Epiphany

Jill Scott

Watching,
Watching as he took the holder off his shoulder
Fire in his eyes,hands getting bolder
Quiet,quiet
Growing excited
Dug him for his bank account,but really for
his private
Damn about a mindset
Really wasn't into that
Needed me some pleasing,jon looking real fat
Laidback was his foreplay
All that was needed,needed was some of that
Started simple
Massaging on my temple
Pinching on my mountain peaks
That a sisters into
I responded,'Mmmmm.'
You like the sound,I like makin'it more
I fell for the rock and shore
Enough,he brought it close so I could really see
Up close he slid between my breast
Sweaty with lust and sweat

Rode Mt.Saint Scott 'til ooooo
Creamy lava landed on my skin and neck
Blended with my all day Chanel scent
This freaking was incredulent,decadent
Flip side,stomach meets sheets
He plows inside as if he's making beats
As if this year's harvest depended on it
Bendin'on it
Back on my back old fashioned is renewed
Red toenail polish on whitewalls
Documenting this freaking,ahhhhh
I must'
Remember'
To thank him'
Later.
No,no,no,

No,no,no
I take charge of ship
Moving with my back and my hips
Like my ancestors did
Speaking the Bantu,Ranga and tonga
But I've gotta stop all that to make it longer,
But it's too late
I put him to sleep
Curled all up,spasm all in his feet
Feeling all proud like I did something deep
Ain't really nothin'it's the way that it be
North Philly sister repin'hard like me
But why do I feel so empty?

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