

Night Love

- by Angie

Where was the leonine man she loved?
The face she could stroke with her finger tips
She wanted his hands on her, above
She longed for his canines and special lips

She craved blue eyes that saw her heart
She ached for his voice so soft and deep
She wished that he'd visit her in the dark
And love his "Catherine" into sleep

The door was open, the curtains sheer
The night was quiet, the lights were bright
The crescent moon shone pure and clear
But none saw the shadow softly alight

He saw she slept, and breathed a sigh
He knew she dreamed and saw her smile
He felt her love as he drew nigh
Yet stood in worship for awhile

He undressed then stroked her moonlit hair
He slid beside her, she gathered him near
Their passion and joy lit a golden flare
Green eyes and blue shed happy tears

END