Atlas

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your lips are a soft petal pink
I like to trace the shape
and the up turn of your mouth

you create ideas when you talk
a whirlwind at your fingertips
hands build images in the air as
your mouth tries to keep up with
your words that spill so fast

your arms around me
I lie on your chest,
hear your breath, heartbeat, and
words all at once
blood races air through veins
so alive, you pound in my ear
your arms tighten around me

your skin is a soft terrain I explore
my fingers in your soft copper hair,
the sweep of your brow,
the curved arches like valances
green ornamental eye beams

I wander in the valley
of your palm
I polish and rub my fingers
up and down,
then find the path to your stomach
for my hands to graze over muscle ridges
play with the fluff of hair above
your seashell navel
and follow hair bristles that grow
in a smooth line downward
to the tender places on
the boundaries of your skin

your kisses, long, slow and wet
like milkweed flowers sticking to
my tongue and lips
the tide rises from my feet to
head, my pores open
and you break through the gates
and you flood me

Bent Foundations
by Jonathan Travis