Entangled

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Should I? Should we?
A tiny sheet, the remaining fig leaf,
The last vestige of modesty.
Come let me...
There's still time...
No, there was never time,
No indecisions or revisions now.

Awareness, awakening, arousal
I have thee and yet not.
Collided, combined, conjoined,
Coming completely
From somewhere deep within,
The nucleation of longing

A lifetime's battlements breached,
The dykes of deliberate defenses downed.
Embraced, entangled, enveloped,
Entry through the low door
A newly fertile Eden irrigated.

Surrendered, sinews taut,
Straining against the Spring tide
Sweeping against passion's shore,
Smiting the last shudder of urgent ecstasy
Against the groaning headboard.

Stepp'd in so far,
The river irrevocably crossed,
Safety's bridge on the rocks lies smashed:
Future uncertain, direction unknown,
We follow love's siren whither it calls.