

The Morrow Matters Naught

Sweat drips, cascades, from her face to mine, bodies locked, her eyes a glaze
Her nails dig, her sensations, her arousal, her long hair caresses my chest
This mare, unlike so many, senses what this man needs, she a woman at her best

This night, reunites two once close, emotions crashing on the cliff of malaise
Months since we'd last parted, angry words, lover's bond ripped apart
In this fury of passions released, love, hate, lust, anger, yearning, all rupture through this
eve's start

Fleeting, he wonders the 1st thought he and she will have at dawn, this moment's
sensation by then a distant haze
Next, thought races away, she knows my eyes too well, uses her flesh to take back my
full attention
The morrow matters naught, we live in this moment's torrent, her inflamed desire will
not tolerate the distraction

- To: Surrendering to one's impulses
- Award: This poem won the Editor's Choice Award from the International Society of Poets in 2004
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