

Soul Mate

By Elizabeth A. Chaykowski

Eyes piercing as beacons in the darkness of the darkest night,
He gazes ardent,
Undivided attention,
Intently directed,
Objective obviously veiled,
By a secret mystery,
That I,
Simultaneously consumed by both excitement and fear,
Cannot decipher.

So close is he,
I feel the humidity escaping his nostrils,
As he exhales breath,
Against the warmth of my cheek,
Cooling it,
Chills crawling lightening up my spine,
Sliding down again through my roots,
Past my own existence,
Into the core,
Into the center,
Into the earth.

From a subterranean land within him,
Escapes a low slow moan,
Intense with mourning,
Full bodied resonance,
Primal talk,
Spirit communicating,
A language older than the ancient ones,
Deeper than the deepest oceans,
Received and understood,
By the time and space within,
That exists within a heartbeat.

Trembling,
I lean,
Into his presence,
Terror violently shoved aside by my insatiable desire,
To know the secret mystery,
Contained within him,
As the jewel is encased in the lotus,
As the honey is encased in the comb,
As love is often encased in pain,
And only set free by tears.

Pounding in my chest,

Pounding in my head,
Inching in,
My thoughts swim through pools of images,
Until all thought becomes sensation,
Until all image becomes one pounding,
One sensation,
So close,
I am gone.

Consumed by intercourse,
Penetration beyond all boundaries,
Beyond all definition,
I feel for him,
I yearn as he yearns,
I mourn for him,
I mourn as he mourns,
I scratch at myself,
Raptured,
Ecstatically possessed by his uncivilized,
Innocent instinct,
And I am wild,
As he is wild.

I bite my lip with his fangs,
And taste his blood with my tongue,

Warm,

Raw,

Rolling like mercury in my mouth.

Temperature rising,
I swallow the red heat,
And feel it melt down my throat,
Until my belly is full and bubbling,
With the power,
Of an eternal guttural howling,
That gushes like a geyser,
And escapes unrestrained from my mouth.

The universe and beyond are filled.

My voice rings in its ears.

My voice rings in my own.

I listen with his ears,
And see the blinding truth of who it is that I am.

I see with his eyes,
And hear the resounding light of who it is that I am becoming.

The secret mystery,
Contained within him,
Veiled no more,
My salvation,
Is realized.

I am his soul,

He is my mate.

We are,
Wolf.