

Thoughts

by Carol Sandford

I love times like this. I love sitting back and watching you go about your business, totally ignorant of what's going on in my mind. Sometimes it lust, pure unadulterated lust, and other times - I can't even explain my thoughts other times.

I find you there, in my mind more often than other thoughts. Sometimes I wish you weren't there quite so damned often as it's embarrassing. Not because my wayward thoughts are indulging us in a little more than having fun, but because I can't hide the silly smile that sits permanently upon my face until such time when I'm forced to think of some other mundane object - like work.

I wonder if you know that sometimes when I'm feeling a bit down, or when something in my day is not going right, I bring you to my mind on purpose. You would not believe what the image of your beautiful face does for me. Or how your gentle words calm me. Sometimes all I need is to remember your perfume and it stirs my limbs like nothing else in this universe.

But what I love. What I really love, is when you surprise me by finding your own way into my thoughts. If only you knew what that does to me. If only you knew how much it means.

But then maybe you do.