

Ecstasy

The breath brushed along my face;
Cold fingers made their way down my spine and
across my breasts.
Wet kisses glued the clothes to my form.
Only my mouth was dry.
The tremendous pleasure caused tremors
that threatened to crumble my soul.
Like the experience of love,
a mountain rain shower is unsurpassed.

Dyanna Cara

The Tempest

A cool wind blows on a hot summer afternoon, the skin of every living
organism drinks in the coolness like a fountain of relief.
And the earth opens its pores in anxious expectation of the approaching
storm.
The tempest makes its presence known by roaring its arrival as the company
of clouds roll into view.

One moment it is peaceful and pleasant.
The next it is screaming and raging.
The tempest will kill one flower and breathe new life into a thousand
others.

The earth is a pacifist beyond measure.
She will never turn the rebellious rain away.
Though it has the power to destroy her.

The tempest is an act of nature more powerful than the act of conception.
It is the spawn of unexplainable forces that cannot be reckoned with.
It is despised, feared, shunned, and misunderstood.

Like the frenzied orgies of the druids, the tempest thrusts itself upon
the world.
And, like a spent lover, the tempest weakens and slowly withdraws itself.

Jacquelynn Kain