

Cirque du Soleil, Water Bowl

For too long,
love seemed like an illusion,
its golden promise
obscured
by reason and confusion.
Too often,
its favours were thrust upon me.
An invasion.
An intrusion.

Then there was you.
A revelation.
Forbidden yet familiar,
you stood before me,
a hand outstretched.
Not to give,
not to take,
but to simply -- caress.

We kissed --
a passageway
to secrets
still unspoken,
promises unbroken
answers
to questions not yet asked.
A glimpse
of the faces
behind our masks.

The taste of you
burned in my mouth
like an ancient truth.
And then,
as gently as a ghost,
you were inside me.
Your essence
rising in my chest,
your heartbeat
pulsing beneath my breast.

Desire
burst from you
like a string
of flawless pearls.
Between my thighs,
your hands,
guiding me
to undiscovered
lands
treasures --
in the sand
pleasures --
never known to man.

And as we lay together,
the first cool breath
of morning
on our skin,
offering
a silent benediction,
we knew
that we were not alone,
that in this harsh

and unforgiving world,
we'd found a place that
we can call our own.

Who says only opposites
attract?