

Brenda Mox

## WOBBLES

A stranger, haunting his life  
weaved back into  
that part still young.

With a voice breaking  
in voluptuous sobs,  
she stunned the part  
of him that was old.

His wise calm sanity of soul  
jogged slowly  
in massive wobbles  
of premonitions untold.

A long known stranger  
returned from his past.  
His sassy, sultry lass  
come home again at last.

## CONSECRATED COMFORT

She understood the language  
of his countenance.  
Something glad and genial  
in his loving glance.  
His manner so impressive  
in its noble simplicity.  
His face riveted the eye  
in a key of subdued vivacity.

She knew if ever  
his dark, mysterious eye  
fell on her by chance,  
she could no longer quell  
what it was she so desired.

The sense of admiring awe  
with which she traced his step,  
awakened the alpha/omega  
of her heart's precepts.  
To know something of him  
whose voice summons her,

to breathe the consecrated comfort  
of his masculinity,  
with no repressing or restraint  
of gleeful vitality.  
Just the dangerous delirium  
of desire's mad complaint  
of loving him too much.

## TORTUOUS KIND OF LOVE

Gleams scintillated in his eyes  
with a calm yet subdued  
triumphant surprise  
of longing earnestness.

Smiles played over his face,  
opening his soul's cell door  
to receive with full embrace  
the blow he had tried to evade.  
An inevitable though strange,  
tortuous kind of love.

He bore so patiently  
her perverse eyes, large and black  
and brilliant as jewels  
with a look and air  
independent yet shy,  
kindling love's devouring flames.

He examined her face  
with austerity.  
His eyes beamed  
watchful and keen.  
She, fresh as an April shower  
though the day be at her fading hour,  
still,  
his bringer of sweet tortuous love.

## HEART SHARED

He stood back lit  
in a funnel of light,  
a snowy mountain man  
overflowing with delight.  
Black hair silver streaked,  
mouth smiling bright and warm  
as campfires at night.

Shining stars twinkled in his artist eyes  
catching her soul reeling with surprise.  
The late day sun gilded her face  
as he gazed into eyes of emerald lace.

A fleshy pumpkin of a woman so fine  
with lips the color of wild plum wine.  
He loved her heart  
of honeybee flowers,  
her mind radiating  
those petal powers.

He stalked toward her  
a lion from his den.  
Their eyes closed softly  
in heart shared realms  
of never lost love,  
much more than just friends.

Nestled in each other's arms  
in dreamless slumber full of song.  
The moon's magnet tugged  
tenderly on the sea  
while shining silver fishes  
floated in tiny twists  
of ocean coral trees.

## FORGOT TO BE SAD

With nothing on their minds  
but their bodies,  
each step carried hope  
of some wondrous thing  
in the making.  
And just for a moment  
she forgot to be sad.

Her mouth flew open  
as a beautiful laugh  
floated through the universe  
of vibratory sensations.

He'd fallen into her thrall  
as others often did.  
With a wealth of wonder,  
his hands touched her  
heavenly harp strings.

It was the season of  
extravagant excuses,  
when the smell  
of sexual ecstasy  
hung in the air  
on the path  
to the sweet place  
where nectar resides,  
to live just for a day  
on coitus high tide.