Taste

when i hear you

you are not a woman anymore

you are the echo of my intellect

the source of my thought-patterns

the shaper of my brainwaves

when i see you

you are not a woman anymore

you are the colours of my world

the shapes of my vision

the contrast of light and dark

when i smell you

you are not a woman anymore

you are the territory of my marking

the smell of your perfume invading my senses

the invisible shape of my world

when i touch you

you are not a woman anymore

you are the texture on the tips of my fingers

the smoothness of your skin

the heat of your sex on me

when i taste you

you are completely a woman

and i am at your mercy