Hours Of

Mouths,

their pleasures stretching,

navigable, into eternal spools,

into lifetimes of telephone lines

where kisses are taxis

in cinematic synapses lighting

faces, angelic with experience

travelling, translucent through

eyes of wonder,

through fingers of innocence

learning intimacy is

always

here

here where

senses sing clear

after the agony.

(not published in print, however mp3 is “out there” for download somewhere)