POETRY

Sinners

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We are sinning, my dear,
chasing the lingering echoes of judging voices in this Village.
Our sins tear apart every unsaid curse cast upon our misunderstood love;
I moan louder.

Hell is where they send us, love,
may we burn in the fire of our lustful sinning,
may our soft skins burn and our bones melt to ashes
never to be reassembled again! — They say.

Your tender shell burns under my kisses,
you melt under the dance of my fingers,
murder the fire with your wet joy!
We are sinning, dear — or that's what they say.

I can't hear them.
Your hiccups of passion whisper in my ear and
silence the loud voices as you lean your hips towards mine.
The sound of our skin, sticking,
We are gliding, sliding, top to bottom and back.

Let us sin!
Let our moans silence the howling of the wild dogs,
choke them like I choke you
when your moans become shorter and
your heart pumps the receptors which I tenderly stroke with my tongue.

Let them pray
as you release my angels
with their horns sharper than the edge of your...!
Their words are stark, but words we don't need.
Your breath is my map and compass to navigate your body.

They cannot handle our journey. Let them drift away and scream.

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