

# Scruffy Eagle Poetry

## "TIMIDLY INTO TIGRESS"

### Background info:

*This poem was originally written for & about a woman I'd become emotionally involved with despite her instabilities. I have no idea where she is now, or whether she'll ever read what I wrote for & about her... All I can say, is I hope she's found happiness, or at least, some peace of mind.*

## "TIMIDLY INTO TIGRESS"

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Dedicated to : Pegeen

Hours slipped by and we got high  
on talk and tenderness.  
A timid touch became a rush;  
we both expected less.

We watched a movie and we laughed,  
together for a while.  
It felt so good, to be so close;  
so good, to see you smile.

We talked about the way we felt,  
and where it all might lead.  
You offered me a place to stay,  
if I should ever need.

I offered you compassion -  
there was passion, at the door.  
We both would like to take our time.  
We both desire more.

Oh, Tigress, you are dangerous.  
Your eyes are smoldering coals where fire might  
burst into a livid flame  
if one small, dry twig tumbles wrong  
or pushes to a tender place.

Oh, Tigress: deep inside, we find  
we need that tight embrace.

We cuddled there, and filled the lot  
around us with our pleasant thoughts.

A bolder touch;  
a moment, lush with prospects in our box.

We join, then flit so far apart.  
We twirl together, then we dart away.

We dip at soul's impassioned well,  
and drop our hearts in trade.

Oh, Tigress, you are dangerous.  
You touch me where my heart's desire can  
drive me through the pouring rain  
if one small, wrong thing hits me right  
or cuts me in a tender place.

Oh, Tigress; though I've lost my pride,  
you help with what I face.

Stalking city streets at night  
where lonely sidewalks lead the way,  
With souls to share, two hearts beware  
the lure of love's cruel cage.

We fidgeted and watched the clock  
until our time was finally up.

A bolder kiss;  
a moment, lush with promises - we stopped.

We dip, then slip so far apart.  
We dance together, then we spin away.

One sip at soul's impassioned pond,  
might trap our hearts for trade.

Oh, Tigress, we roll in the dust.  
My worth is less than what you need to  
push the darkness far away  
if one small moment gets too strong  
or simply puts us in our place.

Oh, Tigress - deep inside, we share  
the need for love's dark chase.

In conclusion:

*I hope you've enjoyed reading my poem, "Timidly Into Tigress". May it be a gift of spirit, as you journey through life.*

*~~~ Scruffy Eagle ~~~*