Keys

you hold in your hand

the keys to the kingdom

and never know they are there

hidden

in the nerve that screams touch

the skin that suspects

the cells that conquer time and substance

therein is the secret:

it is in feeling that the doors of perception

are thrown wide

it is in sense that the passages between

are illuminated, inviting

your exploration

and whatever you can make of

your internal world

is within your grasp:

that’s me, there

looking in the window —

begging entrance

with the gift of oxytocin,

my cock already hard.