

Cider

Tonight,
Just now,
I got a glimpse,
A peek,
At the flannel folds of Your nightshirt.

At what it would be like to die before You.

To melt, to merge, to become Light.

Yet, how can this be,
When I am already in You,
And You in me.

Spiced cider.

I'm not sure,
Which is me,
And which is You.

This is Tantra,
As they say.
Our Oneness.

Eyes of sleepy fire,
I see only You,
And see myself through Your Eyes.

Lay me down,
Make Love to me,
Make Love to Your Self.

I can't tell,
Who's tongue is in My mouth?
Who licks My swollen lips?

Take me now,
I pray to die.
I no longer want to be teased
By flowers and song.

| Brett M. Wilbur