

Well Done

As I walk through the foyer, covered in debris and sweat from a hard day's work.

I could smell the sweet smell of vanilla cake coming from the kitchen.

As I walked towards the smell, that's when I saw you.

Standing in beautiful confidence,
with a bright smile that lights up all of my darkest places.

As you say hello, I see your lips covered in frosting.

Teasing me into submission.

I had to have a taste.

Lemon, sugar, and you mixed together perfectly like lemonade on a summer day.
You backed away and blushed so much that I could see it through your brown sugar.

You looked in my eyes and said nothing and everything at the same time.

I proceed to kiss you so deeply that your body began to melt in my arms.

My hands began to move on their own.

From caressing your waist down to squeezing your Georgia peach that I love to taste.

You moaned as I picked you up violently and placed you on the counter,
gently to not knock over a vase.

Please excuse my hands because without being on you they would forever be lost.

Them on you should be a crime,
just let me know the cost.

As they flow up from caressing your breasts, I lightly wrap them around your neck.

Now I have full control.

You pull my shirt off,

I take yours off.

And the rest I was ready to explore.

Yet, the awful sound of the oven rang through our ears to let us know the food was ready.

You try to get to the oven to check on it.

Truthfully, you are just trying to run.

I grab your waist and continue to wrestle with your tongue.

You try to reach for the stove but your hands feel like they weigh a ton.

You know we can't put out this fire,

Until the food is well done.