

# Senses

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*This is my first little poem series I'm posting. And my second thing to post on the sight! RDV: A look at the senses when longing.*

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Leemiester/5541/Senses>

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# 1 - Sound

Laughter.  
Fluttering like butterflies  
in the late afternoon  
breeze.  
Sobs.  
Held back  
within the powerful  
throat.  
Whispers.  
Soft  
slow  
eaily soothing.  
Questions.  
Slipping easily from  
parted lips.  
Sound.  
Your sound  
brightens any  
every  
world.

Yeah, second poem, this one will be a bit of a continued poem though. Any comment sat all would be nice. Sure, you can tell me to die. I don't mind ^^;.

## 2 - Touch

Poke.  
Sweetly administered  
innocently given  
perfect.  
Hug.  
Warm sensation  
the feel of arms  
absorbing me  
in something  
longed for.  
Caress.  
Face  
hair  
light brush of skin  
over me in  
caring.  
Touch.  
Your touch  
surrounds me  
with the warmest  
emotion.

Ok, second chapter in the Senses series. ^\_^; Yes, I am really obsessed with this thing that I speak of. The one hwom gives all these senses meaning. As always, comments appreciated!