

Squeeze, Satisfied

They had just made love
Silent on the bed
This was their celebration
She had her eyes closed
Nothing was said
They had fulfilled temptation
He looked through the curtains
He looked at the phone
He couldn't be certain if this was his home
Satisfied that this was it
A rhythmic breath and a gentle grip
Satisfied and they were sure
They couldn't fulfill each other more

They stroked each other
He played with her hair
Deep in a warm sedation
The legs of his jeans
Hung over the chair
Love was their meditation
She looked at his shoulders
She looked at his eyes
The look there told her he was satisfied

They laid there apart
In another world
At the dawn of creation
As love turned to sleep
Their bodies curled
Into sweet inspiration
They looked at each other
They looked at the night
Under the covers they were satisfied