

{crush of mint}

his butterfly feet taste by six lips on tiptoe  
six tongues treading my mint  
lemon basil ginger dipped leaves  
his steps receptively kiss  
whereas the backbreaking ant the trudging bee  
i let insensately march over me  
{ poised on stilts on spindles  
his forewings hindwings  
canopy our wintergreen bed  
with summer's sequin  
the panes threaded black in orange silk  
drape lighter than sky my mouth of flowers  
behind these curtains our pleasure you'd like to probe  
won't be shown out of even one compound eye  
but listen closely you can hear pumping glutting  
you can hear my nectar slip }  
i ask him what is lift compared to this?  
is drift? is glide? is float?  
root with me: i am the aftertaste  
of dirt depth solidity  
waiting for another to come  
i wonder what the magnetic winds  
  
claim that they pull my butterflies away

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