

The Beauty of the Five Senses

In these woods, I watch the machine
that is the world function around me.
I see the sunlight filter through the spaces
where the leaves don't touch.
I hear the final drops night's rain
slapping the leaves and the soil.
For a while I wander the woods alone,
eventually finding a garden
created by the first humans,
left unattended ever since they headed off
toward the cities and the money.
I pluck an orange from a tree,
and its juices flow down my throat like honey.
I catch the scent of your finely-combed hair.
We kiss, and my tongue is coated
by the sweetness of your mouth.
The sound of your pleasure pours into my ears
while my hands touch your perfect body.
I have reached inside your mind,
dipping my hands into that pool of wonder.
I never dried them again.
My fingers still drip your beauty.