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A Siren of the Sea Clutching my Pearls …

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A Siren of the Sea Clutching my Pearls . . .

What is this thing inside me . . .
aching
breaking
rejuvenating
    again and again
Incessant nagging at the mind
and wrenching of the heart
my strand of pearls slapping against the skin
bruising, echoing
like her words
like her eyes
like my hands between her thighs
where I want to go
without hesitation or communication
don’t touch me, I need you
I cringe at your presence,
but can’t stop thinking of you
as you’re gone
What we have is the Ocean:
my eyes a storm surge striking your heart
my waves crashing up against
your soft, sweet sand
I fall back, go deep and cold
your winds lick at my skin
and wake my blood
your current pulls me back in
The white water is us –
rearing up
suspended
pure, powerful, poetic
spinning, then falling
crashing, then rising up again