

## **Love's Approach**

We sit together  
on this creaky bed  
afraid to touch;  
reduced to tremors  
of fear, of lust.  
Her scent is ripe.

A naked bulb  
in a pendulous swing  
casts a shadow  
of what's to be:  
two silhouettes  
advance, in sync.  
Her form incites.

We merge together  
in arduous bliss,  
a wealth of assurance  
released from our lips.

The bed creaks,  
as if given to delight.

—*Michael Pracht*