

When your brush your hand past my throat time seems to stop,
The rest of world falls away and I'm enraptured in that single moment,
I instinctively pull a shuddering breath preparing for what come next,
Your grip tightens,
Euphoria.
Eyes rolling,
Pain mixes with pleasure,
Pressure builds,
You release,
My breath returns,
Life reenters my body,
A warm radiance flows from the point of contact,
At once I am complete,
We lock eyes,
A toothy grin graces your beautiful face,
Your hand slides up,
Brushing my hair from my face,
Holding this power over me ignites something,
A determined look in your eyes,
Betrays your outward veneer of coyness,
Your grip tightens again,
The cycle restarts.