

DREAM SEQUENCE

Shape from across the room
 apart from other shapes.
A clear outline, a vaunted singularity
 that pins my gaze.

I move to see the shape in more detail,
 and try to brush beside her
and match her odor
 to her form and grace.

She turns and smiles a greeting
 and I ask her for this dance.
Her smile is broader now,
 her dark eyes search my face.

She moves her right hand up,
 her waist to mine in stealth,
her breath, and natural essence
 the fragrance of herself.

Her belly presses to me
 just below my belt.
Her breasts ease onto mine
 to find a comfort zone.

We move around the floor
 a lock in unison,
appropriate decorum,
 my mind alive with senses burning.

The music ends, she finds my eyes on her,
 she smiles and thanks me with a curtsy.
I squeeze her hand, and thank her,
 and hurry to sit down.

By Oscar Treadwell