

ALMA

Her hands are smooth and warm  
as they move along my spine,  
my back  
inflicting exquisite agony.

She gently pulls and bends and twists  
and I alternately sigh  
and groan  
in delightful pain, painful delight.

“Bend left, bend right, now lift one knee,  
now the other as high as you can.  
Bend forward  
and then come back.”

Tonight I'll hurt again,  
then, later –  
sweet relief...

Desiré Lyners Volkwijn  
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