

THE LIGHT WAS SOFTER THEN

That night
so long ago
as we lay entwined
 shrouded in darkness
 save for the moon's silvery beam
 dancing on your beautiful, bare skin,
the scent of sweat-drenched lilac
filled the fresh night air.

I felt your warmth next to me.
I feel it now, yet again, even as I write these lines.

There was nothing
in those moments of soaring passion
I would not have done for you.
I imagined you felt the same.

In our silence
 in that darkness
 the curves of your oh-so-beautiful body
 enticed me ...
 and more ...
 as mine, seeking yours,
 longed to enter in,
 and gently,
 oh-so-gently,
 set sail on that swaying sea of reverie,
 more, and yet, again, once more.

Yes, the light was softer then
 bathed in your tenderness
 once so alive ...
 now, mere reminisce.