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My Lover

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AMANDA BROWN

My Lover

Lights flashing, bass pounding, I have come
to liberate. Do I have a lover?

No. Still, I venture out, yearning to feel
the hands on my hips, the dripping sweat.
Bodies staining my eyes, loosing my sense
of time. Music—I feel your breath.

Heart stomping, lip biting, I'm out of breath.
Muscles fatigued, I clinch and clutch. I come
to dance, with no hesitance. Sense
my desire. Do you have a lover?
You're skin's glistening; I taste your sweat.
The sensuality: How does it feel?

The thrill of affection, just to feel
a wet fingertip. Inhales of breath
deeply making my skin burn with sweat.
For so long, I've waited for you to come
and entice my arousal. It makes sense,
you and I together—be my lover.

You whisper in my ear, "Your lover
is within your self. Just feel
the hit of the beat; forget about sense
apart from your mind. Relish a keen breath
of private titillation!" Suddenly, I come
away with a new conception, my sweat

dripping in my eyes. But I wipe the sweat clear. Now I see. It's me—my own lover! I escape the cages of order and come to the door of my room. I start to feel my lover indulge in herself, a breath of guilt engulfs and invades her sense.

But we both agree: It doesn't make sense to see this as profane, and so the sweat continues to weep aid, and our breath flows and connects, becoming one lover. Intense craving and tingling, I feel the sensation heightening. Will I come

to know my lover in a secret sense?
Pores excreting sweat, rapture, I do feel.
With one last gasp for breath, I come.