

oasis

what luck
my desert has ended
ah
my skin crackles
and expands
with the knowledge of
sweet moisture

after months of placing
one foot after the other
crossing burning dry expanses
sinking again
and again
into deep sand
and needing each time
to find extra strength
willing myself
pull the foot out
step
step again
and survive

it's so good to feel myself
lift again
to see gently
breath deeply
to be easy again
to smell and trust

finally good land
this oasis

haven
for all these
thousands of years
generation after generation
of me
like me
have stopped and rested
here
ended hot dry days
parched nights
and harsh lessons
here

leaving behind
a punishing star
escaping fatal beauty
that insists
day after day
love me
but
hide from my light
or die

no more
endless thirst
cracked lips
dusty throat

no more
burdensome tongue
wanting to be somewhere else

she exists
the mirage is real

caressing my face
touching my head
and tracing my back
holding me here
in myself
in herself

being simply there
she is
all parts
touching

green within green
within green

cascading moisture
everlasting
orgasms of abundant life
bubbling cries
of creature awareness

landscapes for eyes
and hands
worlds for
ears throats faces
lips tongues
fingers arms
chests
bellies
penises
labias vaginas
curved backs
fannies

legs
feet
wriggling toes
inner and outer
places
forgotten skin
between crevasses
places sparkling
with new pleasures
sensing the truth
saying each line
writing intimate details
across discovered
and remembered surfaces

saying
come you into me
come into my being
with your being
relax here
and here
and here
relax and play

here
where the sun
is your friend
again
where your hands
and my hands
your eyes
and my eyes
your tongue
and my tongue

come alive
know what to do
and who to be
where all our songs
are happy

again and again

what luck
my desert has ended

Bill

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