  
this night early, the air is crisp outside.

And I, inside the covers warm  
shall I invite his body  
too, next to mine.

Shall I beg of him,  
come hence.  
Be thy lover true  
this night.

THIRTEEN

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**H**anging coolly,  
in the curls of wind  
and push and pull  
I give to thee my breast and soul.

To lay with thee,  
in the bosom of your lap  
and arms,  
fastened firmly  
around my waist,  
and warm liquid to wet these lips.

When my tongue touches thee,  
to yours it seems  
I taste the first taste  
of what love must be.

## FOURTEEN

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**I**f I have you only once,  
I want to keep you as a smile  
coily on my lips.

If I have you twice,  
I think within a new fantasy.  
I come awake  
resignedly.

Only to see your face,  
to hear your name  
formed by my mouth.

How charged I am  
by this natural force guiding me,  
pushing me to the edge, I tip  
and over the top I go.

FIFTEEN

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**H**is soul to me  
seems to be so very old,  
a thousand years cold.

Breaking me to bone:  
an ancient pull of instinct  
unrelenting  
he steers me.

And gently lays me  
to the ground.  
What words exist to call this bliss  
his name?

Like rose petal and moonlight,  
he is that delicate wing  
graced with the wisdom of mercury.

SIXTEEN

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**H**e begins inside my belly  
where I feel him as pain,  
down lower  
he moves.

Into my loins, deeply felt  
is the rhythm of his tongue  
tasting me.

I hear cellos.  
My head collapsing  
in hysteria.  
He touches me with certainty.

I do not want to return from here.  
I remain a part of him -  
a premonition awakened.

## SEVENTEEN

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**I** realize my love for you,  
only after we have ended  
the power of flesh  
between us  
connected.

We came.  
We flew.  
The past of our lives  
unfolded  
to breaking cracks  
in darkened clouds.

We felt the way on the hour  
in our kisses  
transcendent.

## EIGHTEEN

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**W**ere you there,  
that day  
when the saintly smell  
in the air  
made me fall in love with you?

Coming inside me  
a singular night,  
a broken heart  
alone,  
I conjured.

When the lilac bud exploded,  
that spring,  
in your image I went to sleep  
in the joy I felt.

NINETEEN

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**B**y crook there is my measure.  
Wistfully  
am I hooked on the smell of him,  
rolling toward me,

Are my Sundays  
and the kinds of mornings  
when blessedness blows  
through my window  
freshly cleaned the day before.

He showed me his love in kisses  
long and leisurely  
left on my lips.  
Pray I died  
and went to heaven.

## TWENTY

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**I**ce-cold death  
or something to that effect.  
I felt the air sting my lungs  
shut down,  
the raging, hardened  
beating of my pulse.

To look upon your face,  
too lovely for images  
I try to utter weak words  
of hello.

My smile hides my question:  
Am I the most intriguing  
today  
those eyes have laid upon?

TWENTY-ONE

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**O**ne hundred and seventy-five pounds  
of manly thrust  
throwing me  
flat ass on my back.

A dust cloud  
now above my head  
and blurry vision instead.  
Has he liberated my chastity  
this windy day?

He lies on top of me,  
with those lips  
would I cherish  
forever  
were they mine.

TWENTY-TWO

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**A**nd you believe  
you are beyond blind passion  
for a thing,  
unattainably  
holding your image of him.

A lover,  
so close to you  
you feel him,  
however far apart  
he is from you.

The miles of limbs and hearts  
are fused together,  
concerned  
only about spirited love.

TWENTY-THREE

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**W**hich way will the wind take me?  
if I fall like snow in perfect form of mind  
but die alone  
one woman of a kind.

Which way will I bend?  
when the wind blows  
pushing me to take him  
into my bosom of green.

I am a field of sunlight growing,  
from the day I learned  
my moods evolve  
like the elements changing.  
Into a spring rapture  
I am born.

## TWENTY-FOUR

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**I** am deeply harmed  
by a fetish phase,  
only fools remain passionless.  
If I give to urging,  
my touch expressing my thoughts.

With every taste,  
I lead the feelings  
to reverie of aromatic smell,  
imagining more things  
than can be felt,

in a haunting swallow  
an ache along the way to being,  
among the many facets of man  
that become him.

TWENTY-FIVE

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**Y**ou are meaning,  
solid form and reason.  
No fear in gentle eyes,  
holding firm your word  
you lend me the night.

I never want to leave our room.  
For days, I want to remain  
inside your love  
and on your tongue,

I do not taste the bitterness of life  
as it so often appears,  
only the melody of your voice  
do I hear  
hanging in the air.