

Latex

The privacy of the slick material is in the look,
Like thick ink gliding on skin,
The curvature, bleak and bottomless.

Planning her movements,
How it blinds in the light,
Like paparazzi, close and intrusive.

Her face reflects back, apprehensive.
How her heart beats as she runs her hand through the stiff river.
Although snug, she slips in holding her breath.