PINE APPLE LIP GLOSS

By: RENE

Not long ago

I fell in love

With her beautiful lips

I will never forget how sweet

That lingering after taste

Stayed in mouth well after she walked away

And

When

She was almost out of my eye sight

 It became real cerebral melancholy of a love affair

 I had misplaced

It took from me something objective

Watching her leave of absence

And

From a distance

At that very precise moment

It became a sharp piercing pain in the center of my heart

But I remember

Oh how I remember

I remember

Her

(PINE APPLE LIP GLOSS)

The way we French kissed for long periods

When I held on tightly

Tightly to midnight

The memory of her legs in white embroidery stockings

How my fingers danced with excitement

Triggering investments traveling up down her highway

I was dizzy

While tickling the measurements of her

Inner thighs

I remember this

When I was

Creating

A representation

That was supposed to last forever

The further she walked the smaller she grew in my vision

My eyes became a small rain storm drenching screaming

Pulling me away from dreaming

Away from my world as I had become too know it

I

Didn’t know what to say now

 Like words on a black board being erased

I was at a loss for words

So I held on to the memory

Of

Her

(PINE APPLE LIP GLOSS)

The way we French kissed for long periods

No air escaping

Imprisoning our tongs

My own

Perfect example I visualize an imagine

I create in my mind the ability to conceive my own embodiment

A pine apple salad with the juices flowing over

 When we touched each other’s lips

Among other things!