

First meeting

Hearts pounding eyes meeting
first time this feeling.
Hear the music from your soul
shining through eyes of gold.
Windows open light the night
you and I first sight.
Body language softly screaming
eyes seeing more than dreaming.
Trembling hand yours in mine
hearts beating in time.
Want your body want your soul
want you make me whole.
Feel your rhythm feel your heat
taste of honey so sweet.
Hot as fire pure as gold
come together threshold.
Hold me strong hold me tight
on our journey through tonight.
Next morning what will be
open eyes stare at me.

Terrence Michael Wall