

THE INNOCENCE OF EROS

Eleven Poems For Lovers

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You are the lens

**You are the lens through which I see the world,
Yours the line in profile that is frame
and curve and hidden place,
Your face the superimposition on the scene,
the everywhere, the everything.**

**Into these spaces are the pieces fit,
the comings, and the goings
That we call the movements of our lives,
and all these
Curve and arc and range across the
boundaries of you,
The unboundedness of you,
This love,
This compass, and desire.**

this is the rose

**this is the rose that has no thorn
and greets a kiss with salty sweetness,
silken, moist to moist, and swells,
to tongue's caresses,
quivering in joyful resonance
to flickering fingertip....**

**this is the rose that looks for
stem and staff and rod and hard,
that is the sigh of love....**

Whence Cometh Love?

**Whence cometh love? What womb,
What seed, hath given shape to it?
It is the godly child of innocence,
Such love, and cometh
Of the laughter and the dance
That slide, oh spent and breathless,
To the mossy couch, there to discover,
All astonishment,
This great, grand secret of the source of life,
This sweet God-echo,
Angel-song, that hums and wings
Its way to shadow lovers from
The sun-heat and the gaze
Of profane people.**

**How came this love? In holy stealth,
In open-hearted banter and
With coy and clever smiles,
Flirting she with he, to find, in biblical "behold!"
The solid place that would not
Yield to fashion.**

**Who is this master of the couch, the man
Whose thighs press tight, whose arms
Hold fast to her, and rock her gently
Into transports, she the willing passenger
On love's carriage?**

**She knows him, and says nothing, only
Looking secretly, and with
Her perfumes and her laces and
Her breasts beneath the power of his chest.
They wait, and meet where all the boundaries of the world
Come to an end,
And they love, beyond all time, and with a will**

**Put by forever any claims beyond the garden
While they love there, in Eden reconfigured,
Never losing -- they, nor there -- its holiness.**

wild heart

**This too my wild heart says:
He is a splendid, shining man,
Hot and driven, strong, a young tree
 branching round me, holding me
 in such a love
That I cannot resist the exploration,
 everywhere,
While he moves, while he rests,
 while he is suspended
 by passion and surprise
 and held between my thighs,
And fixing me to him, joined
 unparted together wedded
 no-space-between
I clasp myself to him, and oh,
 how can he wonder
 he creates it
 he gives it rhythm
 this wild heart
And his, growing wild in
 this new garden.**

High Tide

**Oh, the surprise that is your love,
The steps that lead to such embraces,
Your kisses on my breasts,
Your sweetness in the rhythms of desire**

**And I want to tell you, tell you each time, tell you
Always, but my lips are covered, oh,
With kisses, kissing you, my lips
Are covered with your kisses, tasting you**

**But I want to tell you, when I feel that sliding-inwardly
Of oh, so inwardly you press, again, you press,
And slide – and then your fingers at the quick,
I hardly know if this is your gasp, or my own,**

**But I want to tell you, let me tell you now,
Because so shortly there will be that flaming,
The spark is hardly struck, and all the fire follows,
And I am on a sweet dark sea, helmsman,**

**Come, bring me to shore, bring me out again onto the waves,
Sail me, with me, on me, in me, come, Argonaut,
Find your way, make my passion rise, high tide
This love, short ebbing, just to rest, and then
High tide, this love, high tide.**

The First of It

**He slept beside me.
when he woke,
after the unsettled first of it,
some sort of recognition --**

**he cannot say (or will not,)
what epiphany was there, so brief; and yet, there,
on his brow,
and in his eyes,
that look we get in moments
that have somehow changed us -- that leave
some trail, a shadow-but-not-dark,
a secret that reveals itself as when
unexpectedly,
there is some thing that is so lovely
or so still, or lifted-high-and-lifting-those-who-look,
where suddenly, the revelation of the secret, and the now,
are one. That is
a forever-change.
We call that a conversion.
We even call it love.**

Your Life Our Life

**Life, this holy chalice
 holding the Creation
Is only Eucharistic
 in your love,
your presence, and
 your touch,
Drawing into life
 the clay you shape
By kiss, caress, and
 tender cradling
The Amen that we whisper
 shaping that
Emergent being, breath set free
 to find
Beginnings, holding fast forever
 to your hand
 your heart
Nourished always by
 your love-filled spirit.**

Where my hands travel...

**Where my hands travel over you, your
skin so sweetly felt, so cool, so hot,
all there, your mood, your love,
your wanting and your getting-ready,
Oh, and then.**

**Where my lips travel over you, your
soft moans as I touch
those places that come all
revealed, uncovered, sliding,
Ready, oh.**

**Tell me, Love, where have I touched
that is new land,
the northwest passage,
all the hitherto
the nonexistent
Until now, oh.**

**Feel my kisses breathe in you,
lips traced hotly,
tender travel, flicker,
silent call
And Oh!**

.

Merlin

**The cunning of your love
has worked its magic on me,
Enchanter, you have left your mark
in aura, glow, heart-energy,
Love-tattoo, you weaver of hearts and bodies
all enfolded one into the other.**

**Worker of spells, you have wrapped my heart
in pleasure and desire,
In love and longing, smiling at the disappearance
of my will and logic --
And of yours....**

Sleep well tonight....

**Sleep well tonight, my Love.
May slumber soothe your body
The way your arms were steady-healing
For my troubled heart.**

**May your dreams be courtship,
All loveliness and sweet desire
Finding their contentment.
May they embody all your dearest wishes.**

**And when you waken, may your heart
Feel new again, you man of beauty, power,
Glowing with your sleeping joys and waking gladness.
My morning kiss for you, wherever you awake.**

Leaves raining down....

**Leaves raining down from the trees,
raining down with the rain raining down from the clouds
while I lie here in dreaming remembering,
watching you inwardly, kneeling before me,
stroking your penis, erect with desire,
my body all limp with your last round of loving,
propped against pillows, thighs lying open,
as you arranged me, as you impaled me, fingers
inside me, moving within me, stroking me
stroking you, rhythm and breath-speed,
higher, more helpless before your tide-rhythm –
vision all misted and blurred in transcendence,
warmer, and suppler, and drawn to your body,
you lay me beneath you, you move my thighs wider,
your penis pressed hard into quick penetration,
fiercely, and roughly, my gasp your excitement,
my moans drive you harder, your thrust slams me downward.....
then lifting, and lifting me, hand reaching under, fingers impaling
again in a tightness, pain, then its passing,
then deeper within me, my back arched against you,
your finger all deeper, and pressing and driving, penis deep
traveling,
changing, and delving, until I am gasping, and coming, and coming.....
explosion of wetness, your spilling and spending.....**

