

She Is My Nightmare

by Robert James Russell

her skin the color of honey sugary sweet eyes like long-forgotten
pathways to a place I can only just recall her hair in twists and her
hands touching it fondling it tucking it back behind her ears as she
rubs her legs against each other crosses them at the thighs
dreaming dreaming of my hands on her back on her body touching
rubbing feeling measuring and that smile her smile cocked at the
ends like she knows of course she knows her hands touching and
grazing and moving along the tabletop over her papers and things
she looks up to me then down smiling big beautiful knowing then
looks up at me again with a glance that doesn't need words to
elaborate and it shakes me cold shakes me to my core her eyes her
lips her curves her skin the color of honey

