

## 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.

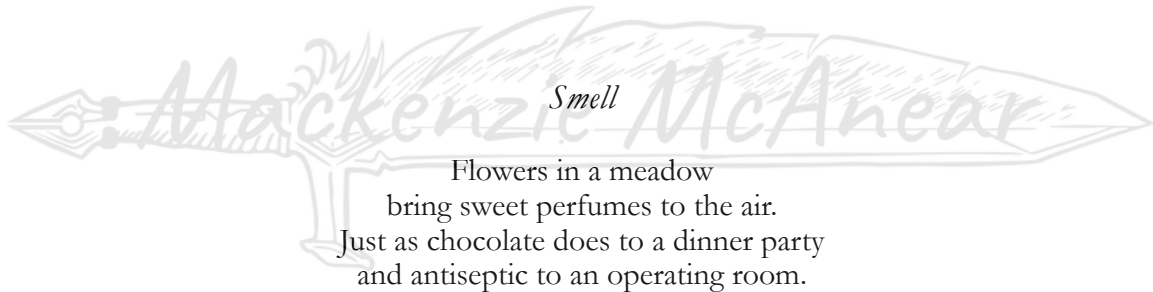
Without having to travel,  
You are able to encounter the entire world  
through foods and their crisp tastes  
Causing your mouth to bloom with flavors.

## *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.

