

Linda Perhacs "Delicious"

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It's the silk and the sound
And the cold creasing down
Of a long blade of grass
Tracing and cooling
Down
A bare leg

It's the soles of your feet
Finding touches to breathe
On the bare naked ground
Each step a puddle
So soft
A sound

Like sandals in hand
Climbing a waterfall
Like sandals in hand
Climbing a waterfall

Oh how
Delicious
Oh how I want this
Now

It's the slip into sleep
With the memories you hold
Burrowed in deep
Turned like pages
The break
And release

It's the first gust of drops
When it's ripening to rain
And the flavour is warm
Scented like leather
Dusty and brown

Like hot desert wind
Teasing along your skin
Like hot desert wind
Teasing along your skin

Oh how
Delicious
Oh how I want this
Now

It's the narrowing instant
When I look across at you
And I wish I could be
Emotion naked
Simple and sure

It's the murmur of growth
Whenever I'm with you
An I don't want to hide
In simple elastic
Protecting skin

If only I could
Stand so before you
If only I would
Stand so before you

Oh how
Delicious
Oh how I want this
Oh how I want you
Now
Now
Now

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