

## May Day Eve

You lean into me until we're so near  
my breath rustles the hair around your ear.  
I hear you breathing and feel warm breezes  
blowing down my neck.

I hold your warm belly,  
feeling it soften under my hands,  
and then hold your heart,  
that life's drum resounding,  
its pulsing sending blood streams  
throughout your body.

I flow through the rivers of veins  
and arteries with my mind, sensing  
that underlying the scented flesh  
your life force is hammering  
on the inside of your skin.

Then, you turn your face to me,  
your big luminous eyes so full of radiant light  
that if I were a plant, my green leaves  
would stretch outward in the warmth.

Tilting your head, from under dark lashes  
you look at me with no holds, no barriers  
to the Love we share,  
just being quietly paired,  
feeling the linking of our life forces.  
I caress your arms  
and the hairs prickle to attention,  
standing up for the touch of Love.

Pulling you closer, I  
feel your murmured sighs.  
Your body knows  
my love's touch  
is physical prayer,  
and we create an altar  
whenever you enter  
the nave of my arms.

(5/4/91)

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