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*Det här är resultatet av att dagdrömma när man lyssnar på "Nyphetamine" med Cradle of Filth (ngt som jag vanligtvis inte lyssnar på, men den låten är bra ;P)*

### **What can be seen in mirrors**

A hand loosely wrapped around my neck, Fingers gently caressing along the side of my throat,  
A nail traces gently over my pulse point;  
A breath whispers against my ear, stirring my hair.

I open my heavy eyes, lids laden with lead,  
I meet my own gaze in the mirror, sees desire looking back at me.  
Eyes shift to him, standing behind me, to his hand on my throat,  
Then to his dark eyes, drowning in their blackness.

His hard body is like a marble column behind my back,  
And where it touches me my skin bursts aflame.  
He brushes the hair from my neck; a sigh breaks from me,  
I can't help but bend my head to the side, offering myself.

"Do you really want this?" his voice so deep, it makes me tremble.  
"Please" I whisper, a pitiful plea; he knows full well I want it.  
Minute hesitation, he bows his head towards mine,  
Draws a deep breath, immersing his senses in my scent.

I watch his mouth open, fangs gleaming,  
A deep, low growl vibrates in his chest, like a groan  
Of a man who knows what pleasures will come,  
A hunter that has caught scent of his prey.

I watch in rapt fascination, my heartbeat quickening;  
Then, the moment when his teeth sink in,  
Pleasure and pain explodes, tears a wailing moan from me,  
My eyes still locked on the vision in the mirror.

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