

The Man from Mars

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The man from Mars had a nice smile.
His face was immaculately structured as well.
His rosy lips come alive in their glistened glory with unattained pleasure
That makes me whimper in unashamed lust and love
When he bites on them off-handedly for he's concentrating.

My chest heats up at the thought of him.
The heat is centered between my bosom and travels downward.
My breathing surges and my thinking blurs on his account.
I feel a strong pull towards him but then again I might
Be hallucinating for he's been near me no more than twice ever
Since he's awoken this flood of wants within me.

I am not in love with him I don't think
Although I have pondered the possibility more than once.
Perhaps I love him too much to be IN love or perhaps I
Need more time with him to let that feeling manifest.
I fear this may never happen for he's now distant with me.

Shall I reach out to him to let him know how often in a day
I think of him and how seamlessly my mood turns sour
Having not heard from him in moons or the doubtful thoughts
That rolls around in my head in many ifs and buts concerning our
State of affairs? The big "To be or not to be" of it all.

My never being mine man from Mars has a nice smile
One that is masked underneath his beard of thick defenses

For Fortuna has dealt him an unpredictable serving
One smile I might have seen the last of twice and none
But one I wish to see again outside my imagination
And one I might have been destined not to again see

And thus I write to him from Earth to Mars
With hopes that he knows these without being delivered
But alas there are many others to accompany him
To bliss and euphoric blithe than I could. I do wish
He'd give me a chance of accompaniment on his solo existence
But he to me and I to him a forbidden bond of can'ts and don'ts

Oh Fortuna! This stagnant phase of not knowing
Sags my little shoulders to a defiant state of being.
For why has he remained for three years uncommunicative
To be gone three weeks post communication?
Perhaps if he were mine this undefined affection will cease
Or perhaps it will form into a defined state of being.

And so oh dear man from Mars,
If ever you realize my intentions someday,
I hope it is with me and not another.
But if it must be with another, I hope
Unto you a familiar yet undefined love they give
For then I shall be satisfied in my state with another.