

Pulling Touch

Poi Dog Pondering

You are a butterfly and my eyes are needles
The cold has your breast and my hand is on fire
You resting and reposing
My veins are pulsing
And nothing can cure me, but your pulling touch
I'll stretch you out, and lay alongside you
Run my hands along, devour and divide you.
In the cool of the night, under a rain-pelted roof
Beneath cotton white linen, our love is spilt
You are a cup that I hold by the cheekbones,
I pull you close and I drink you up.
I'll stretch you out, and lay alongside you
Run my hands along, devour and divide you.