

STORY

- Sarru -



This is my love letter, to you.

I'm lying in a hammock. The afternoon sun is warming me up, there's a garden party next door.
I let my thoughts wander in the green grass, wisps of cloud, my polished nails, soft music,
to which we should be dancing, and not be eating.

I imagine you here beside me. You're beautiful with your blue eyes. You're calm and relaxed.
My fingers lose their way to my lips. You haven't kissed me for a long time.
If you were here, you wouldn't do anything else.
You couldn't because you have been made to do that.

I am flesh under your gaze. I am star dust and gentleness.
No one touches me as you do.

You are the only one who can make my cheeks become deep red,
my every blood vessel visible, my eyes look greedy.

I don't have a similar need to be filled and emptied with anyone else but you.
The nectar of my love is flowing and it tastes of salt, sugar, syrup, and frosty mornings.

You live on that.

My body is yours because you have my trust. I lose you and find you.
I give you every centimetre of my skin as a gift to you. You have earned it.
At night our sheets are wet, whether it is a snow storm or the morning sun shining outside.

You couldn't sleep any closer to me, it makes me aroused.
When you are on top of me, your whole body is intertwined with mine.
I want to get even closer. I wish I could tear your hair out of your head,
bite your lips until they are broken and bleeding.
Oh God, I need seven more pairs of hands. I want to stay inside you.
Hours pass, I'm tired in the morning. It doesn't matter, let's do it again!

You look at me, I close my eyes. I don't need to see what is happening between us.
Your fingers make me cry out in pleasure. Held tight by the lover. You are sweating.
I lick off every drop that has been earned with the work of love. Now you are dry.
I want to get you wet again.

You leave, your touch remains. It remains slumbering on my skin smelling of you.

This is madness that I cannot stop. Luckily I needn't.
Lust is living on the kilometres between us. It is growing with the phone bills.

I come again. And so do you. Many times.

The sun is setting behind the house. I light a cigarette.
I get a text message: I'll be there soon.