

Dear Future Lover – When We Meet, Penetrate Me This Deeply

BY ILDA DASHI

Dear future lover & companion,

When we meet,
I would ask you,
to make love like this:
skin to skin,
smell to smell,
touch to touch,
whisper to wind,
heart to heart beats
thighs to thighs,
palm to palm,
chin to cheek,
fragrance to perfume,
fingers interlocked,
eyes to lips,
mouth to tongue.

Let us taste
all the cells of each other
that sparkle from our DNA
as we swim
into the dark room
full of dimmed candles.

Let us taste the soul
inside of each other's bodies
and rise up
from the burning flames
purified and reborn

into our innocence.

Because let me tell you,
I loved many times
and I did not allow myself
to make love like this to a man,
or ask him to make love to me,
exactly like this.

And my spirit starved.

Now I am taking care of her,
part of which is getting to know her.

My spirit lives in words like this,
she imagines a love like this,
because she is made of this very essence.

It took me a while,
to get to this point.

So please,
when we meet,
penetrate me this deeply,
that's the kind of depth I crave.

My Spirit lives
in the erotic lines of my poetry
and the corners of my lips.

She lives, between my thighs
and at the bottom of my inner ocean.

For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [The Inner Voice of Love: A Journey Through Anguish to Freedom](#) .

Sip a little more:

*She Gives Her Flesh, Stars & Soul To The Man Who
Can Handle All Those With Care*

I Want To Be A Fool Who Loves Love So Much

I wanted movement and not
a calm course of existence.
I wanted excitement and
danger and the chance to
sacrifice myself for my love.

Leo Tolstoy

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