

Nadia Ali, Tantric

Lights are dim, the aroma
Of the incense fills the room
Roll the curtains, welcome
inside
Sandy outsides, lusty dune
Slip my veil off, as our eyes
lock
Presence of electric
thoughts
Bashful motives, so you
notice
How the slippery lips will
cross
...Don't stop now... Don't stop
now... Don't stop now... Don't
stop now
Heavy breathing, oh this
teasing
Slowly pleasing, gentle
strokes
Moistened entry, stay
above me
Clear and loudly, state the
pose
Make it tantric, I won't panic
I'll submit to each command
I'm your maiden, I'm
consumed in
All of you and your
demands