

Would you run naked with me to the moon
across the rippling muscles of the dunes
make love greatly in a bed of stars
upon the grass beside the sea.

Stretch your arms to touch the warm night air
whispering at your ear and in your hair;
the ocean tugs gently at our feet;
feel the soft warm sand beneath.

Press against me as our hands entwine
two bodies, one hard, one soft and fine,
let me kiss these breasts;
grasp my buttock engines; lie here.

I climb into these darksome thighs
and thrust a sword into a heart that sighs
pinned to the bare back of earth
spinning through delirious space.

Touch your fingers to my loin;
let me kiss these ^{breasts} ~~breasts~~ again;
lie still beneath the moon
where two levers rest.

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