The Curve

by Zara Suleman

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smooth and silky the line draws
close to your body then far away
inside lines hugging turns
that feel so warm
against my
hands

the sloping sensual circular motions of my tongue along your flesh, tasting your skin inhaling your sweet seductive smell through my body

my fingertips leaving
prints into your tissue
layers wanting to connect
with your body as one, hands
melting into your waist and hips
heat from a fire, from your fire
pull me in, look up,
we meet
eye to eye

the curve, the line of your fleshy flesh pulling over your body, from under your arms to your tummy, the curve runs its course, guiding my hands all over then aligning to the curve, holding tightly and softly kissing, licking, teasing the curve wanting to please every curve, wanting to conform to every curve, wanting every curve of yours next to