

LOSING MY TOUCH

Damn its lure, skyward I'd glanced, no chance now of escape
Full moon's force, under its spell, I'm bewitched by her nape

The game begins, we commence the chase, eyes locked as in a trance
Under a harvest moon, two sleek hunters, the timeless dance

Kissing her hand, sensation past due, succulent first taste
What mad folly, precious time, we both did waste

She waiting for my infatuation, I now certain she lusted as much
Coyly claims her victory, 'I thought I was losing my touch'

Nay sultry vixen, under this moon's rays, your sensuality raw power
Enchanted, resistance now futile, Venus rules this witching hour

- To: A lass of Minneapolis
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