

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

