Dedications

Patchworks

One touch of your hand can open the heavens
Abducts me to long forgotten meadows of desire
Strange, I never believed that one glance of eyes
Would be able to touch me inside like yours did
I always thought that something was buried
Long time ago, deep insideOne touchAnd there never was a greater pleasure
Than to stay awake for hours and touch you tight
To feel your silent breath upon my hand
As I push your hair from your face
I dare not to wake you
For this would wake me too

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