

Here in the Garden

In the name of the bitter and sweet,
The salty and sour,
All four regions of the tongue,
I touch yours with mine. Let me

Linger near your twin temples,
Then curl inside your ears
Finding velvet shelter there.
Intricate ridges wind into delicate

Folds, moist and acrid
With musky sleep,
A tunnel narrows
Into warm, dark space.

Your breath pulls and pushes,
Your blood pulses and rushes,
Trembling intimate timpani
In all our ears. Let me

Nestle my tongue in the valley
Between both furrowed mounds
Of your mind, leaving the trail
Of sweat and earth behind.

Copyright Mary Chi-Whi Kim 2005