

The fact is  
I want my nipples  
to ache hard  
pulsing  
for you to grab  
me  
while wearing mirrored  
sunglasses  
to swallow  
as your shape shadows  
and loud Led Zeppelin  
tears away  
inside my cunt

Your intention to arouse  
my refusal  
to be aroused  
the game  
of fuck  
we play

I want my toes to squeak  
shattering  
calm and tired  
creaming day's hard duties  
under the ass of my hand

I want to play  
with  
who gets to  
turn who  
over

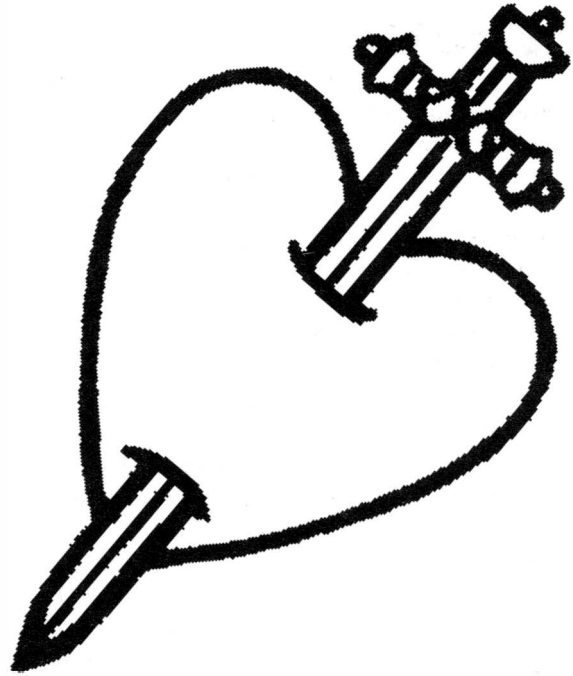
Remember our first night  
when the blue train  
vibrated  
through my head  
and your anonymity  
pulled me open  
you pressed  
heavy on my chest  
I  
couldn't breathe  
but my knees  
and pussy  
hot  
told me you were right

I want to be strangers  
again  
to want you so bad  
I don't mind a car crash  
on the way home  
at 16th and Mission  
Flashing yellow/red lights  
My head hit numbly  
against the stinky vinyl  
of the cab  
I think it turned you on  
to protect me  
right then from the start

I want you  
to suck my neck purple  
and dance against a wall again  
on Texas street

to play games  
between my wanting  
and your needing

I want smoky eyes  
to shadow a hot pressing roll  
into the river  
of my pussy  
the first night  
you fucked me  
woman/man  
gave me sweetness  
in my fat girl body  
gave me years  
of edgy waiting  
more than even the best  
of my often repeated fantasy



You gave me  
bucking, rushing  
You gave me hard tits  
freedom to turn and move  
You pressed hard against my breath  
and gave me

I want you  
Your mirrored sunglasses  
your ass  
and machismo

I want my hair caught tight  
under your arm

Take me  
away from everyday  
bring me to a hot edge  
make my stomach  
turn and shallow  
make me open and  
sweaty  
take my hair  
in your hands  
cry into my face  
wash me  
with your smoky eyes

# Raquel