

Warm Sand And Black Heaven

by Robert Crisman

He met her at midnight just off the plane and they sized each other with silent growing awareness that no matter what might transpire in distant tomorrows, each served here now as passports to magic and lands far away.

On the way into town on this warm July morning, a park rich with trees whispered nothings as sweet as a dream. He had her pull over and they left the car and he took her hand and they walked toward the trees.

In the puddle of light thrown down by the lamp at the entry he stopped, pulled her close, kissed her mouth, eyes, and neck, and busied his fingers in ways that clutched at her breath.

They tumbled into the trees and stripped one another, their breath now sharp rasps.

They fell to earth and explored with their mouths and grew fevered.

He entered her then and she gasped and loved him, and he saw singing life through her eyes, and they floated through years to Belize and a beach where warm sands and black heaven make love to the stars one by one.

