

**Want to follow**

*by Robin Cravey*

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The soft sweet music of your  
breathing  
in the night  
fills my ears  
with peace,  
and I turn in the bed  
to face you,  
because where my hearing goes,  
my eyes want to follow.

The slow rhythmic fall and rise of your  
cotton gown  
in the filtered glow  
fills my mind with memories  
and I reach out  
to touch you,  
because where my eyes go,  
my fingers want to follow.

The warm round fullness of your  
breast  
under my cupped carressing hand  
fills my heart with love  
and I wet my lips,  
because where my fingers go  
my lips want to follow.

Oh, my love, this timeless moment  
between peace and passion,  
holds us still.