

## **Kneeling Plaything**

Your hair -- dark, curly, soft,  
Smelling like flowers --  
Spills like silky smoke over my belly and thighs  
Tempting me to touch it  
To wrap my fingers in it  
To clench it in my hands and use it like a leash  
To force your head down  
And bury my hardness in the wet heat of your mouth  
And the fluttering sheath of your throat  
What is it that makes me touch you with gentleness instead?  
What still, whispering voice in the back of my mind cautions me  
To caress instead of crush, to stroke instead of strike?

As you kneel before me  
A beautiful plaything between my legs  
The hardness of my flesh slipping in and out over your tongue  
And your mouth pulling insistently on me  
Hungry, thirsting, demanding, pleading that I give you what you want  
The salty flood squirting against the roof of your mouth  
Telling you what a good little girl you are  
Making me moan and cry out your name as I shudder in release  
You are not only my possession, my toy,  
But also my possessor, my queen  
Because you own and rule me with your burning caress  
Making me such a willing and eager captive

In moments like these, my delightful One,  
I am helpless in your hands  
You could so easily misuse me  
Coerce me into promising anything, giving everything,  
Extort from me any confession, force me into any obligation  
And yet you do not.  
Your efforts are not to hurt me, to betray me, to control me  
But to please me  
To make me happy  
To show me in this most intimate way  
That you love me more than anyone else on earth  
That we belong to each other in a pure and beautiful way  
Trusting each other enough to be naked and vulnerable,  
Open as much to pain as to pleasure,  
With one another  
We have each been hurt before, used, discarded in the past  
Yet for all that, today we place ourselves in each other's care  
Giving all that we have to one another

And asking in return only to love and be loved  
To be cherished and treasured  
To at last be where and with whom we've always belonged.

Stephen Thorn  
June 3, 2010