

Précis Two

Vansire

Satin on, your shoulders sliding
Gravity on my side again
Tracing down your spine until
The lace is on the floor

You ain't even got a bed frame yet, but the mattress cool
Last time I checked, the last time that I slid through
We were discussing where we head once it's over
Hard as hell to keep my composure
When the miles disappear and the inches accrue
With your lips on my neck and the rest of you too
I shake my ancients envision, an outer sanctum
A world we crafted from pages
Apples, Adams, and ancients, how loving you was a cadence
How loving me makes me braver, courage beyond the ballad
Ain't no way they can tame us