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## **On the beach**

Do you remember, Rose, when first we met,  
we found an evening beach with no-one else,  
whose soft white sand caressed our feet and let  
us cool our beer. We breathed in all the smells -  
palms, grass, sea - naked, watched the fiery net  
of stars trace heaven as my fingers traced  
your breast and belly, round behind, and throat.  
Eyes, bodies, hands, the night, no rush, amazed

we felt the soft warm tidal surge of blood  
engulf us, float us to a vast plateau.  
Like Ararat that high after the flood  
bore up bold Noah and his ark of pro-  
creation. Starting new, this world was good,  
two lovers, deep light, energy and hope!

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Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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