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Companion

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Companion

Devon Boyd

She holds me she hugs me she kissed and she touched me i love thee her body's constructed so beautifully soft spoken and lovely when rowdy not ugly who is she on the days that I've cried she was there by my side speaking nothing but true never spilling a lie in the presence of her i feel better inside stay on top and i lust to get in her's a must back and forth this thing moves and as one we both groove and we loose ourselves in the presence of the other she provides me with rhythm and no blues from my lover she's the air that i breathe

the platelet's when i bleed she's the cure to my pain and the same remedy that has uplifted my soul with the hand you can see gave me the power, the strength and this energy to break through the shackles and set myself free she keeps me fulfilled and never leaving me empty she was right there in my system when the drama came to get me standing face to face when New Orleans came to tragedy kept a smile on my face while Katrina caused casualties bringing hope to my heart when i thought that corpses were family no she's not a goddess but has the power of divinity so who is she she is poetry

