

A pastoral D/s scene

Mars in Virgo, acting as Mars

Mars in Taurus, acting as Earth

Mars in Virgo, sub:

i, Mars, seek to serve you,
spoil you with my attention,
I have noticed the gentle sway of your sunsets
the growing breadth of your deserts

i yearn for your rolling valleys, magmatic dikes,
stern and unyielding save for glacier
Muriel's fog, densely steadily gliding
your heavy hand, smooth with aftercare, tenderness

i want to be a perfect growth
of fresh water, falling through
forests, licking up to raspberry bushes

Mars in Taurus, Dom:

You wish to serve me, Earth
To blossom and pollinate
humidity, morning steam
rising from your now cold skin

you want my heat
the weight of my populated stare
my people will luxuriate in your basalt
do you desire conquering?

I require your service
sensual transformation
can you breathe for me?
I want to inhale you

Mars in Virgo, sub:

i consent my crust to you
await the patience of your touch
the fire flick of your arrival
tenderness of your infrastructure

drill me, build me
i want you
inside me
On me, taking

i imagine flora, balmy breezes
intimate moments
of single grasses
boxing boldly from crevices of sun warmed boulders

Mars in Taurus, Dom:

edging your breathe
until moist droplets multiply
wetting, dampening, swelling
your body, physically softening

I want you pliant
and to stay here forever
my own breathe waning
I offer everything to you

what Shepard am I without
Mars, my flock who must be herded
from confrontational, scarred surface
to lush, vibrant tropicality

Mars in Virgo, sub:

line me, quantify me
i want your observation
to perform, my greatest act:
emergence of your senses

comfort your hands over me
i want your human pressure
that deepening weight
creating rivers

I am your resource,
Destroy me as I am
melt my caps for your own good,
i serve you

Mars in Taurus, Dom:

I will feed you with what sustains me
never will my hands lift from you
you say you serve me,
but glorious work I do

endure with me, bloom
I want you - perennial
together we will make seasons
your cold only knows one

I reach to you, and you turn to me
cuddling softly in the Celosia
for our love: poppy and morning glory