

Leaving prints in the wake of my lips;
Proof of our bliss.
Souvenirs
Of the passion lying within the
Connection we share.
Tracks like footprints
In the snow of your skin,
So that the touch
Of my lips
Will not be forgotten.
Prints of my lips
Upon the defining features
Of your beautifully carved visage,
Allowing my soft pecks
To never be forgotten.