

Kelsley

By Bella Cox

I am on my knees tussling once more
with the buckle of your belt while you
caress a strand of hair from my face,
that look in your eye like you've won the lottery
or seen a mirage, but it's one you love, one
you almost can't believe would visit you like this
and suddenly I've unclasped you
relishing your gasp as you do that thing
where you pretend I'm doing *you* a favour
and that I don't have to and I give you that look
like you're a feast and I am starving
so you smile, leaning yourself back on your elbows
and we shimmy your jeans to the floor.
The room is filled with the scent of you and
nothing else matters but the rhythm of your breathing
and this sweet sour softness I almost can't believe
you've opened for me, and I keep moving,
my face, my fingers, immersed. Looking up
to find your eyes liquid deep, piercing, and full
as if meeting mine for the first time
and somewhere outside the moon is growing
fuller higher brighter bolder like your perfect mouth