

Senses (a collection)

Sight

Reflections do not do you justice.
The imperfections of your features
stand out against the muddy waters of
the worlds “perfection”.

What you see with those eyes of yours
is unique and special as you.
The most vivid roses
and greenest leaves do not compare to
Your crooked smile, and darkening blonde hair,
The blue halos that encircle the encroaching green of your eyes.

No. I think not.
White as paper, and still beautiful.
Standing in nature’s creation
and all I would look at
is you.



Taste

Thoughts of food boggle the mind
And make the mouth watery for it.
Just a taste. A crumb, perhaps.

Sour, sweet, bitter, salty, savory
The apex of worlds colliding together
in the kitchen to build an experience
that transcends the tastebud’s ability to perform.
Creams and crusts take you across the world
along with tender juices from meats of all regions.

Without having to travel,
You are able to encounter the entire world
through foods and their crisp tastes
Causing your mouth to bloom with flavors.

Touch

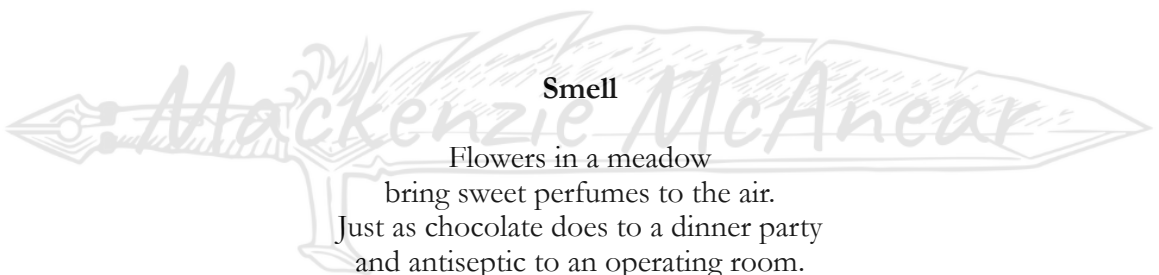
From the sensitive tips of fingers and toes
To the inner arm and under knees.

Touch is love
is comfort and vulnerability.

You are sensing the world around you
In this very moment
your body recognizes the pressure at your back
as a hand of a loved one,
and the hairs on the back of your neck stand up
as a thrilling chill rushes through you.

Nerve endings always processing
while you go about your daily life
Interacting with the wind blowing your hair
and the rain pelting your skin.

Smell



Flowers in a meadow
bring sweet perfumes to the air.
Just as chocolate does to a dinner party
and antiseptic to an operating room.

A certain smell will take you back to when you were young
But never able to express it to another.
Wishing you could bottle it
Preserve the memory.
Keeping it fresh in your mind
as a time machine to your past.

Laying next to your sleeping dog, take a whiff.
Coffee brewing in the morning
and cooking dinner in the evening.
Soak up the memories of these aromas.

Hearing

Faint, like that of a butterfly's wings
as it sucks nectar from a flower.
Thrumming of electrical wires
running energy and power throughout the house.

The noises of living life are all around.
In the chirp of cicadas at night
and the robust hum of garbage trucks in the morning.
If you let the external sounds drop off,
you will hear the resonance of yourself.
The beating of your heart.

The AC kicks on in the house
as the wind makes the chimes sing outside.
Where the birds cry in trees
and leaves race against the ground.
Reverberations of life: living.

