

Tension

I don't know how it started,
But the rope is there,
It has always been there,
But unintendedly or intendedly you moved it,
Or was it me?
The certain thing is that it moved.

Maybe a smile or a caress,
No... it was that look
It told me that you wanted to play
And I always wanted to play with you.

But we doubt,
Why do we doubt?
For so many reasons...
We should doubt.

Time goes on,
The rope is between us,
It has always been there,
But now we are consent,
We see it when we see each other,
We shyly touch it when we talk, when we laugh,
We grab it and tense it when we look at each other, the way we like to look at each other,
Your eyes tell me so much...
Yet, we doubt.

Time goes on,
Now the rope is always in our hands,
We move it and pull it,
Sharply and gently,
We play with our thoughts and our words,
We tense the rope between intonations and respirations,
When your need to touch me doesn't find any other release than leaning on my shoulder,
When my need to touch you doesn't better conformity than wander your back,
Dropping in a diagonal from your right shoulder to your left hip,
Letting go fiscally at the center of your back, but completing the movement in my mind
And you feel it.

We observe each other in the middle of the crowd,
What crowd?
Now it doesn't matter,
You are holding one side of the rope and I'm holding the other,
We look at each other,
And the heartbeat speeds up,
The blood boils,
The endorphins are released,
An uncontainable smile draw itself in our mouths.

We perform an unrehearsed choreography of thoughts, comments, smiles, laughs, touches and looks,
Tension and distension,
For a public that doesn't see us,
For an audience that doesn't hear us.

As we tense increasingly stronger,

Our bodies and our wills approach,
As the tension increase, the desire increase and overflows,
My eyes don't retreat yours, your eyes don't retreat mine,
Now more than ever we doubt,
But the instinct overcome any resistance and take the control of our bodies,
That get energized with opposite charges.

The rope can not tense anymore,
The tension between our bodies reach the limit
I approach slowly but steady,
You squeeze my arm, shivering, begging,
The tension breaks,
The charges are released as a lightning that merge your arms to my back,
My hands to your cheeks,
Our lips and our laps.

Time doesn't goes on anymore,
We don't doubt anymore,
All the surface of my skin is anxious to be united with yours,
Our lips and tongues explore and discover each other as the rest of our body,
With the wildness of a first kiss...

Climax