

Her name.

Her sensuous name sings softly in sweet cords, slowly
washing over the triumphant faces of saints.

Wishing with innocence for a new wondrous day filled
with hope, splendor, love...

Washing over me like powerful raindrops,
flowing through my heart;
cleansing blood, giving me air.

To drink of her solid air.

To sip her passion.

To idle in the wonder of her words.

To lap the nectar from her vibrating voice.

To look, to love, to lust with passionate purpose;
probing for unheard pleasures;
seething for her seductive secrets.

To See, slowly, the total truth of her thoughts, of her
boundless mind, floating above ego.

Streaming through the sands of manhood.

Reaching forth to touch my humble thoughts.

To read me.

To go beyond the physical pleasures.

To touch God and to surpass his omnipotence.

To reach to alternative realities.

To find at last the magnificent power of relentless bliss.

To leap upon love, with all her bounty, with me,

with love,

with

unbridled total glory.

