

Try to be...

The young couple flung themselves at each other,

“Let’s be loud today,”

she said with a devilish smirk.

He hesitated but forced out a smirk of his own,

and so it began

clothes

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to the floor.

He slid his fingers down her sides but felt

nothing.

He tried to feel for the past

somewhere on her body,

he felt an uneasy silence start to swallow him,

but he kept *searching*

and searching,

so he grabbed her tighter by the waist.

Her **skin** turned **red like fire** under his fingertips

and her *noises*,

they caught **fire** too.

He did stuff to her

that his religious mother wouldn’t believe

even if she

told her.

It couldn’t be true

how could it?

But she was there

atop him

and he never let go,
the ecstasy of the moment made them both *numb*.

His grip grew tighter as more feeling left his body.

“Ouch,”

she said under a soft moan.

“Calm down, muscle man!”

She had a gentle smile on her rosy lips,

“We have more time.”

He loosened his grip around her waist
and interlocked hands with her,

“No, we don’t,”

he said.

They made quiet eye contact
he didn’t see_{her} anymore.

She slipped_{her} hands out from under his
and wrapped_{her} arms around his neck,
pulled him closer
and whispered,

“Sure we do, babe.”