

I ask myself to take a word

and wrap my lips around the vowels
and bow my ears in awe.

I see myself with a word
it leads me over water
and under sticky lantana branches.

I feel a word caress my tongue
its warmth and roundness
making swallowing sensual and lush.

I inhale a word
its fragrance long and ornate
like the perfume of a glorious past life.

I shiver as a word strokes my hand
an intimate gesture
that ignites electricity
and tingling on skin.

I ask myself to take a word
and hold it up to my mirror -

inviting the unknowingness in.